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March, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An Announcement

It is with pleasure that THE BOOKMAN announces the accession to its permanent editorial staff of Professor Frank Moore Colby, who is already so well and so favourably known to all our readers by his special contributions during the past three years.

The American Newspaper

In this issue of THE BOOKMAN we are printing the first of a series of articles which we believe will prove not only entertaining, but also of real value to all who are interested in careers of activity and enterprise. This series deals with the various sides of a great daily newspaper and its relations to contemporary life. The first paper, telling of the War Correspondent,—who he is, what he does, and how he does it,—is of particular interest now that all the big war men of the American and European press are gathered in the Far East watching the progress of events. The subject of the second paper of this series will be The Newspaper and Wall Street. It will aim to show how the finance of the country is "covered" and will discuss the question of the venality of the press. It will describe how the news of the money world is gathered, and how the newspaper handles its forces on the day of a great panic, and it will tell of the intimate personal side of the men who are being spoken of as "Captains of Industry." This article is from the pen of Mr. Edwin Lefevre, whose volume of tales, *Wall Street Stories,* was so much discussed at the time of its publication two years ago. Other papers in the series will treat of the Newspaper and Politics, of the European Correspondent, of the City Editor, of the Reporter, of the exploitation of special features. The final paper, on the Policy of the American Newspaper, will be written by Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

The Golden Rule in France

We have just seen a French translation of one of Mr. Roosevelt's books, and in casually running through it, we came upon a most delightful thing. Mr. Roosevelt had quoted the famous remark of Senator Ingalls to the effect that "In politics, the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an iridescent dream." To this quotation the French translator felt it necessary to append an explanatory foot-note which reads as follows:

"The Golden Rule: One of the aphorisms ascribed to Pythagoras."

The Omniscient Briton

A superb example of British self-sufficiency has lately been given to the world by the editor of the London *Athenæum* That personage, in speaking of the American sky-scrapers erected in our cities, casually remarked that in the United States these buildings are generally known as "flat-irons." Whereupon Mr. Joseph B. Gilder wrote a courteous letter to the *Athenæum,* pointing out that the term "flat-iron" is not the name of tall buildings in

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general, but is applied to one particular building in New York because of its peculiar shape. As Mr. Gilder is an American and a New Yorker, it might have been assumed that he spoke with adequate knowledge. But no, the British editor loftily waved the explanation aside, and observed that while some of these buildings might be of a peculiar shape, this fact was unimportant, and that all high buildings constructed with a steel or iron framework are invariably spoken of by Americans as "flatirons." How did he know this? Simply because he was a Briton and had therefore inherited omniscience as a racial birthright.

Several years ago, we happened to be dining at a Continental *table d'hôte* and found ourself seated next to an Englishman who turned out to be a member of Parliament, and a very genial, unaffected gentleman. Like many of his countrymen when they are out of England, he put aside his national reserve and chatted pleasantly of many things. At last he spoke of the visit of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery to London, and happened to mention the State from which they came and which he pronounced "Massakussitts." A moment later, he commented on the odd names of some of our States; and so we ventured to inform him of the proper pronunciation of Massachusetts. We shall never forget the look of bland incredulity which flitted across his face. "Oh, but you know," said he, "that *ch* is pronounced like *k*." Rather absurdly we grew a little hot under the collar, and replied that this was precisely what we didn't know; that we had lived in various parts of the State of Massachusetts and had never once heard any human being call it "Massakussitts." But we might just as well have whistled up the chimney. The Englishman smiled in a deprecatory way as of one who did not wish to engage in controversy; but his conviction that he was absolutely right was as impregnable as Gibraltar. Was he not a Briton and therefore always and unchangeably infallible? In like manner, most of his countrymen when they speak of the Potomac, call it Pot-omac with the accent on the first syllable; and they explain obligingly that the word is from the Greek noun *potamos*. It is not for us to tell them that it is really of Indian origin. They know better, for they are Britons. There is a certain importance in this trait of theirs, for it explains just why it is that Great Britain is gradually falling behind in the rivalry of nations. The same self-complacency which makes them impervious to special information about the pronunciation of a foreign word, makes them equally impervious to the lessons which other countries could teach them in much greater things. They are absolutely satisfied with what they have and what they are; and the result is that the United States and also Germany are outstripping Britain in every sort of enterprise and industry. The attitude of the editor of the *Athenæum* is therefore much more than an amusing piece of British *morgue*. It holds in itself the explanation of the gradual decline of a great world-empire.

The Editor's Case

Kind words for editors have been the rule of late. It may be that Leslie Stephen's touching account of his work on the *Dictionary of Biography* has started the wave of compassion, or it may be that fewer manuscripts than usual have been returned. At all events, in the columns of this magazine and elsewhere it has been said, and we think proven, that the editor is no monster, and some have gone so far as to credit him with good intentions, decent manners and a rough notion of what he wants. It is, however, a false peace, due solely to the animal spirits of a few happy contributors, meaning no more than if an inebriated charity worker were to toss a dollar to a tramp. The relation between editor and contributor is one of the "imperfect affinities" described by Charles Lamb. There are periodicals professedly founded on mutual love, but they are like those boarding-houses which landladies advertise as "all one family"—to be avoided by any boarder who can climb a tree. Mr. Bliss Perry in a recent essay on the analogy of boarding-houses to magazines has said that as the landlady of the *Atlantic Monthly* he does not particularly like some of the dishes he serves. He thinks that would be too much to expect of any caterer and mentions a number of talented editors who in bringing

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contributors and readers together suppress their private tastes. He might have added that the relation of caterer to green grocer, of editor to contributor, is apt to be cold-blooded. And it is well known to all who have read and boarded that geniality is injurious alike to editors and landladies, and that taking their work as a whole it needs more criticism than it receives. They lie becalmed on the habits of their majority, and they need a blast from the discontented to make them go.

Editors complain of abusive letters and unreasonable demands. Landladies tell you of vipers nourished at a table that, if anything, is far too good. For all that, the honest grumbler is the ally of progress and the friend of man. Boarding up and down the world this many a year, worn to the bone with table-talk, a veteran of countless boarding-house engagements and contentious meals, we have learned that the comfort of the many hangs on the fury of the few. The wrath of the party in the third floor front, hideous though it be, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb in the back parlour. The malcontent shakes his fist, and the beds of the meek are made in the morning. Towels and food and heat are no mere products of the arts of peace. They are wrung by the fear of insurrection. It is the voice of Rienzi in his bath-robe, the oratory of some hall-room Hampden, that brings these things to pass. So it is with printed matter, whether it be a magazine or a Dictionary of Biography. It is absurd to say an editor knows his business. Editors, landladies and kings never know their business, but the Wat Tylers of criticism help them to learn. That is the main point in the boarding-house analogy and Mr. Perry left it out. Editors are far too sheltered as a class. Only a small fraction of the large volume of instructive denunciation and ridicule ever reaches them. An explosive or sarcastic reader relieves his feelings in private conversation, and that is as far as it goes. Time and again on talking with editors you find them strangely unconscious of opprobrium. With certain editors it is unsafe to take it for granted that they know what the joke is against themselves. They would not even wink at a brother augur. The critics of Mr. Stephen's great work were often utterly unreasonable. No doubt he had ten letters blaming him for an error in a day of the week to one that caught him in a glaring misinterpretation of a man's whole work. No doubt he was deluged with complaints to the effect that Brown received two columns, and Jones, incomparably the greater, only one, while Smith, the ineffable, the peerless, was actually left out altogether. Nevertheless, no work of that class was ever done in a sluggard's heaven of acquiescence, and had it not been for the sense of a lively, captious and watchful few even Mr. Stephen would have sometimes slept. No public-spirited citizen should ever lose a chance to prick an editor or write a letter about rapid transit and crowded trains.

Authors and Reviewers

In the last four issues of the BOOKMAN a number of well-known authors have replied most courteously to our request for a statement of their opinion as to the fairness, honesty and efficiency of their reviewers. It is a favourable opinion on the whole. It would seem that the reviewer generally read the book and the author generally read the review. There was no general charge of conscious unfairness, bribery or corruption. Most of the writers found the criticism helpful and only one thought the reviewer should be abolished. Instances of inconsistency, ignorance and imbecility were numerous, but not nearly so numerous as one might reasonably expect from the copiousness of the material and the nature of man. Apparently, then, the author has no complaint to make against the present stage of criticism so far as his own books are concerned. Yet to such of us as are not authors the haphazard and lavish words of the average reviewer are something of a puzzle. Some time ago we read the following in one of those columns which several of our correspondents have praised for the fairness of its reviews:

> Here will be no blurred or slighted words. . . . Nature herself will be here. . . . Here will be supreme artistry of style, the most felicitous word, always the inevitable one, each sentence will be as exquisite in its cadence as it is translucent to the thought behind it. Here will be little miracles of obser-

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vation, flashes of wit, the gentler irradiation of humour, swift, incisive scorn of things petty and base, etc.

It was not written of Shakespeare or Shelley, but of a new novel somewhat above the average. The obvious question is, What is left for Shelley or Shakespeare?

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The reader's main grievance against the average reviewer is not that he has not read the book, but that he seems to have read nothing else. He reveals no scale of values or consciousness of the existing body of literature and his good and bad superlatives stand *in vacuo*. It is a loud exclamation over an isolated phenomenon, and there is no telling whether it is the chastened joy of an epicure or the thrill of a Bushman on eating his first piece of pie. Of course, most reviews run to extremes of praise, but that fact is no more astonishing than the suddenness and depth of the occasional damnation. If Smith is "supreme" and Jones "miraculous," how can they have the heart to breathe a syllable against poor Robinson? Indeed, no one in the whole world merits dispraise if Smith is actually "supreme." Personally we do not agree with the prevailing view as to the vanity of authors. They are no doubt susceptible to praise, but they are by no means indifferent to the kind of praise or the person of the praiser. We have pointed out before that while an author seldom growls when you pat him, he retains his private notions as to the value of the caress, and as a rule prefers to be liked by some one who has given evidence of a capacity to dislike sincerely a writer now and then. When many are called and all are chosen he has no sense of being singled out. The habitually amiable reviewer who prefers what is called "appreciation" to criticism is really the coldest and most cynical of creatures, for there can be no enthusiasm without prejudice or love without hatred. There is an insult to all good things in the vile ubiquity of his admiration. It is not your crusty or disdainful person that is truly heartless. He has at least the enthusiasm of his discontent and he would hardly take the pains to write down his cross-grained sentences if he did not hope that something he cared for would some time turn up. He has an affectionate disposition, but it is upside down. For the heart of stone look to the man of stereotyped benignity, equable because unmoved, smile of a doll and its bosom of sawdust, adjectives like continental currency of high denominations and worth two cents. Reviewers are aware of this awful apathy, so they introduce a jerky variety by mechanically scolding an unlucky Robinson after a long course of beaming on exactly equivalent Smiths.

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But this is taking far too serious a view of the matter and assumes that reviews are essays in criticism, which, indeed, they are not. They are merely the reports of *avant-couriers* made on the chance that they will spare the public some inconvenience. Praise is the line of least resistance. If a book must be dispatched quickly they know it is safer to praise it. It should be remembered, too, that the language of reviews has come to be conventionally heightened so that reviewers feel it is discriminating against a book to call it merely good. There has grown up an Oriental etiquette and any decent author is Brother to the Moon. It is not always misleading. After a little experience with the phrases we instinctively extract their cube root, unless it be a Southern estimate, in which case we extract the tenth. "Exquisite" means that somebody rather likes it. "Supreme" is not invidious to Shakespeare or the glories of the past. Reviewers have no past, and as a rule they pretend to none. The hegemony of the next fifteen minutes is what they have in mind. In Macaulay's time when reviewers could save or kill and mangle and devote a month or two to the process the question of fairness was more important. Words had a value and their misuse brought suspicion of corruption when reviewers had time to think. Macaulay writing in 1830 could say:

It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last few years. . . . The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs of all the various kinds which Sheridan enumerated, direct, oblique, collusive. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful," "brilliant wit," "exquisite humour," and other phrases equally flattering fall in a shower

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as thick and sweet as the sugar plums at a Roman carnival. . . . Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree be an excuse for employing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in one way as in the other.

Nowadays it is more obviously a light matter and the spirit of current comment is better expressed in the following lines, which have recently been much quoted:

LEONINA SOCIETAS.

A reader of the Hour
  Met the Writer of the Week,
Where Critics of the Minute
  Formed an influential clique:
"He has style," they said, "and power;
  And his treatment is unique."
So the Reader of the Hour
  Bought the Novel of the Week,
And he made his friends begin it;
  And he still delights to speak
Of 'The Hovel'—
  That great Novel!
(Which the very drug stores sell!)
And he likewise likes to tell
That he knows the author well.
"He has style, and native power,"
Says the Reader of the Hour,
"And his treatment is unique."

Lee Wilson Dodd, in "Life."

A New York evening newspaper recently announced its intention to change its name, reduce its price to once cent, and become as lively as a yellow journal while retaining its former intelligence. Thereupon its conservative rival remarked that, while its friends said it should rejoice, it could not but deplore the disappearance of a possible competitor and the accession to the ranks of cheap journalism. If the apostate paper had been in any sense a competitor on its own high plane, it generously mourned the loss of this incentive to better things. To this rebuke the renegade replied by reprinting under the caption "Generous Rivalry" a circular which the other had issued in the hope of winning its subscribers: "Owing to the recent change in the name, character, general make-up, etc., of the evening paper which you have been accustomed to read, it has occurred to us that you would probably wish to substitute for it a thoroughly high-class newspaper. As such ours ought surely to appeal to you." The casual reader will not echo this Pharisee's groan, knowing by this time that the penny and the pictures and the scareheads have little to do with essentials. There is no moral issue here. The wild red letters often read most gently, and type that wears a buccaneering swagger may usher in a sentiment from the Fifth Reader. Many a man has read for murder and found only Dr. Watt. Nor is there as yet any intellectual issue in this particular case, since by the terms of the publican's announcement there was to be as much wit and wisdom as before. The main thing is the spirit of the controversy. Newspaper wars have lost their picturesqueness. Nasty things are now put so delicately that many people hardly notice them.

Newspaper Amenities

The change has been sudden. We need go no further back than 1897 for a striking editorial exchange of personalities between two great New York dailies. Rumours of Charles A. Dana's resignation as editor of the *Sun* having led it to say editorially that "Mr. Dana . . . can still be found doing business at the old stand," the *Tribune* quoted the statement, spoke of its "characteristic modesty and good taste," and added:

"For more than a year this journal has regarded with contemptuous silence the falsehoods and forgeries with which the *Sun* has assailed it and its editor. . . . To these personal diatribes, the railings of a vicious and angry cad, the *Tribune* made no answer and gave no heed."

Of what sort the *Sun's* attacks had been it is not hard to imagine. Nowadays newspapers cut at each other obliquely, deal in allusion and innuendo, till the reader longs to see them grapple and have it out. Those two evening papers, for instance, would have really gratified their readers if they had each said all that they thought. It might have been violent, but very likely the public would have agreed with both. The newer way no doubt makes for better manners, but the ventilation is not so good. And the combat-craving reader now has to content himself with things on the level of a Pewee controversy, a mere battle of burlesque, wherein two yellow journals each claim the original production of an absurd figure in a cartoon, and parody each other's editorial style.

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To the present generations of Americans, the late George Francis Train was known solely as an exaggerated type of crank—one of those rare cranks who attain a sort of national reputation and who, because of their entire harmlessness and because their eccentricities afford continual amusement, come in time to be regarded almost as institutions. Such in his own day was Daniel Pratt, "the Great American Traveller," and such in a less degree was the Count Johannes. George Francis Train, however, was intellectually far superior to either of these persons; and, indeed, the first half of his life was the life of an able and successful man of affairs. He had a singularly forceful personality, and having been thrown upon his own resources in early boyhood with little or no education, he first took to farming, then to a small retail business, and at the age of sixteen was a shipping clerk in a mercantile house of which, after two years, he became manager. At the age of twenty he was a partner in a very successful firm, having an income of $10,000 a year—in those days (1849) a magnificent sum of money. Next, having gone to Melbourne, Australia, he established a house of his own, whose success speedily enriched him. He organised a fleet of clipper ships to California, and, returning to America, built a railway four hundred miles in length connecting the Erie ports with the Ohio and Mississippi. He next became interested in street-railways, and set about incorporating railway companies in Europe, America, and Australia. From 1862 to 1869, he was engaged in building the Union Pacific Railway, associating himself with the rather too well known Crédit Mobilier. At one time he owned real estate in Omaha which was subsequently valued at nearly $30,000,000. Up to this period his restlessness and intellectual activity had been expended upon creative enterprises; but now, that he had acquired wealth, he gave himself less and less to labour and allowed his energies to display themselves in many original ways, some of them merely eccentric and others decidedly grotesque. He had a passion for travelling, and made a circuit of the world in eighty days, anticipating by two

George Francis Train

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years like the feat of Mr. Phileas Fogg as described by Jules Verne. This was in 1870. In 1890, he made the same journey in sixty-seven and a half days, thus breaking the record created by Nellie Bly; and, in 1892, he cut the time down to sixty days.

Train was a sort of stormy petrel, appearing in the most unlikely places whenever there was any social or political disturbance, and always plunging into it with the zest of one who loved trouble for its own sake. Thus, in 1870, he happened to be in Marseilles while that city was in the grip of the French Commune, and Train was immediately at the head of the movement in spite of the fact that he was a foreigner and had come there without the least interest in French politics. He declared himself the "liberator" of France, harangued immense multitudes, led a mob against the forts, and made so much of a stir that he narrowly escaped assassination. He was arrested by the soldiers of the Government, was imprisoned, and, finally, was brought before Gambetta, who seems to have correctly appreciated the character of Train so that he sent him out of France unharmed. Returning to this country, Train announced himself a candidate for the Presidency and travelled all over the United States addressing conventions, mass-meetings, and miscellaneous crowds. In this campaign he adopted a

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

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Mr. Peewee Shows Where He Stands on the "Obey" Question.

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plan which is certainly unique in the annals of office-seeking; for he charged an admission fee for the privilege of hearing him boom himself. We do not know whether anybody voted for him, but as he netted some $90,000 during his campaign he had, at any rate, a consolation purse which many an unsuccessful candidate might envy him. Soon after, he espoused the cause of the notorious Woodhull-Claflin partners and was arrested at the instigation of Mr. Anthony Comstock for publishing matter which was deemed offensive. He was never convicted, however, but was declared a lunatic, and to the day of his death he proudly described himself as "a lunatic by law through six courts."

Train had a natural dislike for every form of constraint and for every kind of convention. He loved to run counter to the prejudices of conservative people, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. He used to deliver Ingersollian lectures on Sunday evenings years before Ingersoll was ever heard of; and to make these lectures particularly obnoxious to the serious element, he spoke upon texts parodied from Scripture, as for example, when he announced as the subject of one discourse "Hit his eye; be not afraid." At another time, feeling the need of a new sensation, he strolled calmly up the street without a stitch of clothing on. He plunged into the woman suffrage movement. Toward the end of his life he became an enthusiast for simplicity of living and declared that he needed no nourishment other than a few peanuts every day and a glass of water. Many remember him as sitting on one of the benches in Madison Square Park surrounded by children, with whom he was always a favourite, a kindly even though eccentric figure. In the height of his career he lived extravagantly, with a villa at Newport and an annual expense account of over a hundred thousand dollars. During the past year and until his death he inhabited a room in the Mills House, where the weekly sum of three dollars was ample to support him. Two years ago he dictated his *Life in Many States*—a volume of nearly three hundred and fifty printed pages, reeling off the whole narrative in thirty-five hours. It is a bizarre account of a bizarre life, and any one who likes anecdote and snapshot impressions of the world will find the book extremely interesting. Its author was certainly ill-balanced to a degree, but it is also just as certain that he never was insane.

Lady Beaconsfield

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's very interesting unconventional biography of Lord Beaconsfield (reviewed elsewhere), is the part relating to the woman whom he married and who made his brilliant career possible,—first by the financial ease which his wife brought him, but far more by the perfect devotion and domestic peace with which she surrounded him down to the day of his death. Disraeli detested strenuous women. He wanted to be loved and not instructed, and no more intense fondness for home life was ever shown than by this man whom so many have pronounced a selfish, unprincipled adventurer. Mary Anne Evans (a name oddly enough, identical with George Eliot's) was, when Disraeli first met her, in 1832, the wife of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. She was then fifteen years older than Disraeli, and his earliest impression of her was given in the words: "A pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle, and gifted with a volubility which I should think unequalled." Six years later, Mr. Lewis died; and in the following year, the widow was married to Benjamin Disraeli, a man in whom at that time no one else believed. Their life was one long honeymoon. Disraeli always showed her the impulsive ardor of a young lover. Sir William Gregory, who liked neither of the pair, tells of an incident which strikes him as vulgar, but which Sir William was certainly more vulgar to sneer at.

> "It was ludicrous," says Sir William, "to see the tokens of affection and apparently of admiration which he [Disraeli] lavished upon Marianne, as we irreverently called her. One evening, on coming up from dinner, he knelt before her and devoured her hands with kisses, saying at the same time in the most lackadaisical manner: 'Is there anything I can do for my dear little wife?'"

Elsewhere Sir William spitefully calls her "a most unpleasant woman, flat, angular and underbred." As Sir William, who thus described her, had often been

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her guest and had received a high political appointment from her husband, the question of breeding is hardly one on which Sir William can be cited as an authority. Toward the end of her life, Disraeli himself said of her: "We have been married thirty years; and she has never given me a dull moment;" and when she died, he spoke these words: "A perfect wife; to her I owe all I think of consideration, and receiving her ministering with that evident enjoyment which is the most delicate flattery of all. The secret of the spell she held him by was a very simple one. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, she believed in him above all men."

The portrait which we publish of her, though it seems that of a young girl, was painted by Chalon in 1840, when she was fifty-one years old.

LADY BEACONSFIELD.

I ever have accomplished." And Sir William Harcourt wrote:

"It was a pretty sight, that of the remorseless Parliamentary gladiator who neither gave quarter nor asked it, who fought with venomed weapons, although he struck fair, and shot barbed arrows which clung and rankled in the wounds—it was a pretty sight to see him in the soft sunshine of domestic life, anticipating the wishes of his wife with feminine tenderness

Marmaduke Pickthall

Perhaps the criticism provoked last year by Mr. A. J. Dawson's *Hidden Manna,* that it was written too much from the inside and would seem in parts obscure to the average English or American reader, might also with justice be applied to Marmaduke Pickthall's *Said the Fisherman.*

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MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Mr. Dawson's novels of life in Morocco were the result of years spent in that strange land; of a knowledge of every detail of creed and character. In much the same way Mr. Pickthall knows Syria. He has made many long journeys through the country with only the natives as his friends, and used to live and eat in the Damascus taverns where so large a part of his story takes place. His family designed him for the diplomatic service, but his total inability to grasp any knowledge of mathematics led to repeated failures. Finally he decided to go to Syria and get into the service by the back door. For three years he lived in and about Damascus; then once more struggled to place himself in the diplomatic profession, but with the same result as before. Despite his shortcomings in other branches of knowledge, he possessed an extraordinary genius for languages. He says that he would pit himself against a Russian to learn any modern tongue within two months without his nationality being detected. In the case of Italian, for instance, Neapolitans always supposed him to be a Tuscan and Tuscans thought him a Venetian. But no Italian ever imagined that he had been born outside the peninsular. In Syria he applied himself to Arabic, and in a short time was able to read the language, write it creditably and speak fluently with the natives.

The Princesse Mathilde

With the death a few weeks ago of the Princesse Mathilde Letitia Wilhelmine Bonaparte, there passed away a woman who had exerted an extraordinary influence on the literary life of Paris during the Second Empire. She was a daughter of King Jerome, and she might have been an Empress had she accepted the marriage which her cousin, Louis Napoleon, offered at a time when he was still an exile and adventurer. Instead she married a Russian, from whom she soon separated. When Louis Napoleon came into power, first as President

ROBERT EDESON as Lieutenant Ranson.
(See Drama of the Month.)

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and then as Emperor, she presided over the Palace until his marriage to Eugénie de Montijo. Then Napoleon, to show his gratitude, placed at her disposal the Petit Trianon at Versailles. But Versailles was so far from Paris, and Mathilde had little liking for emulating Marie Antoinette and playing the shepherdess. She preferred the society of artists and men of letters. So she passed her winters in a house on the Champs Elysées and her summers in a villa on the lake at Enghien which had belonged to Marshall Catinat. For the seventeen years during which the Second Empire lasted every one in Paris distinguished in politics, and music, and literature, and art came to her salons. She herself had great talent and was often compared to Marguerite de Valois, the skittish spouse of Henri Quatre and author of *The Heptameron*. Théophile Gautier, Taine, Renan were her intimate comrades. The Goncourts have recorded many of the sayings at her table in their *Journal*. To the lives of none of these was her life so closely linked as it was to that of Sainte-Beuve. But after years the quarrel came, a question of politics, and they were estranged to the end of the great critic's life. Then, too, there is a story that between two leaves of a book belonging to the Princess, Sainte-Beuve found a cruel cartoon of himself with the words *"Vieux Singe"* underneath in the Princesse's handwriting. It was a fearful blow to his vanity, and he never quite forgave it or forgot it. He is said to have uttered the words *"Vieux Singe"* on his death bed.

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President Wilson on Americanism

"There has come a new turn in the world drama," says President Wilson of Princeton. "We have taken the centre of the stage. . . . We see the faces of the nations half sneering, half fearing. . . . The world has grown intensely conscious of America." This is no new turn. There has never been a moment when a world was not watching us, when a continent or two was not amazed by us or a hemisphere

THE VIRGINIAN. ACT II.
(See Drama of the Month.)

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provoked, when an orator was not saying just what Europe thought of us, how Asia wondered and Africa winked; and that man is no true patriot who implies that even for an instant we were not the centre of the stage. Nor is it a mere matter of nations. It is a planetary affair, with gossip going on in the Zodiac and a rumpus in the Milky Way, Mars sneering, and Saturn thunderstruck and

PRINCESSE MATHILDE BONAPARTE.

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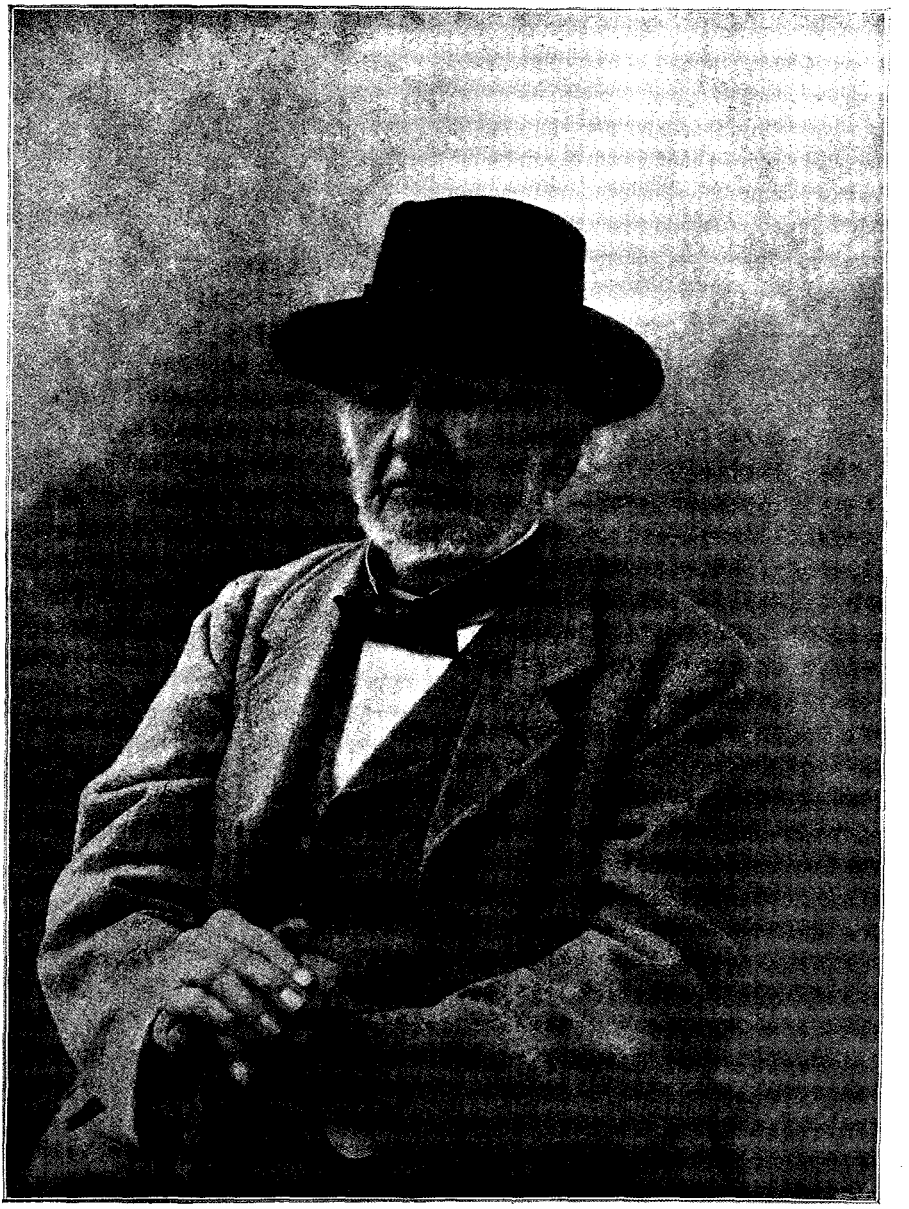
an uneasy smile on the face of the firmament that ill conceals its fear. We hate a cautious patriot who talks like a plum when he feels like a pumpkin. It is a generous emotion, and why not let it go? In this mood a world is not enough for us; we bump our heads against the sky. The purpose of a patriotic outburst is not to convince, but to intoxicate, and words fail unless they move a reader at least to wave his pocket handkerchief. When a man is out for a whirl with his feelings, the main point is that he should whirl. Where is the good old unqualified oratory? We miss it from the literary point of view. They were good in their way—those old fife-and-drum sentences—and they produced the intended effect. The heart said hooray in the hush of the intellect, and why not? Nowadays the



The Latest Portrait of MR. GLADSTONE, Taken at Cannes in March, 1898.

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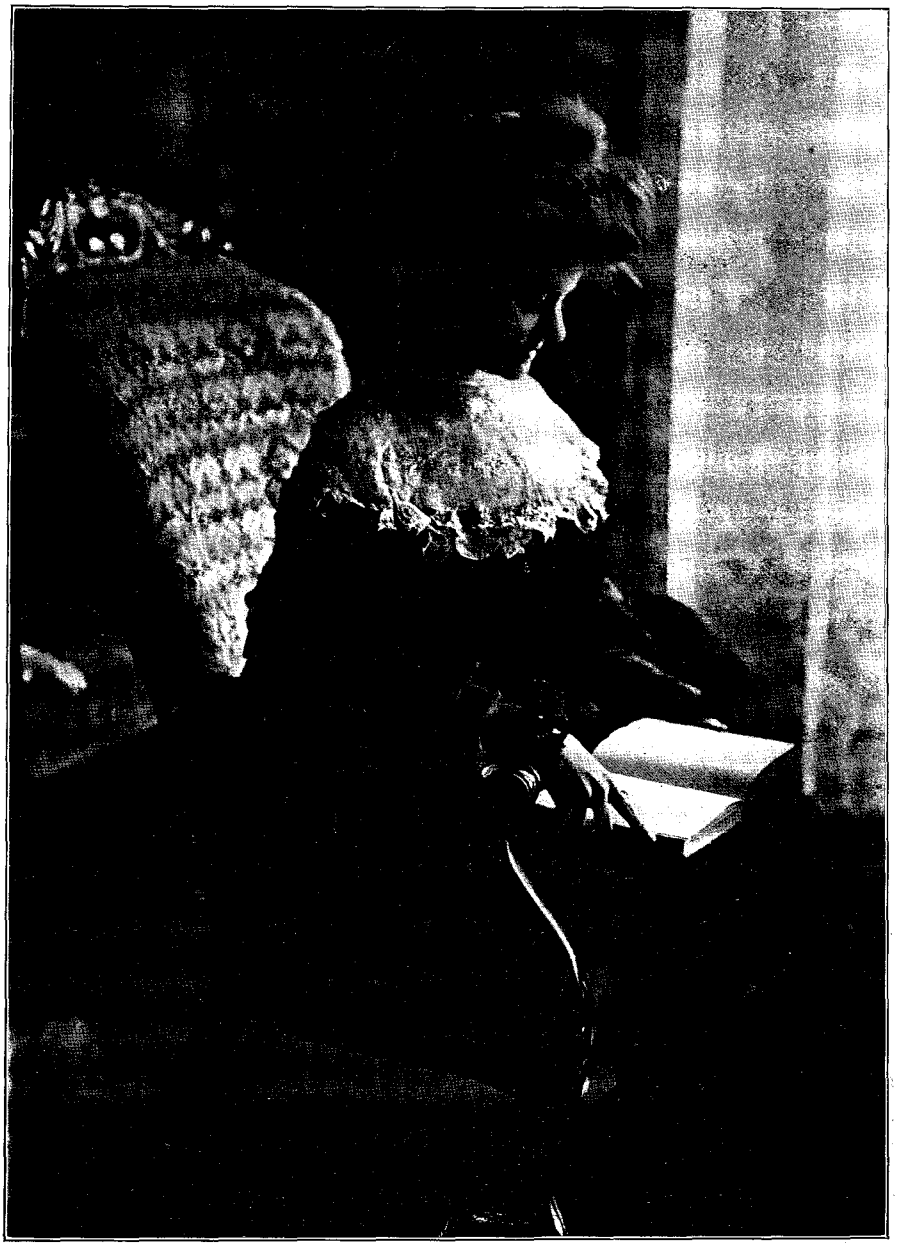
orator tries to be both logical and lyrical, "on double business bound and both neglects."

But apart from this inadequacy of orchestration President Wilson's address on Americanism sums up very cleverly and effectively what a great many people are thinking. The following passage shows him more at ease, and we think more interesting than in many of his recent essays:

"Because of our Americanism we had no patience with the anti-imperialist weepings and wailings that came out of Boston, not because we didn't think them entitled to their fair



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW, Whose Novel, "The Deliverance," Is Reviewed Elsewhere in This Issue.

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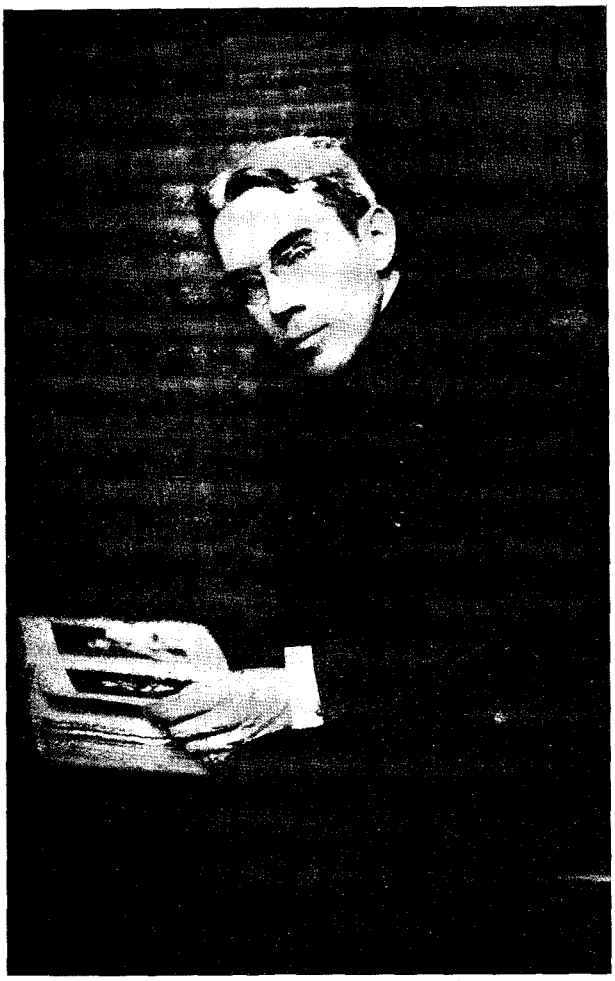
opinion, but because we knew that the crying time was over and that the time had come for men to look out of dry eyes and see the world as it is. There is no use crying over spilt milk; that isn't the American spirit. The only reformer who is worth his salt is the one who will do the thing he can do and not mope over things he can't accomplish. A peculiar Americanism is our impatience with more than two opinions. We are too fond of labelling men into one or the other party. It makes a man uneasy not to be able to label his neighbours. So we allot certain principles to each party. Time was when there was a definite body of opinions which was called Democratic and the same was true of the Republican Party, but it has become so that each party represents now a series of negations rather than opinions."



MR. HENRY HARLAND, whose novel "My Friend Prospero" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

A Suggestion from Mr. Chesterton

At the very moment that a western professor of literature was demanding that a graven tablet should mark the spot where Mr. Hamlin Garland conceived or laid the scene of (we forget which) the greatest story of the age (the title of which for the moment escapes us), news came of the English agitation for literary knighthood. It was "really a crying scandal," exclaimed an English correspondent, that there should be so few official honours bestowed on authors. The complaint, they say, is periodically renewed on the chance that the king will finally hearken. But neither tablet nor knighthood can equal the device suggested by a passage in Mr. Chesterton's amusing essay on the German Emperor in *Varied Types:*

The very essence of the really imaginative man is that he realises the various types or capacities in which he can appear. Every one of us, does in reality fulfill almost as many offices as Pooh-Bah. Almost every one of us is a ratepayer, an immortal soul, an Englishman, a baptised person, a mammal, a minor poet, a juryman, a married man, a bicyclist, a purchaser of newspapers, and a critic of Mr. Alfred Austin. We ought to have uniforms for all these things. How beautiful it would be if we appeared to-morrow in the uniform of a ratepayer, in brown and green, with buttons made in the shape of coins, and a blue income-tax paper tastefully arranged as a favour; or, again, if we appeared dressed as immortal souls, in a blue uniform with stars. It would be very exciting to dress up as Englishmen or to go to a fancy dress ball as Christians.

Some of the costumes I have suggested might appear a little more difficult to carry out. The dress of a person who purchases newspapers (though it mostly consists of coloured evening editions arranged in a stiff skirt, like that of a saltatrice, round the waist of the wearer) has many mysterious points. The attire of a person prepared to criticise the Poet Laureate is something so awful and striking that I dare not even begin to describe it.

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the one fact which I am willing to reveal and to state seriously and responsibly is that it buttons up behind.

This scheme is too costly and elaborate, but it is by no means impracticable that an author should dress the part, gold and white for the six best sellers, and the like. Still less is there any reason why readers should not wear a livery, if only some slight token, a feather, a string of beads. He goes out after reading Howells with a poppy in his hat and has a pleasant talk with a stranger whom he knows for a reader of Miss Wilkins by his tiny doughnut badge. The Crawford ruby bangle, the Garland prairie-dog cap, the slashed red sleeve of Weyman, the terrible James hair-net, these things not only show homage of a sincere and personal sort, but they draw, repel, group, classify, invite or discourage advances like a glimpse at the mind itself. A livery for readers is a thing that seems worth while, but the tributes of kings and marble-cutters are painfully irrelevant to spiritual facts.

❦

Professor H. E. von Holst

Whenever Americans desire to see themselves and their institutions as a certain type of highly educated German sees them, such Americans should resort to the eight large volumes on the constitutional and political history of the United States, written by the late Hermann Eduard von Holst, who died about a month ago. Here was a German of the highly intellectual type, who had given the nights and days of a laborious life to the patient study of American institutions. It is safe to say that no one of our countrymen ever knew so many small details about the history of the United States, or had ever linked together in so close a chain of reasoning so vast an array of inferences and deductions based upon minute research. Von Holst, indeed, was a profoundly learned man, and the book by which he is best known will always remain a monument of intense research and ingenious reasoning. On the other hand, and in spite of all its merits, it is one of the most disappointing books that ever have been written. Instead of giving a true conspectus of our national evolution, its author went about his task very much as a German student goes about the writing of a doctoral dissertation. He lays down some kind of a thesis, and then he ransacks heaven and earth for the material that will, when ingeniously manipulated, prove his thesis true. So it was with von Holst. He seems to have decided that slavery was the keynote to the whole development of American constitutional doctrine; that it held the clue to every labyrinth and maze of American public life; and that its existence was alone sufficient to explain the entire history of our country from 1783 almost until the present time. Slavery was an obsession with von Holst. He could never get away from it. He saw it lurking in every corner and he saw nothing else. All the cross-currents, all the modifying streams of interest, all the spontaneous national impulses of our people, were either in some way associated by him with slavery or else they simply did not exist at all. He could see in the war with Mexico nothing but a slaveowner's war. He could not detect in it the immense significance of the spirit of expansion which even then was dominant throughout the West and which made the war as much a Western as a Southern one. In short, his intellectual attitude was that of the narrow-minded, fanatical, New England Abolitionists who in their anti-slavery zeal denounced the Constitution as "a league with hell."

❦

In all this, von Holst was intensely German, a Herr Professor of the straitest type. His book ought to have been called *The History of the United States in Its Relation to Slavery,* and then perhaps it would be generally recognised for what it really is,—a doctor's dissertation multiplied to the dimensions of an encyclopædia. For the rest, von Holst writes in the tone of one who is a pessimist in all that concerns American life. He obviously despises both our institutions and our theories of government, and his attitude toward these is not unlike the attitude of Gibbon toward the Christian Church. As a stylist, he has all the faults of the German manner,—the involved sentences, the monotonous movement, and sometimes a tawdry grotesqueness of rhetorical display. He is always trying to be emphatic; with the result that he reminds you of a sullen convict doggedly breaking stones in a prison quarry.

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Von Holst was one of the first German scholars of distinction to be called to a chair in an American university. In 1892, he was made Professor of History in the University of Chicago, and in this place he sweated pessimism and snarled at our institutions until his health broke down and he returned to Europe. It seems a pity that so much genuine learning and so much intellectual power should have produced nothing more satisfactory than the books which he has left behind him. Perhaps in the long run, his life of John C. Calhoun will be more read and more referred to than his ponderous but largely futile and unbalanced analysis of American political history.

❧

Six Simple Rules for a Good Professor

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed with President Harper's six requisites of a good professor. They are as follows:

First—He should be married.

Second—He should be a church member.

Third—He should mix with the students outside the classrooms.

Fourth—He should have a doctor's degree.

Fifth—He should be willing to work hard eleven months in the year.

Sixth—He should be in sympathy with the public and take an active part in public affairs.

Some one complained that these would have excluded Kant because he was a bachelor, Huxley because he was not a church member, Mommsen because he was too busy to attend a foot-ball game and Pascal because he had no doctor's degree. To others they seemed inadequate. Should he be a blond? they asked. If married, who should the woman be? What sort of a mind does he need, if any? And so forth. To our way of thinking these requisites are as good as any other six you could dash off impromptu. To the rule of marriage we impulsively agree. The wife comes next to the doctorate, a thoughtful lady with hardly any appetite. During the first year of his fellowship we desire that a babe shall be born, three babes in his assistant professorship, six in his full professorship. Babes are the rivets of industry and the curb of his dissolute youth. Above his study must be the nursery to thump the good work along. No dawdling or roving then, no horse races, balls or yacht cruises. Hold him in, we say, keep him down. Wild things may be done by a bachelor on that twenty-five hundred a year. Quiverful will be conservative and support the administration and peg away for eleven months of the year and on the twelfth read a paper at Philadelphia when the philologians meet; and if he goes out it will be to church, and if he mixes it will be with students in their merry games, teaching them even as he gambols. The first five of these requisites may shut out a Kant or a Huxley, but they let in the academic man, and though he may sympathise with the public, the public may scuttle from him. That is the trouble with our careless recipe on second thoughts. It might make a human being; it also might make a hen. No man, however he despises an educator, should toss him together so lightly out of these odds and ends. Dr. Harper might at least have tried to be serious. Then we, too, should have reflected profoundly and mapped out a professor properly, first explaining how to make a man.

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DRAMA OF THE MONTH.

OF the six plays we saw last month, not one taken as a whole is a fit subject for artistic criticism, and three of them were so bad that they moved our oldest dramatic critic to his most splendid and indiscriminate invective, a part of which we shall quote hereafter. But because a play fails as a whole to attain a reasonable artistic standard, it does not follow that there are no bright spots in it. *The Virginian,* for instance, cannot be taken seriously as a play. It belongs to that class of romantic drama which by an easy twist can be turned to ridicule. Without ever having met a cow-boy we may still be skeptical of Mr. Wister's cow-boys despite his opportunities for observation. We have never met a knight in chain armour, but can swear he is altogether different from the sort that have figured in historical novels. It is from the way his virtues hang on him that we know our decorative cow-boy hero from a man. Yet it is essential to the happiness of a regular play-goer in this country that he should have what may be called collapsible culture. He must know how to sink at a moment's notice to that childish or barbarous state which demands that a hero shall always do what is absolutely right and be vindicated at the fall of the curtain.

The hero of Mr. Wister's novel is a young girl's dream of perfect manliness. Profanity and poker-playing add the requisite touch of charming deviltry, but cannot hide the loyal, tender, noble heart, any more than the rough dress conceals the outlines of his perfect form. A true, romantically shaded paragon, a Bayard of cow-boys, a cluster of qualities tastefully arranged, he does precisely what we should wish to see him do. It is a hard-hearted reader who does not like him, and a soft-headed one who on second thought does not gibe at himself for doing so. Such a character is not created; he is founded on a transitory want. He can be transferred readily to the stage without our missing anything. But to give him the reality that he gained at the hands of Mr. Dustin Farnum there must be an unusual combination of skill and good fortune. Mr. Farnum has done for the Virginian what Mr. Gillette did for Sherlock Holmes. It is impossible to separate the two in looks. And besides replacing any picture we may have formed of Mr. Wister's prodigy, he reduced him to possible human size without defeating the poetic intent. There is in the book a certain fine out-door validity, a zest of natural objects quite unlike that literary patronage of the woods and clouds which we find in professional nature-lovers. It is the one permanent illusion of the book, and Mr. Farnum has succeeded in keeping it in a play which, if presented in the usual way, would have been ordinary cow-boy melodrama.

The Secret of Polichinelle is the story of an elderly couple whose son's clandestine union with a milliner is suddenly brought to light. The son, who is not of age, wishes to marry the woman and legitimate his child, but his father, though secretly willing, refuses his consent from a wrong impression of his wife's character. There has grown up a misunderstanding between the old man and his wife, and each thinks the other is obdurate in such matters. So each visits the son's rooms on the sly, and they gratify their grandfatherly and grandmotherly instincts with an air of guilt. Then the inevitable explanation and rejoicing. To fit it for an American audience the adapters invented an English marriage, illegal in France, thus establishing the innocence of the milliner, in order that we might sympathise with her without sin. This was probably superfluous, but you never can tell. It may have spared us the rebukes of those sexually haunted minds which make the merits of a play depend on just such points as this. With so slight a plot and situations so exclusively French, the play would have had little interest but for Mr. Thomspon's delightful rendering of the leading character and a humourous sketch by Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Thompson made the play as last year he made *The Bishop's Move.*

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For no discernible reason *Ranson's Folly* by Mr. Richard Harding Davis was generally approved by the same writers who last year condemned his *Taming of Helen,* which was neither better nor worse. By any rule of common sense or good manners that hero of his ought not to be attractive, but he is. Always the same, running straight through a dozen stories and three plays, with his little man-of-the-world pretensions and tailor-made ideals, most of a snob when his author wishes to prove him the contrary, he still enrages and entertains. It has been said of Mr. Davis that his is the novel of long-stemmed roses, but that is not the whole story. In the middle of them there is an onion. But Mr. Davis adores his men and he is one of our very few writers whose enthusiasm gets to the point of his pen. He is always picturesque and he has a sense of humour on every subject except good society.

That Man and I, built on one of Mrs. Burnett's stories, is one of those treacle-plays, still common enough in provincial theatres, but seldom seen in the leading metropolitan playhouses. From the infinite tears of the prologue to the final flowers on a mother's grave it is the staple emotional commodity of the primitive man. Any one who has observed his fellow-citizens knows why a play like that exists. *Olympe,* on the other hand, is sheer gratuitous vulgarity, a needless blend of Third Avenue and the Eighteenth Century. Another mistake was Mr. Sothern's play *The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes* which, however, had the merit of causing some astonishment as an instance of the way an actor's mind works. It was a delirium of disconnected points. These are the things which brought on the rage of Mr. William Winter, which grew as he wrote till it took in the entire modern drama. We quote it as the one genuinely theatric happening in an unusually uneventful month:

"There are more than forty theatres in and about New York, and there is scarcely one of them in which anybody is doing anything that is interesting or important. They are open, as woodyards are open, and scores of persons are sawing wood in them. Veterans, who might have played before Noah, when he landed from the Ark, wander about the flats and totter and mumble. Persons who were 'supers' yesterday are 'stars' to-day. Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as 'actresses,' rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. The slimy muck of Mr. Ibsen and the lunacy of Mr. Maeterlinck are made to trickle into the public mind and turn the public stomach. Degenerates from foreign lands, provided with rancid plays about libertines and wantons, fix a steadfast gaze on the coast of Greenland and whisper to the scenery in the third groove, and are vaunted as prodigies of 'genius' and 'intensity.' Historical demireps of England and France are theatrically celebrated for social delectation. Women whom scandalous divorce has made notorious diffuse upon the theatre the effluvia of their foul repute. . . . The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen. It seems only necessary to open a hole in the wall and call it a theatre, and a multitude rushes into it, to sweat and snigger. There has not been a time in fifty years when the theatre was at so low a level as it has reached to-day—when the impulse is vanity, the motive is greed, the method is sordid engrossment, the aim is exclusively 'business,' and the result is a barren traffic and an arid waste."

F. M. Colby.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

NOW that a new editor has been added to THE BOOKMAN'S staff, the appellations of "Senior Editor" and "Junior Editor" are no longer strictly accurate. But for the purposes of the Letter Box we shall keep the names unchanged to avoid confusion in the minds of our old-time readers. The New Editor is not in this game, anyway; and we are very sure that he wouldn't wish to be. He cares nothing about golf; he has no opinions on the subject of Sherlock Holmes; and he is still in those early stages of editorial development when proof-sheets, damp from the press, afford a thrill of genuine delight. The Junior Editor and the Senior Editor probably get much more out of life than he does; but the New Editor is probably more useful to the world. His desk has been placed in a little angle off the main office,—an angle which is technically spoken of around the place as "the jog." We mention the fact for the benefit of those who already have a picture of the office in their mind's eye, and who must now enlarge this mental picture sufficiently to take in the Jog.

I.

We still hear many echoes of last December's beauty-contest. In fact, we have received more letters on that subject during the past four weeks than reached us immediately after the publication of the two portraits. We must express our appreciation of the great acuteness of the Cincinnati physician who wrote to say that he thought both likenesses were drawn from a single model. This is not the case; yet we have discovered something which we did not know before, and that is that both faces were drawn by the same artist, a fact which was disclosed to us in the following letter:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Dear Sirs.—Kindly accept my thanks for the puff in the December number. I am especially grateful that both heads should have been drawn by me, but wonder at the Junior Editor's choice if he saw the reproduction before the magazine went to press.

Thanking you both again, I am,

Very truly yours,

C. ALLAN GILBERT.

We congratulate the Cincinnati physician on the subtlety of his perceptions. None of the other letters need be printed here; but they make it evident that the contest has extended far beyond the BOOKMAN office and is still being carried on among our readers. A remote result of it is the inditing of a letter to the Senior Editor by an indignant lady who has read some of his remarks published years ago, and who does not approve of them. Here is the letter with its original capitalisation:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN (especially the Senior Editor):

Gents.—Instead of looking through the books of the day and picking out pictures of the "best looking" women (which best looking women are always the silliest looking), I think your Senior Editor ought to spend his time writing profuse apologies to Womankind in general for the harm he has sought to do them. In these good days when THE BOOKMAN is printing nothing but favourable reviews of books by Women, and unfavourable reviews of books by men (poor men), when the greatest scientific discovery of all time (radium) has been made by a Woman (a discovery which proves that all the men who monopolised this line of work previous to her advent were very, very, very incompetent and did not know their business), when the greatest portrait painter is a Woman, when the greatest mathematicians in all our colleges are Women, when the greatest American composers are Women, when the greatest poet is a Woman, when the greatest essayist is a Woman, when all the great novelists are Women, when Women take all the prizes at our co-educational colleges, when the editor of THE BOOKMAN'S successful rival (the *Critic*) is a Woman, when all the World's best work is being done by Women, he must feel pretty well ashamed of himself.

Yours exultingly.

We don't want to argue this question all over again. We merely ask with great humility to learn the names of these transcendent Women—the greatest por-

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trait painter, the greatest mathematicians "in all our colleges," the greatest American composers, the greatest poet, and the greatest essayist. For the rest, if we have in reality deserved cruel and unusual punishment, we can only say that this lady has, at a single stroke, avenged the wrongs of all her sex by addressing us as "Gents."

II.

Two questions of magazine ethics are brought to our notice by two correspondents. The first one writes as follows:

Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

Dear Sir.—Will you kindly tell me what an author can do if a magazine does not pay for matter taken and printed? A magazine published a poem of mine last August, but has neither paid nor taken any notice of letters reminding them of the fact. Is there anything I can do short of litigation? I can have "my opinion," but I should prefer to have the money.

We do not see that our correspondent can secure redress without resorting to legal measures; but she would confer a favour upon thousands of her fellow writers if she would give publicity to the name of the magazine whose editor has treated her so shabbily. Everyone would be glad to learn the name of the Very Meanest Man in the whole editorial world.

The other letter is too long to print in full, and so we venture to condense it:

Some time ago I sent a short story to the ——— magazine, which accepted it and published it and sent me a satisfactory cheque. The editor, however, without my knowledge or consent, altered the story very materially while retaining my name at the end of it. I wrote him and remonstrated; whereupon he replied that having bought the story and paid for it, it was his to do whatsoever he liked with it. Now, is this right? In my opinion he spoiled the story, and had I been consulted I should have preferred to take it back and return the money rather than to see it published in a mutilated form over my name. What do you think of it?

This is a question which has been much discussed during the past year with reference to paintings—the right of the purchaser to alter a signed work. At least two rather celebrated cases involving this very point are now before the courts. For our part, we hold that an editor has no right, without first referring the matter to his contributor, to make any save slight verbal alterations in a manuscript unless he suppresses the writer's name. In our opinion the editor of whom our correspondent has complained was guilty of an act which can rightfully be described only as caddish.

III.

A reader in Canandaigua, N. Y., writes to ask whether there have been published any books to be read by devotees of tobacco. In reply we would call his attention to a little volume of verse written a few years ago by Mr. W. L. Shoemaker and entitled *La Yerba Santa* (Boston, 1898), and to *Smokiana* (London, 1890).

IV.

In January, replying to a reader in Hamilton, Canada, we expressed an intention of issuing THE BOOKMAN hereafter with trimmed leaves. Soon after this, the mandate went forth that the leaves should be trimmed. Presently, however, came a letter from an eminent librarian in Newport, Rhode Island, protesting against trimmed leaves on the ground that future copies of the magazine, when sent to a binder, would be trimmed by him still closer, so that the later volumes of the set when bound would not match the earlier portion in height unless the covers were made inordinately large. This gentleman added the following observation: "Personally I detest trimmed magazines; but this is a question of taste."

We confess that this letter caused us a certain amount of trepidation, since we have a sincere respect for the opinions of librarians. But comfort came to us on January 28th, in the shape of the following letter from Brooklyn:

Dear Editor.—February BOOKMAN received with cut leaves. "For this relief much thanks!"

A LIBRARIAN.

We feel now that we need not worry any more about this matter; for if trouble comes, the librarians will fight it out among themselves.

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V.

A gentleman in Denver, Colorado, who signs himself "A Soul with Here and There a Polka Dot" writes to ask about the protracted absence from our columns of a name which he sees fit to write "Miss C——n W——s." He remarks:

Your readers have played gooseberry so long for the charming literary flirtation which has been going on, that you really ought to let them down easier. Why this abruptness? Have you decided to conquer the habit, or is it because this is leap year?

We really don't know what this man means. His allusions are very singular. So we say nothing, but look musingly out of the window.

VI.

In the December and January numbers of this magazine we published a story for children called *Hilda and the Wishes.* The fact that we did so has called forth an indignant letter from a lady in Hatboro, Pennsylvania,—a place hitherto unknown to us. We have conceived a mental picture of this lady. Unless we are greatly mistaken, she has black eyes, a spare figure, dresses in grey, and wears a good many steel beads. However, this is irrelevant. Here is what she says:

"I scarcely know whether to call this an indignant protest or a plea for the grown-up people. At all events it is a query as to why, in THE BOOKMAN of all magazines, we should be served with a story for very young children. Now very young children are very well in their place. They have thousands of periodicals devoted exclusively to them. This is as it should be, but I claim that grown people have some rights which even editors are bound to respect."

We are really very much abashed and have little to say in our own defense. We had a notion that at Christmas time, which is the one season of the year that seems to belong especially to children, THE BOOKMAN might venture to publish something for them. Many of our readers must have young children to whom a child's story could be read; and we confess that it gave us an absurd feeling of pleasure to think that here and there some of these children might perhaps come to have a certain friendly interest in our pages. You see we are fond of children and we didn't dream that there was any harm in publishing a story for them. We know now the gravity of our offense. But this is not all. In that unfortunate story, the pupils of a kindergarten were represented as playing a game and singing the following lines:

"The rat takes the cheese,
The rat takes the cheese,
Heigh-O, the Jerry-O,
The rat takes the cheese!"

The lady in Hatboro quotes these lines and pins us down severely as follows:

The indignant question rises, Is this literature? If so, is it the *best* literature? Perhaps it is *life.* If so, it is not the walk in life through which at least, *this* reader of THE BOOKMAN cares to be led.

The lady does not leave us a single loop-hole of escape. We sorrowfully admit that this rodentiferous verse is not literature, much less "the best literature." But it is the sort of rhyme which children actually do sing in kindergartens, at least in this part of the country. It is probably different in Hatboro, Pennsylvania, a place which, unfortunately, we have never visited. All we can say is that if we ever publish a child's story describing a kindergarten in Hatboro, Pennsylvania, we shall represent the children as chanting a chorus from the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in the original Greek.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

I.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

By Harold MacDonald Anderson.

THAT mysterious, omniscient, ever watchful "high authority," to whom is intrusted the announcement of important matters that concern the family of nations, has just put forth the information that there is to be war. Civilisation has at length wearied of the brutalities of one of her decadent children; progress demands the wiping out of a brace of obstructive States; the new ambitions of a recently awakened people have brought them into conflict with the age-worn programme of a neighbour; and there is to be war. In a hundred newspaper offices a hundred managing editors pull down a thousand maps, and from the hundred offices the war correspondents depart, accredited to the powers, and commissioned to follow the armies and the fleets until the end is reached. The public does not know whether there is to be war; but at the first suggestion of the coming struggle the war correspondents are off to take the field to be on hand when the first skirmish begins. Some of them are men whose names are known wherever newspapers are read; others are new to the trade; but all are under way, by rail or ship, for the spot where there is the greatest probability that the first encounter will take place.

England had her correspondents in the Transvaal six months before the first fight. Key West was filled with correspondents before it had been announced that the Maine was blown up from the outside; and when the first hint came that Russia and Japan might meet in armed conflict, correspondents began rushing to the East that they might be present when the first gun was fired.

HIS EQUIPMENT.

For each of these correspondents the most elaborate arrangements have been made by their home offices. All that can be done to relieve the men in the field from troubling details is accomplished through the managing editors. These contract with those cable companies and telegraph companies that are willing to allow it for the messages to be sent "collect" from the front. Maps showing the location of all the cable stations, and of all the land wires that can be found in the area where the war is expected are prepared and printed. The office opens accounts with as many banking houses in the disturbed district as can be reached, for the cashing of drafts and the honouring of requisitions from the correspondents. Each regular correspondent of the newspaper within the zone covered by the prospective military operations is warned to hold himself in readiness to aid the war correspondent in every way that may be suggested. The whole far-reaching machinery of the modern newspaper is set in motion to help him on his way.

The correspondent himself selects the outfit that he will need with an eye to utility rather than to beauty. Garments appropriate to the climate of the country in which he is to serve, his field glasses, maybe a revolver, will be in his kit. Saddle bags and coats with deep, big pockets, kit bags capable of holding an unlimited supply of junk of one kind and another; writing materials: all of the lightest and toughest fabric he lays in in quantities, for once he has taken the field there is no telling when he will be able to replenish the stock. If the governments that are to go to war issue passes to correspondents,—and the correspondent is a recognised institution in all armies to-day—one of these is secured, authorising the man to accompany the army that he has selected to follow. His arrangements are soon made and he is ready to start—ready always to take the first conveyance that

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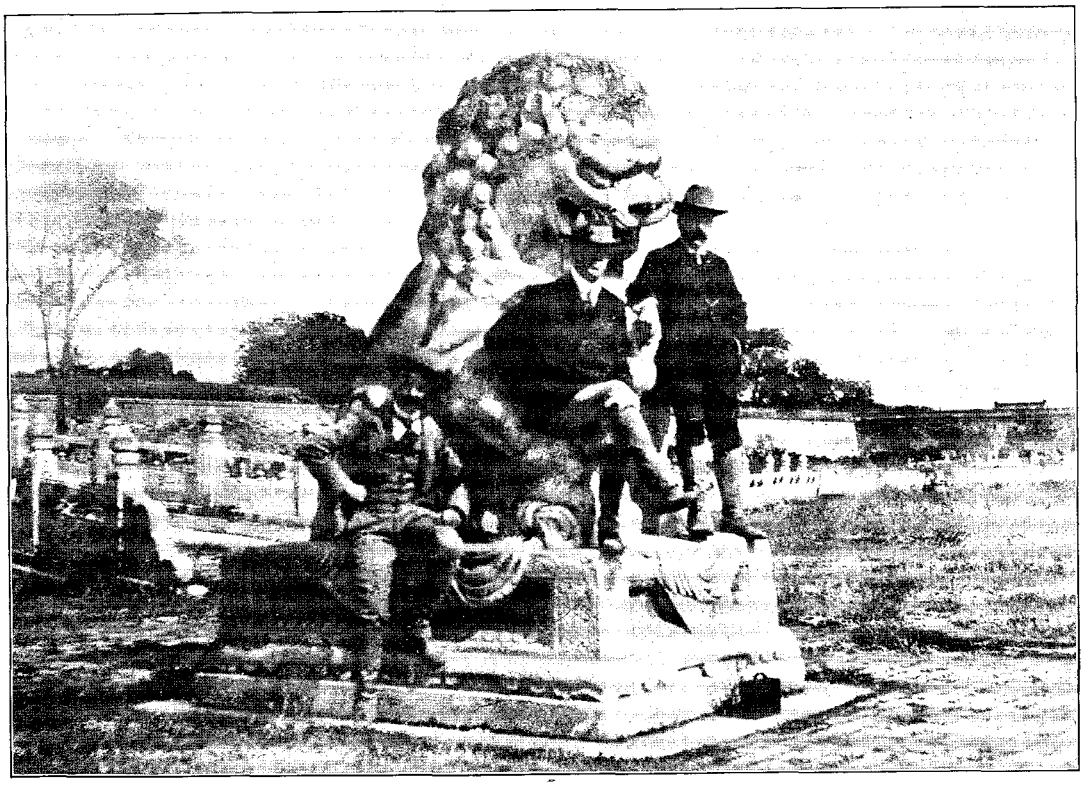
will carry him in the direction of his objective point. In January of this year an English correspondent landed in New York just in time to catch an overland express for San Francisco. As he crossed the continent a careful study of time tables showed him that he would arrive at the Golden Gate just in time to see a Japan-bound ship churn out of the harbour. To miss it meant a delay of weeks—it might mean that the war would be begun before he arrived upon the scene. So he telegraphed East and West, and by pulling all the wires that he and his paper could reach that ship was induced to lie in the stream until the correspondent was aboard—a thing that ships may do now and then for kings and emperors, but that is beyond the power of ordinary mortals to command. But the war correspondent does not hesitate to try the impossible, and he succeeds in accomplishing it often enough to repay him for the failures that he makes.

Many of the men who are sent to the front have spent a good part of their lives studying war on the field. This is particularly true of the British correspondents. England and America produce the men who write most of the world's news, and in the department of war England has had a good start of America. But the Spanish campaigns of 1898 and the Philippine fighting in the following years called for the services of Americans trained in such duties, and they were developed promptly from the staffs of the newspapers. They may be lacking in technical military education, but they do not lack ability to see straight, write accurately, and get their matter on the wire—the three things necessary in a successful correspondent.

A correspondent is always liberally supplied with money. A penniless correspondent would be useless to his paper, for, no matter how complete the arrangements made by the home office for the



American War Correspondents Grouped about an idol in the Purple (Forbidden) City of Pekin. The Idol had never before been profaned by Foreign Devils. The man standing on the right is the late W. J. Chamberlain of the New York Sun. In the centre is Martin Egan of the Associated Press, now with the Japanese in Eastern waters. This picture has never before been printed.

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payment of expenses are, there are always times when a man at the front must spend hard cash and spend it freely. As much gold as he can carry without overburdening himself, and without attracting attention, is a necessary part of the correspondent's outfit. Paper notes lose their value when war turns things upside down, but gold is gold and good wherever man meets man. Sometimes food is high in price; a correspondent once paid $20 gold for a meal of bacon and canned tomatoes, and thought that he had made a good bargain. Even when the correspondent messes with the officers of the army to which he is attached there are times when he is not able to connect with the camp at meal hours, and at such times no price is too high to pay for food.

A dead correspondent or a sick correspondent is useless to his paper. He can send no news, and that is what he is in the field to do. Every correspondent has to take chances; sometimes they end in death, or in a wound; but the gathering of news requires that he shall shelter himself as much as he can, preserve his working ability, and never run recklessly into danger.

Frederic Remington — Caspar Whitney — Grover Flint — Richard Harding Davis — Captain Arthur Lee

A Group of War Correspondents at Tampa in 1898, from Richard Harding Davis's The Cuban and Porto Rico Campaigns.

HIS STANDING IN THE FIELD.

Nowadays when every field of human activity is the subject of newspaper scrutiny and comment, every army of a civilised power makes arrangements more or less elaborate for the accommodation of the press representatives who accompany it. If a correspondent is allowed on shipboard, he is assigned to one of the messes in the wardroom, and shares its cost with the officers. If his lot lies with the army his first business upon his arrival at headquarters is to report himself to the officer in command, and have his pass countersigned. This accomplished, he is assigned to a mess, and there his home is until he leaves the army. There is no ambiguity about his standing in the force to which he attaches himself. His pass "requests" the commanding officer to extend to him such aid and protection as is deemed wise and "not incompatible" with the welfare of the campaign. The commanding officer has complete control over the correspondents that accompany his troop. He can forbid them to send a word of news. He can exclude them from his command, or, if he thinks wise, he can send them out of the country, under arrest if need be. One of the correspondents sent from this country to Japan was arrested almost before he set foot in the Flowery Kingdom. He was suspected of being a spy, and the Japs lost no time in locking him up. They released him at Minister Griscom's request. Lord Kitchener never allowed the correspondents any liberties while

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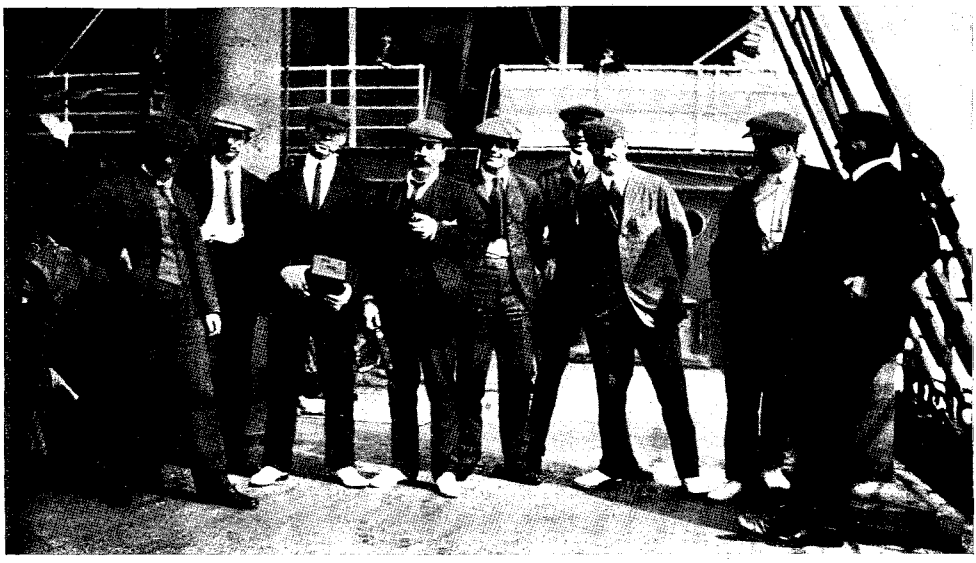

WAR CORRESPONDENTS BOUND FOR THE FAR EAST ON THE DECK OF A PACIFIC STEAMSHIP.

they were with him, and on one campaign he ordered the whole press contingent back to his base of supplies, far from the front, and where they were about as useful to their employers as they would have been in mid-ocean.

When Admiral Sampson took his fleet to San Juan de Porto Rico the whole movement was kept secret. Several newspaper tugs accompanied the squadron, carrying the correspondents of the press associations and the New York news-

WAR CORRESPONDENTS KILLING TIME IN THE MID PACIFIC.

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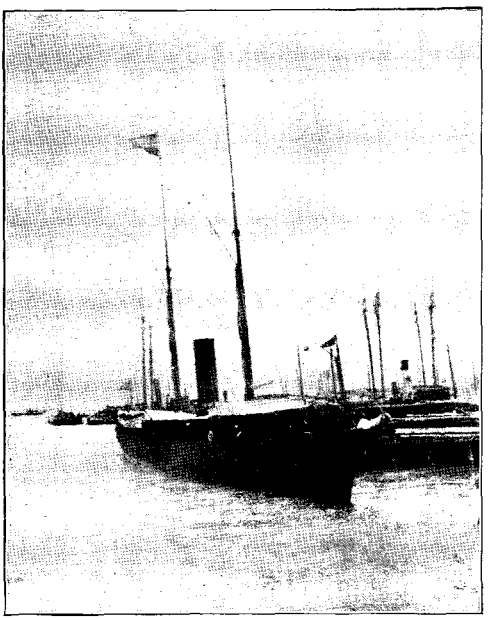
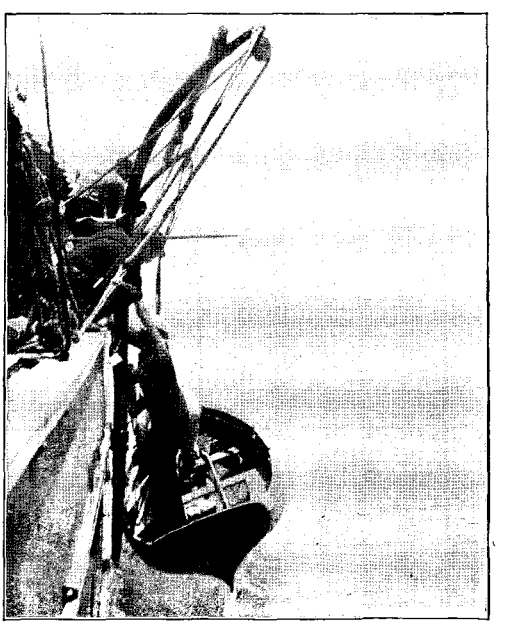


Steam Yacht Kanapha, Flagship of the Sun's Dispatch Boat Fleet at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1898.

papers. It was generally understood that no news of the movement was to be sent out until it was discovered whether Cervera's fleet was in the harbour of San Juan, but no specific order on the subject had been issued. When Cape Haitian was reached, the newspaper boats went in to file dispatches for the Admiral, coal, and get fresh vegetables. One correspondent sent a message to his paper, announcing the arrival of the fleet. On the following day the correspondents were called aboard the flag-ship, and Admiral Sampson asked each man if he had sent any news from Cape Haitian. The offender confessed that he had, without making any attempt to conceal it. Admiral Sampson ordered him to leave the squadron, and not to come back. The order was obeyed at once. (The Admiral meant business.) The correspondent was never allowed to return, and it was several weeks before the yacht that had borne him was permitted to take its place in the line again.

Such drastic measures are not often needed to prevent the correspondents from overstepping the bounds laid down for them. Probably no army has ever been followed by more reporters, in proportion to its size, than the one that invaded Cuba in 1898. Correspondents of daily and weekly newspapers, press associations, correspondence syndicates, with photographers, painters, moving picture men in their train swarmed in the camps. Only four men out of all the number were sent home—a remarkable showing when it is remembered that most of them had never lived under military rule before. One of the correspondents excluded was a man whose boast it was that he "did not write the news, but made it." When Santiago was surrendered to the American arms, the ceremony was conducted in the square before the public buildings, and the correspondents were excluded from the city. It was a great disappointment to them, for some of them had been placed within sight of the town at an expense of not less than $25,000 each. The originator of news made his way into the city, and when it came time to lower the Spanish flag and hoist the American, he was found with his hands on the halyards. He was ordered to leave the roof on which he stood, and report to Gen. Shafter. He did this, and within a few moments after reporting, struck Gen. Shafter a blow in the face that drew blood. The correspondent said he struck in self-defense; Gen. Shafter thought that he had struck in insanity, for it was



Correspondents being hauled aboard after a visit to the Flagship New York.

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a crazy thing to do. It was thought that the punishment for this offence would be imprisonment at least, and many believed that the correspondent would be put to death. Instead, he was ordered from the island—a lighter punishment than would have been inflicted in any other army in the world.

Three correspondents were sent from the island for an offence almost as serious as this. Their employer sent to Santiago a boat-load of newspapers and lurid advertising posters. The posters showed a huge cannon belching shot and smoke and flame at the beholder, while an American blue jacket leaned on the muzzle of the gun and waved his cap. It bore the legend:

"Remember the Maine and Read the New York Yellow!"

It was not the sort of a picture to soothe the Spaniards in Santiago, civilian

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

Archibald Forbes, who probably did more to revolutionise methods of war correspondence than any other one man, used to say that a correspondent's success was based on three attributes—a sense of organisation, capacity for physical endurance, and a gift of clear, straightforward writing derived from studiously acquired knowledge of military affairs. He himself possessed all three. During the last war between Russia and Turkey, he was the only English correspondent who witnessed the disastrous Russian assault on Plevna in July, 1877. By riding his horse to death he reached Bucharest, one hundred miles away, the next day, and telegraphed eight columns of description to the *Daily News*. For two days and a half he underwent continuous mental and physical exertion, almost without food, and entirely without sleep. But he had won for his paper. On another occasion during that war, after the battle at Shipka Pass, he left the scene of conflict at six o'clock in the evening, and, riding desperately all night, outstripped the Russian couriers, and was the first to announce to the Emperor that the Russians could hold the pass. During the day reports of a different nature arrived, and for a time Forbes was discredited. Finally his news was definitely confirmed and the Emperor, turning angrily to his generals, exclaimed: "You were wrong. I believe this Englishman is the only man here who knows anything about war."

As correspondent for the London *Morning Advertiser*, Forbes followed the fortunes of the German army from the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war until the investment of Paris. Then he was recalled for the curious reason that the paper already had a correspondent inside the city. He offered his services to the *Times*, but without success. Finally he made his way to the office of the *Daily News* and by that journal was sent to Metz, where the Prussians had drawn an iron circle around Bazaine and the best army of France. Here he made use of methods that had hitherto been unknown in war correspondence. He lived on foreposts. He was present at every fight. For six weeks during the wet autumn he lived in squalor within easy range of the French guns, never once taking off his boots, and only occasionally sleeping in a bed. Instead of curt telegrams announcing mere facts, he sent his paper long descriptive letters telegraphed in full.

After Metz had capitulated, Forbes made his quarters with the German army in front of Paris. His letters about the progress of the siege were sent to an agent on the frontier who telegraphed them to London. As only brief messages were permitted from the telegraph offices within the army lines, the fullness and accuracy of the *Daily News* accounts puzzled and baffled the German officials and the other correspondents. He met all enquiries on the subject with the jest that he had his own private wire. After the surrender he was the first correspondent to enter Paris, riding into the city from the north, whereas all the other journalists were gathered on the Versailles side.

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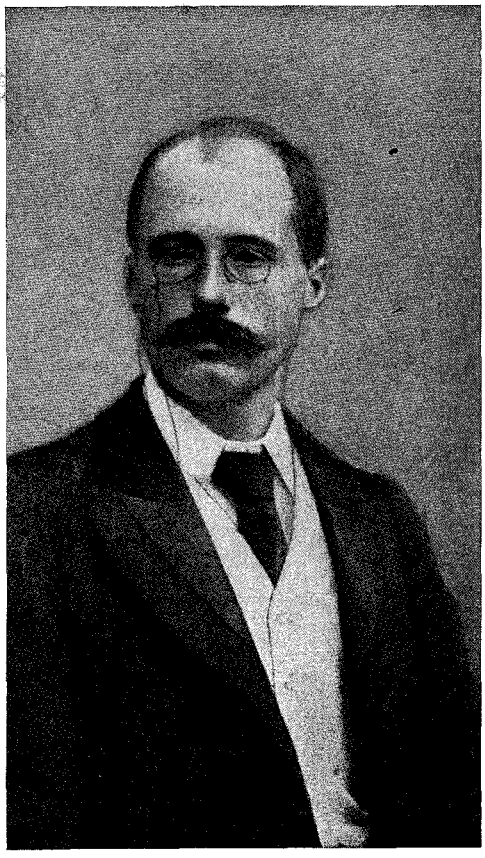
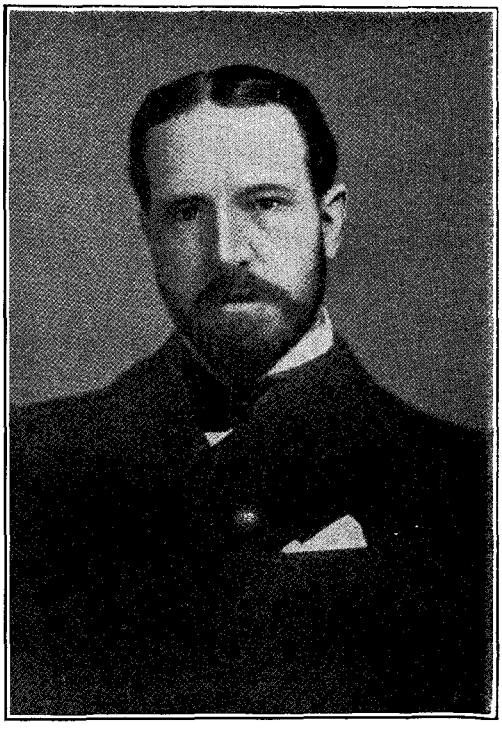


The Late G. W. STEEVENS.

or military. They could have made a good deal of trouble had they been so disposed, but without regard to its possible effect on the peace of the community the poster was distributed freely. A copy of it was hung above a great shot hole that one of Sampson's ships had knocked in a warehouse wall. Another found its way into the rooms of the Spanish Club. The provost guard learned of these things and gathered those posters in with speed. The threatened riot was averted. The correspondents were arrested, and with them two from another paper. Gen. Shafter himself sat in judgment on the five. The two innocent men were discharged from custody. The three who had distributed the inflammatory pictures were deported to the United States. To one of them this was no novelty, for he had been deported by the Spanish authorities two years before while reporting the activities of the Cuban insurgents.

With exceptions so few in number that they may be disregarded, the correspondents that are sent to report wars are men of sense and good judgment, who know how far they may go and where they must stop in serving their papers. Between them and the officers who command the forces to which they are attached the utmost good feeling exists and many are the warm friendships that live beyond war times between men who served the flag and men who served the papers.

A correspondent captured by the opposing force would be treated, by a civilized government, in the same manner as a volunteer nurse, or a surgeon, or a chaplain. He is not a combatant, and many correspondents do not carry arms, regarding them as an unnecessary and useless piece of baggage. There have been cases in which correspondents have been combatants, but these do not establish the rule. Should an American correspondent serving with the Japanese forces be captured by the Russians our Ambassador at St. Petersburg would have little difficulty in obtaining his freedom, unless it should be proved that he



HENRY NORMAN.

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had taken an active part in the fighting against the Tsar's troops. The Spaniards were much incensed at the American newspapers in 1898, and while the Santiago campaign was in progress word was brought from the beleaguered city that if any American reporters were captured by its defenders they would be treated as spies. There was no opportunity to demonstrate the truth of this report; but there were several foreign consuls in Santiago who would have had a word to say before any such plan could have been carried out. When the correspondents finally arrived in the city they found the Spanish officers cordial and friendly.

HOW HE GETS THE NEWS.

As soon as war preparations are begun the nations involved shut off the news as completely as they can. The enemy can be worried by silence, and to do this is the aim of every government. Officials assume an air of mystery, refuse information on the most trifling matters, and generally attempt to prevent anything from getting out that may enlighten their opponents in the slightest degree. Once a campaign is under way there is likely to be some feature of the movement indicating to all who watch it the end it seeks to attain. And officers will talk, and those who are in their society learn what is going on. The commanding officer may consent to tell something of his plans and even issue a statement—elaborately false in every particular. He can do this in safety, for he controls the telegraph wires, and no one can leave the camp on any mission without his approval. But as a rule there is nothing to be learned from headquarters—not even confirmation of facts that are apparent to every man in camp with eyes in his head. Something is gleaned from subordinate officers, but disaster awaits the correspondent who puts his trust in camp gossip. Naval ships have the reputation of starting more rumours in a day than can be killed in a month. The same is true of an army camp, and it is not until an engagement is about to begin that anything definite and conclusive can be learned about it. Then the correspondent's place is where the news is and that is usually with the headquarters staff. If there are a number of correspondents from the same paper in an engagement one or two of them will be at headquarters, and the others will be scattered along the battle line to watch the incidents of the fight. The little happenings of the day are what make the newspaper story. An heroic rescue, a daring assault, the storming of an intrenchment—these are the incidents that newspaper readers love. They give the color and the life to a story, they supply the flesh

Twelve Miles to the Front.
A "Collier's" Man with full kit.

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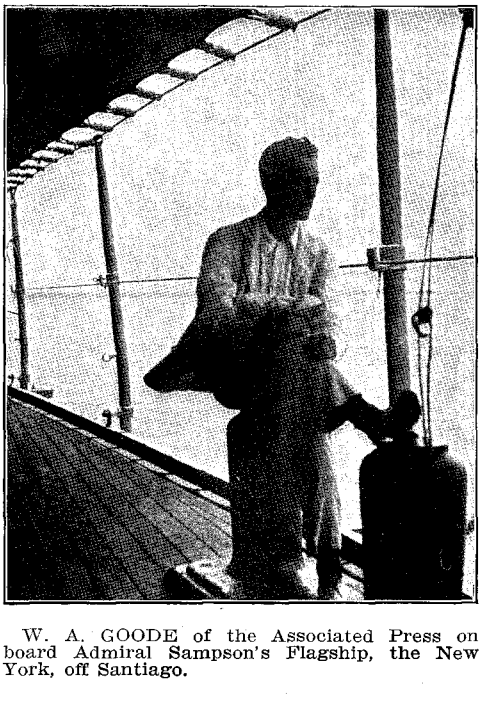


W. A. GOODE of the Associated Press on board Admiral Sampson's Flagship, the New York, off Santiago.

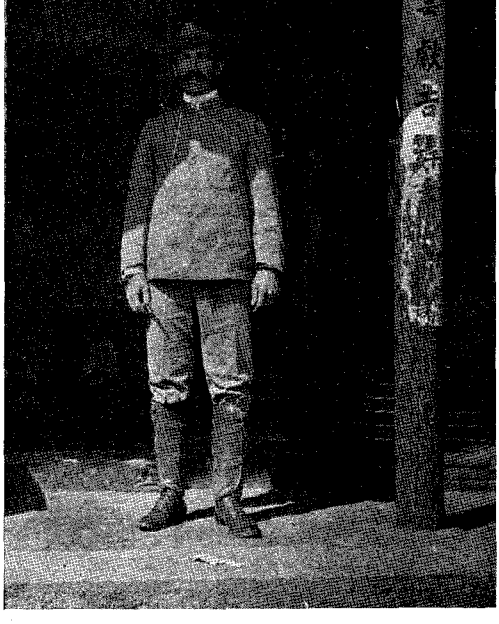
that makes the skeleton of facts a living reality. The best popular story of a battle that can be written will tell in ten lines that a campaign has ended in success or failure, and in a thousand lines of the little things that happened while the fight was on.

But while the correspondent is waiting for the event of the campaign, waiting for the day of the battle to dawn, there is a wealth of work to occupy his time and attention. Next to reading of the individual exploits of soldiers actually in battle, the newspaper reading public craves details of the manner in which they live while on the road to the field. How does the soldier dress on the march? Does he find time and strength to shave? Does he bathe if he has the opportunity? How does he cook his meals? What does he have to cook? Can he make it appetising? Does he talk, or sing, or whistle as he marches? Would he be allowed to if he wanted to do these things? How is the transportation managed? Are those who fall sick cared for tenderly? (It is amazing how compassionate the public can be over the minor hardships of a soldier's life.) What sort of a country is the army in? How do the residents act, and how are they treated?

There are many scores of matters of this kind for the correspondent to write about and to inform himself upon. Such descriptive stories as he may write, dealing with the personnel of the army and the life in the camps is not news; newspapers call it special matter, and it is mailed to the home office whenever opportunity offers. No newspaper can get too much of this kind of matter. Given the choice between the services of a correspondent capable of writing a technical account of a great battle with due regard to the scientific reasons for each move, and of a man unable to say more than that a battle was won or lost, and how, but with a descriptive power sufficient to enable him to put the daily life of the army before the public, and the technical expert would be cast aside by practically every newspaper in the world.

HOW HE SENDS THE NEWS.

Unfortunately for the correspondent, battles are seldom fought within reach of



RALPH D. PAINE IN CHINA.

It is said that at the time of the invasion of China by the Allies after the Boxer uprising Mr. Paine taught the Yale "Boola" to the Japanese soldiers, and that they sang it as a battle hymn.

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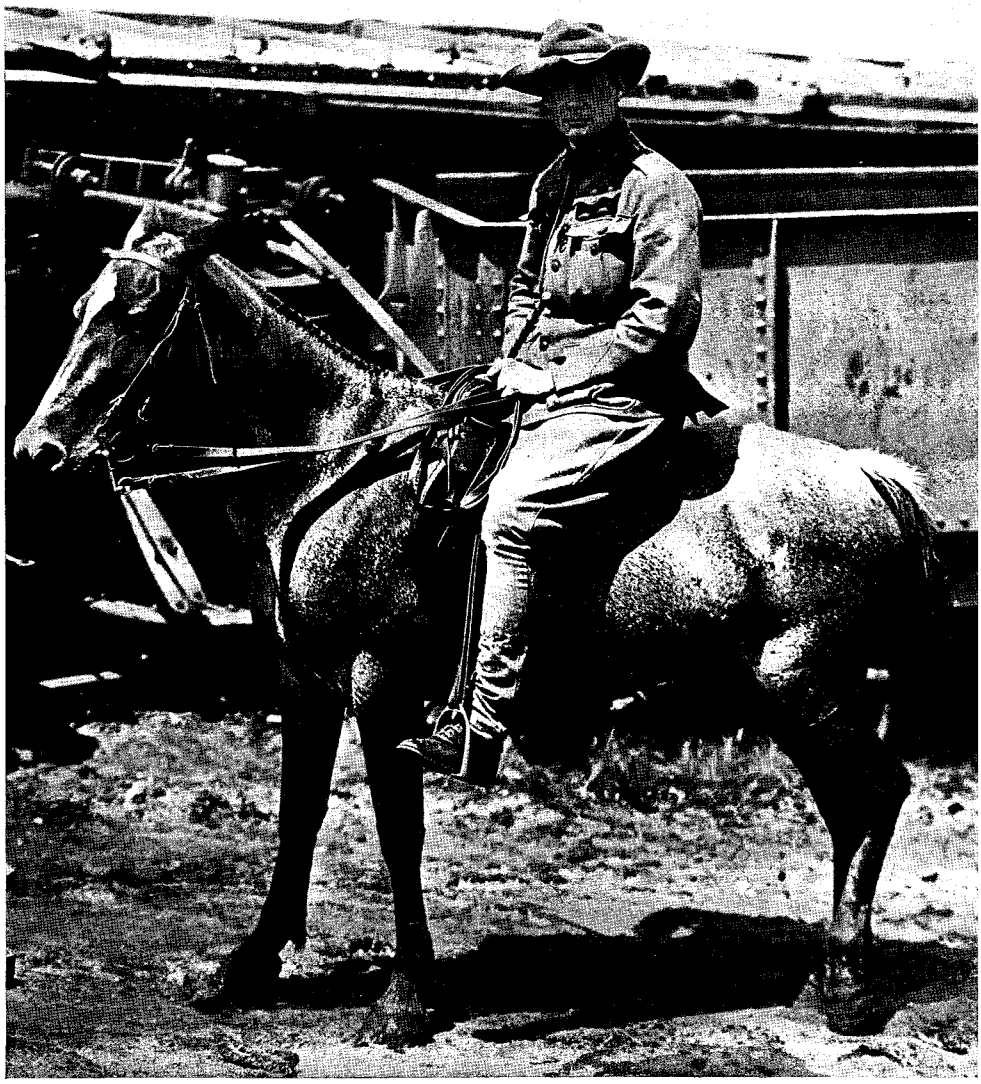
a large telegraph office. Having obtained the news, he must send to the home office, and to get it there is a problem to the solution of which he has bent his energies from the moment of his arrival. If there is a telegraph wire in the vicinity of the battlefield the army has seized it for official dispatches. If there is a cable near by, the government has that. Possibly the newspapers may be allowed to send a few words over the government lines, but they would never be allowed to send a dispatch of the length that an interesting battle, big or little, justifies. The correspondent has engaged horses, runners, and agents of every kind and



WINSTON CHURCHILL, after his Escape from Ladysmith.
Courtesy of "Collier's Weekly."

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C. E. ACKERS, Correspondent London "Times" at Tampa in 1898.

function at various cost at every point where they may be of use. The course he will follow must be shaped by circumstances. Suppose that forty miles away from the field of fighting there is a telegraph line that may be without the pale of government control. It leads to the coast, where there is a local cable line, running to a point where one of the great world cables has a station. The correspondent will have on deposit at the local cable station a sum of money sufficient to prepay the tolls on any message he may want to send. If he can get his matter to the big cable it will be taken by that and sent to his office collect. Immediately after he has obtained facts sufficient to make a story worth sending he will frame it up, skeletonising where he can, but never sacrificing clarity to brevity. Code words will be forbidden, or too complicated to use. If the dispatch must pass through the hands of men of a different nationality than the writer's, every letter must be formed perfectly, or else it will be so distorted in the sending that it will mean nothing to the paper. This careful dispatch written, the correspondent must take it himself or send it by a messenger to the telegraph station. Whoever carries it must get to the wire with the least possible loss of time, and on his trip he recks not of expense. If water must be crossed he has his own dispatch boat awaiting him at the nearest landing to bear him onward. If there is a railroad and a special train can be chartered, he goes by rail. If he must ride horse back, that he does, nor does he spare his horseflesh. A motor car, a bicycle, a camel—there is not a beast of burden or a vehicle that will not be called

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Correspondent of the London "Times" at Tampa in 1898. Courtesy of "Harper's Weekly."

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The Naval Brigade from H. M. S. "Doris" at Modder River.
In Foreground—JAMES BARNES, Correspondent for "The Outlook."

on to serve the messenger when it is available. If he is very fortunate he arrives at the telegraph station not more than ten hours later than he planned.

The message filed, the tolls must be paid, for the newspaper has no account with this telegraph company. If the Western Union and the Commercial Telegraph companies controlled and managed all of the offices in the world, the work would now be well under way, for they understand how to handle press matter. But there are companies with other methods and in filing with them, the correspondent must be sure they do not forget to send his message. While the late Wilbur J. Chamberlin was in Cuba for *The Sun* he had an experience that would have justified him in committing almost any crime on the calendar.

He rushed to Port Antonio, Jamaica, one day from Sebouney with a good four hours' start of every other paper. He went to the Port Antonio telegraph office,

The Naval Brigade from H. M. S. "Doris" at Modder River.
Figure in Foreground—GORDON H. GRANT, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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JAMES CREELMAN.

and filed his dispatch, addressed to the cable company at Kingston for transmission to New York. It was of a fight, and important. Two young women counted the words, and told him that it would cost something over $100 for tolls to Kingston. Chamberlin paid the money and hurried back to Cuba, congratulating himself on having scored an exclusive story. Four days later he went back to Port Antonio. This is his own account,—as given in the book "Ordered to China:"

"Again I went to the office of the telegraph company. There were the sweet young things. One of them recognised me. She came to the window.

"'Aren't you Mr. Chamberlin?' she asked.

"I confessed that I was.

"'I'm so glad you came in,' she said. 'You filed a message the other day for The New York *Sun*, didn't you?'

"Again I confessed.

"'Well, do you know,' she said, 'we miscounted the words and we were one short. Dreadfully stupid of us, wasn't it? You owe us for one more word.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' I said, and threw down a shilling to pay and started out.

"'I'm so glad you came in,' she twittered, as I walked away. '*Now* we can send the message.'"

Four days lost because of the stupidity of a telegraph operator! Chamberlin always feared that what he said to those girls was impolite. He had another experience of the same kind in China. He made a deposit of $300 with the telegraph company at Tien Tsin, to prepay his messages to Taku, where the cable company would receive them R. T. P. for transmission to New York. Then he went to Pekin, and filed a message on the American army wire as soon as he arrived. Each day he filed the sixty words allowed to each correspondent by Gen. Chaffee, and one day Gen. Chaffee allowed him to send 321 words. After two weeks, the telegraph operator at Pekin informed Chamberlin casually that all of his messages lay at the Tien Tsin end of the wire, because no one had called for them and no one would walk across the street to the cable station with them. Chamberlin's office had not heard from him between the day he left Tien Tsin, Oct. 8, and Oct. 25, although he had sent a message every day.

JULIAN RALPH.

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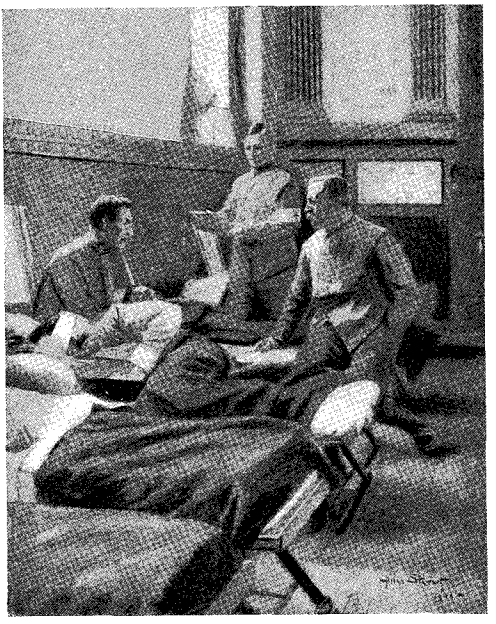
The day when a man could "hold the wire" by filing the Bible, having it sent until he had real news to send, and thus excluding all others from its use, has passed. Matter filed for telegraphic transmission when the wires are crowded must at least bear some resemblance to news. No cable or telegraph company would allow one paper the exclusive use of its wires for trivial matter for any price. As it is, the companies find themselves unable to handle the vast business that is offered to them in war time, and their wires are sometimes seventy-two hours behind the matter awaiting transmission.

It is no uncommon thing for a newspaper to spend $300 or $400 for a cable message in tolls alone. Great sums have been spent for single messages. Tolls of $2,500 have been paid without a word, and tolls to the amount of $1,000 on a single message were paid time and time again by American newspapers during the Spanish War. The rate from Corea now is about $1.50 a word. What it will be under war conditions is a question that no newspaper can answer. The New York *Herald* announced on Jan. 22 that it was spending over 5,600 francs a week for cable tolls in each direction between its Paris office and Seoul. That was a matter of $2,500 a week for this one item of expense. The *Herald* estimated that a war between Russia and Japan would necessitate the expenditure of from $98,000 to $150,000 by any newspaper that attempted to cover it. The lower figure seems too small, and the higher is conservative. It is speaking well within the line to say that at least four New York newspapers—*The Sun, The World, The Herald,* and the *Journal*—and the Associated Press spent at least $200,000 each in reporting the Spanish War. These enormous expenditures are made because the papers must have the news, or else lose their standing. *The Herald* described the situation accurately in an editorial in which it said:



CONAN DOYLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

"Competition nowadays in journalism is so fierce that no expense is too great if it will secure news

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earlier than rival papers can obtain it. The journal that hesitates is lost. Those who do not or cannot spend money lavishly on the reporting of a big war must go to the wall."

THE CENSOR.

The censorship is the bane of the correspondent's life. The censor is usually selected from among the officers of the army, and he knows nothing of newspaper work. Censors invariably mess things, except when they ask correspondents to help them out, as some do. They violate all the rules of telegraph companies and newspapers, whose cardinal principle is that matter must be transmitted in the order of its filing. Censors have an entertaining habit of sending short messages at once, because they are quickly read, and holding out long ones to be read when there is nothing else to occupy their time. The censor who does this is not popular. Every correspondent feels it a duty to beat him whenever he can. In Key West once Admiral Sampson ordered that no news be sent of his departure for San Juan de Porto Rico. The censor then on duty was unpopular. One correspondent sent this innocent looking message to his managing editor:

"Tell Father I've gone Porto Rico. Ship camera to San Juan."

The correspondent thought his managing editor would know that he would not go to Porto Rico without the fleet, and would read that news into this "personal" message. The censor never

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No conflict has done more to revolutionise war correspondence than the War of Secession. The facilities for the gathering and transmission of news from the front were then comparatively undeveloped, and the correspondent was obliged to depend more on his own resources than is the case to-day, when a campaign for the systematic "covering" of a war is carefully mapped out in the home office. Yet in that struggle some of the papers, notably the New York *Herald,* made it a point to anticipate news. For months before the firing on Sumter the *Herald* had men stationed at various places in the South, each feeling the pulse of a particular section, so to speak, and when the war began the paper was represented everywhere at the front. With each army corps there was a *Herald* tent and a *Herald* wagon.

From the very nature of the struggle the correspondent was likely to court great risks for the sake of winning exclusive news for his paper. There are dozens of stories illustrative of the tricks to which correspondents resorted to outwit their rivals. For instance, there is the tale of the man who, after a big fight, won an exciting race to the telegraph office, sent his account to New York, and then in order to hold the wire so that the other correspondents could not use it, dictated to the operator the first chapter of Genesis from: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," to the end. Several of the war correspondents were among those confined in Libby Prison. A Union soldier was released from Libby and made his way to New York. Entering the *Herald* office, he cut from his coat one of the military buttons and handed it to the editor in charge. The button was hollow and contained a wad of thin tissue paper on which an imprisoned *Herald* man had written in a fine hand a description of conditions in Richmond. It made a good story, three-quarters of a column in length, and no one outside of the office knew whence it came. The incident was typical. It would be impossible to dwell too much on the heroism displayed by journalists at the front. Anderson, of the *Herald,* taken prisoner, was confined in an iron dungeon in Texas. Afterwards, at Spottsylvania, with a bullet hole through his arm, he was in the thick of the battle, calmly taking notes. Another *Herald* man, Osborn, the only correspondent on the iron-clads in action, coolly watched the effect of each shot, and frequently, as signal officer in the rigging with Farragut, ran the gauntlet at New Orleans. Browne and Richardson of the *Tribune* and Colburn of the *World,* captured in running the blockade at Vicksburg, were confined for months in Libby, till they escaped to the Union lines through marsh and brush and forest. Cook sat aloft on Porter's flagship, pencil and note-book in hand, and watched the bombardment of Fort Fisher. Shanks at Lookout, and Hosmer at Gettysburg, wrote their reports in the thickest of the fire. Fitzpatrick and Cadwallader of the *Herald,* and Crounse of the *Times,* were captured by Mosby's band, their note-books and watches taken from them, and their facts published in the Southern newspapers. Skestfall in the hands of Morgan guerrillas; Conyngham and Doyle with Sherman on the famous march to the sea; Carpenter and Ashley with the Army of the Potomac; Knox at Pea Ridge; Brady lost in a canebrake; Dunn dying at his post on the Mississippi; William Swinton, of the *Times* at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg—these are but a few of the newspaper men who served so well at the front during the four years of the great War.

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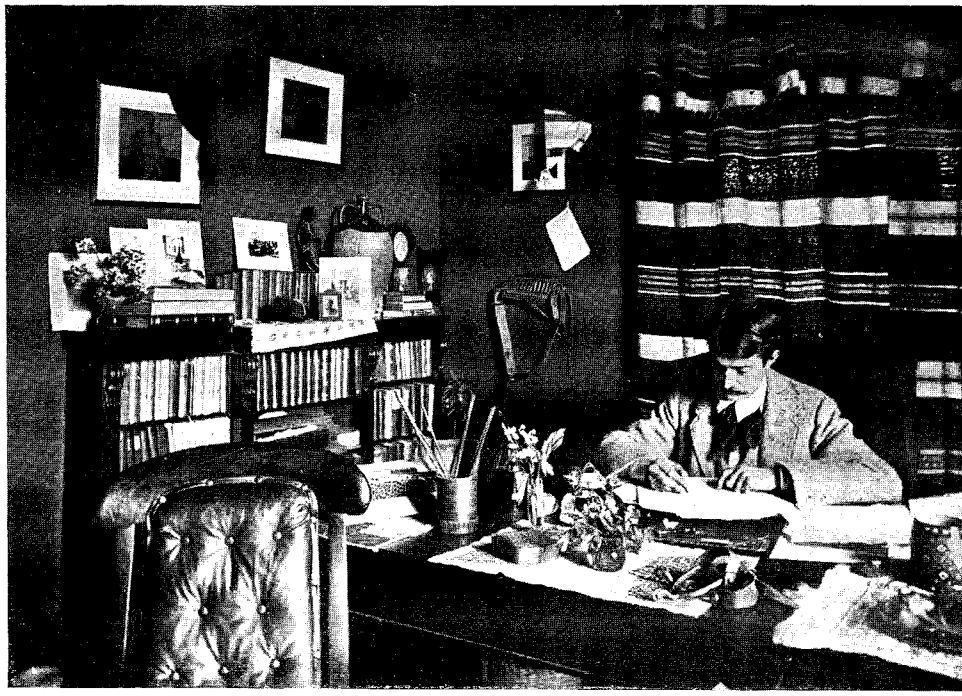

THE LATE STEPHEN CRANE.

saw the point of that message and let it go through. Unfortunately for the correspondent the managing editor did not see its point, either, and neglected to interpret it into a news story—a beat. When the Porto Rico trip was over, this telegram was delivered to the returning correspondent:

"Father not in directory. Wire him direct."

A good clean beat lost because the managing editor did not read the message as he should. But there are censors who know how to handle their work to the satisfaction of the military authorities and without outraging the feelings of the correspondents. Captain Bowman H. McCalla of the United States Navy was such a censor. While he was saying what could be sent and what could not be sent from the Guantanamo cable station in the summer of 1898 not a word went out that the Government objected to, and not a harmless story that the press wanted was held up; every story was sent in the order of its filing; and the relations between censor and censored were most cordial at all times. Capt. Allen of the Signal Corps was another censor of the same kind. They were the exceptions to the rule, for the duties of the censor are opposed in every particular to the duties of the correspondents, and if the censor does not use great tact he is sure to be disliked.

In England and the United States the press occupies a more dignified and important position than in any other country, and Englishmen and Americans have reduced war correspondence to a science with its specialists, its slang, and its own code ethics. The newspapers of America and England are the only ones that are willing to open the great sums required to pay the expenses of a complete

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The late Stephen Crane, at the time of the war between Greece and Turkey, had not yet made himself a journalist in the full sense in which the term is understood among practical newspaper men. As a war correspondent he lacked the faculty of organisation. So the paper employing him sent with him a manager. All that Crane had to do was to write the story of a battle as he saw it. The manager looked after all the details, found the horses, secured rations and fodder and places in which to sleep, and finally hurried Crane's written copy to the wire and cabled it to the United States.

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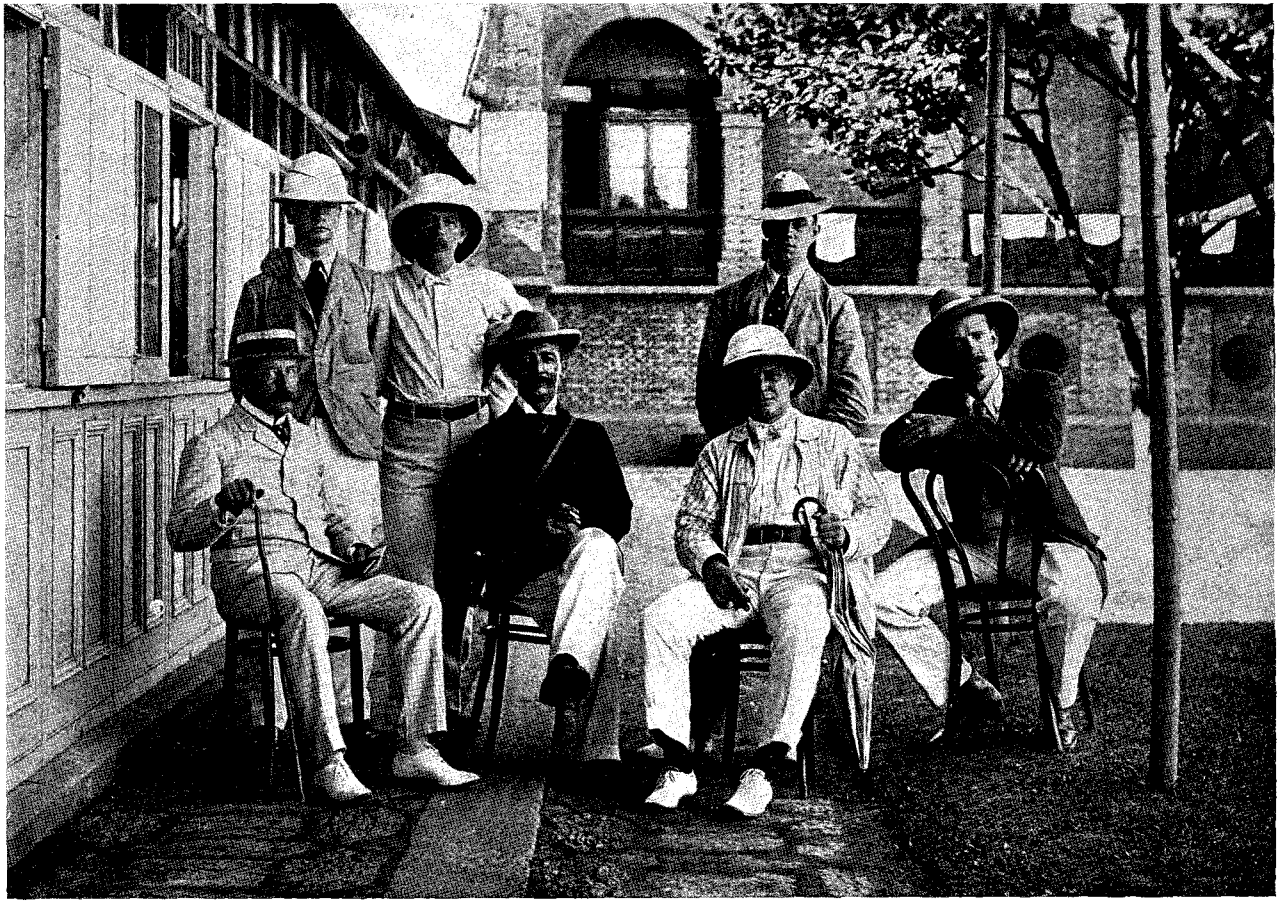

WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN CHINA DURING THE BOXER TROUBLES.
The two men seated in the centre are Captain George Lynch, correspondent of the London "Daily Express," and Frank Morse, the old Princeton half-back.

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war establishment, rivaling in arrangement and equipment the armies that fight the battles.

THE ETHICS OF THE CORRESPONDENT.

"Get the news, and get it first," is the order that the correspondent works under. Warm though his personal friendship may be with another correspondent, when the news is concerned they are sworn enemies. They will get the better of each other in every way that presents itself. If misdirections can accomplish the delay of a rival, they will be freely given. If physical force is necessary to bring an advantage, some of them will not scruple to resort to it.

Two dispatch boats once raced from the blocking fleet off Havana to Key West. They entered the harbour on even terms, and slid toward the wharf through a cheering lane of men-o'-warsmen. It was evident that one of them would be able to make the landing wharf first, and thus put its correspondent ashore ahead of the other's. Therefore one of the yachts slowed up opposite the narrow Customs House pier, a correspondent got into the dinghy, the boatswain followed, and the small boat was lowered away. At the landing there was a crowd of interested onlookers. The correspondent was running off the wharf, when he was halted by a tremendous blow on the point of the jaw that sent him to the ground half conscious. As he fell he heard a voice:

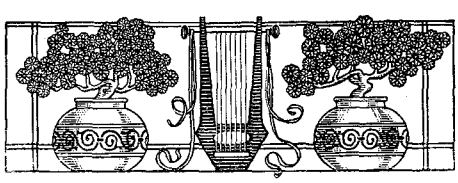
"My God! I thought it was the other boat!"

One of the correspondents of his own paper had knocked him down, mistaking him for a man from the rival paper. This enthusiast got the dispatches filed, and the victim of his devotion had a headache for a week.

Only the pick of the newspaper-men are sent to the front in time of war. They have the fortunes of their employers in their hands in more senses than one, for their failure means the disgrace of their newspapers, and their right to spend money is regulated only by their own notion of what is necessary. In the past the men who have represented American papers have done splendid work; there is nothing to indicate that as long as men wage war they will not be found in the foreground of the ranks of the war correspondents.

Just before his departure for the seat of war in the Far East the most widely known of all American war correspondents was discussing the ethical side of his profession and the extent to which a man is justified in going in order to outwit a competitor.

"It is not at all a question of a fair field and no favour," he said. "What a war correspondent wants is an unfair field and everything to his own advantage and against the other men. At that there are correspondents and correspondents. Take Bennett-Burleigh of the London *Daily Telegraph*, for example. He is a pretty good type. He is out to win, to be sure, but he is human. Of course if you were working for a rival paper or press association, and were to meet him with your horses tired and thirsty, he would not scruple to send you off three or four miles in the wrong direction in search of water. That is perfectly legitimate—part of the game. Archibald Forbes, on the other hand—why Forbes would have stolen the horses."



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THE EPIC NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

THE phrase Epic Novel is so much in vogue just at present, it so frequently adorns the title page of our newest fiction with all the assurance of a proprietary right, that one is almost tricked into fancying it a purely modern invention. Yet ever since the days of Fielding, there have been novels written along broad, comprehensive lines, that could justly be said to sum up the life of a particular age or country with a certain epic bigness. It is, however, quite true that no earlier school of fiction, in this country or elsewhere, has ever started out with such deliberate purpose to make the epic element a part of their literary creed, as the younger American writers of to-day are doing. And this is doubly interesting, because the genesis of the movement seems so obvious. When the time comes to trace the evolution of our present-day fiction from the vantage-ground of a later generation, there is little question that this epic tendency will be traced back quite frankly to Emile Zola, through a single intermediary, the late Frank Norris, in precisely the same way that the current vogue of short, symbolic titles, like *The Torch, The Mark, The Web, The Deliverance,* is to be traced back through *The Pit* and *The Octopus* to *La Terre, L'Argent, L'Œuvre, L'Assommoir* and still others of the Rougon-Macquart series.

No other modern writer has grasped the theory of the epic novel as Zola grasped it. Whatever rank is assigned to him in the scale of literature, it must be conceded that in the technique of construction, the art of giving broad, panoramic effects of size and distance and countless multitudes, he has remained unequaled. Whether he paints the miniature world of a great department store, or a big financial battle in the Bourse, or the life-and-death struggle of an international war, there is always the same nice balance between the general theme of the book,—the theme symbolised in the title,—and the narrower personal interest of some individual group; always the same effect of a crowded canvas, of jostling throngs and the hum of unnumbered voices. In this country Zola has never had a more zealous disciple than Frank Norris. Although not lacking in literary ideals of his own,—ideals that, had he lived, would have steadily come more and more to the front,—Norris nevertheless owed a large and obvious debt to the great French realist. And the impulse which he thus received and transmitted, through his symbolic treatment of vital economic problems, in his *Epic of the Wheat,* has spread in widening circles, until it is no longer practicable to keep watch of the novelists who, consciously or unconsciously, have been drawn within its influence.

And yet the novels which really make good their claim to be called epic are relatively very few. There is not one writer in a hundred who can even give the requisite effects of space and time and multitude,—who can paint humanity in the bulk, armies on the march, jostling throngs in city streets, a panic-stricken rush from a burning building. These are effects which cannot be taught. They are not produced by the patient filling-in of infinite details. A mere catalogue of ships never yet made or marred an *Iliad.* One writer will crowd fifty characters into a story; he will paint you their features, trace their pedigree, their fortune, their outword deeds and secret thoughts. And when he is done, all that he has given you is an impression of fifty individual men and women, fifty portraits more or less convincing,—not quite population enough to make a respectable New England village; barely enough for a summer hotel or a Sunday school picnic. And another writer will take less than half this number of characters; and he will make each one of them so truly typical of his sphere of life, so much a part and parcel of the office he holds, or the business he controls, or the constitu-

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ents he represents, that you think of them less as individuals than as just so many human cog-wheels in the big intricate machinery of life. Yet this second writer may really not have come much nearer than the first to producing a real epic novel, if he has sacrificed the human interest to the development of sociological problems.

The truth is, that the epic novel is an attempt to do two things simultaneously, and to do them both equally well,—to tell a strong, vivid human story, one well worth the telling for its own sake; and at the same time never to allow the reader quite to lose sight of the fact that behind this individual story is some big, vital issue, some national crisis, some ethical principle, of which the story itself is but a single manifestation. In other words, the great difficulty is to keep a proper proportion between the area of the canvas and the size of the central figures. A good illustration is afforded by a certain well-known *Massacre of the Innocents,* in one of the big European galleries,—although the name of both gallery and artist will not come to mind for the moment. From the general scene of carnage, a central group stands out in bold relief,—a brawny Roman legionary, of giant build, holding aloft a child, suspended by one foot; and the soldier's raised sword is about to descend to cleave it asunder. His gigantic stature enables him to hold the child just beyond reach of its frantic mother, and he laughs down into her face a laugh of brutal but perfectly genuine enjoyment. In the background, as far as the eye can reach, one catches glimpses, through windows and doors and archways, of other struggling groups, suggested rather than clearly shown; but with that haunting central picture still in mind, one guesses that everywhere the same scene is being duplicated.

The successful epic novel demands first of all just such a central group, an individual tragedy of great dramatic intensity, yet typical of a general and widespread condition. There was much of the real epic quality in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* There we have, on the one hand, a burning national problem, the problem of slavery,—and on the other, a specific tragedy, in the person of Uncle Tom. The scene shifts back and forth, so as to cover successively the principal and most representative sections of the South; and while the destiny of Uncle Tom offers the main interest, one sees through and behind him an endless vista of toiling negroes, some wretched and some happy in their bondage, but any one of whom might by a sudden turn of fortune be brought into the power of a Legree. And, finally, the culminating tragedy is the tragedy for which the whole story prepares us. If you accept the truth of Mrs. Stowe's picture of slavery as a whole, Uncle Tom's death is the logical result of a system,—as logical as the death of Coupeau, in *L'Assommoir,* from alcoholic delirium, or of the imprisoned miners, in *Germinal,* from the flooding of the mines. It is worth while to compare with this type of ending, the spectacular but illogical tragedy with which Frank Norris ended *The Octopus.* Throughout his *Epic of the Wheat,* Norris was dominated by the idea of the ultimate victory of nature over man, the triumph of the wheat over human injustice. In *The Pit* he worked out this idea in a perfectly sane and justifiable manner, in the financial ruin of Jadwin, the man who pitted himself against the granaries of the world. But when, in *The Octopus,* he made wheat the direct physical cause of the death of Behrman, the unscrupulous freight agent, by sending him to strangle like a rat, under the mighty downpour of a grain elevator, he did not seem to realise that this was not logic, but symbolism run riot,—a horribly fantastic accident such as might not be duplicated in the lifetime of a nation.

What Mrs. Stowe did for the South of antebellum days, from a frankly abolitionist standpoint, a good many recent writers have tried to do for the Reconstruction period, from the standpoint of the Southerner; and none has come nearer to achievement than Miss Ellen Glasgow, in *The Deliverance.* In the subtitle Miss Glasgow defines her story quite simply, as a "romance of the Virginia tobacco fields;" but it was heralded and put forth as something considerably more ambitious, a comprehensive picture of the South, bridging over the years from the Civil War down to the present day. Looked at from this point of view, *The Deliverance* loses more than it gains. It is unquestionably a strong piece of

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work, one of this season's books which will deservedly attract a good deal of serious attention; but it will be ranked higher in the scale by those who take it simply as an earnest, thoughtful story, taken straight from life, than by those who try to find in it an epitome of the whole New South. And yet, from a critical standpoint, the latter is the more interesting view to take, because it helps us to see by what a very narrow margin the author missed doing something very much bigger than she has done. Miss Glasgow possesses the requisite qualifications for the handling of big themes. She has a style that at times is distinctly virile, and a gift of generalisation that is rare in women. One does not need to have first-hand knowledge of present-day Virginia in order to feel that the social and economic conditions that she pictures are absolutely true, and that they are not merely local or exceptional, but that they are prevailing conditions. When stated in general terms, the theme of *The Deliverance* seems one well adapted to a broad, impressionistic, epic treatment. There is, in the foreground, the typical case, a proud old Virginia family, impoverished by the war; the estate passed into other hands; even the birthright of education and refinement and social prestige slipping from the grasp of the younger generation. And behind all this is the suggestion of a bigger theme,—a whole social structure shaken to its foundations, an entire people struggling to adapt themselves to new conditions. And all these changes of fortune, both general and particular, the downfall of a family, the passing of the old régime, are bound into one single, comprehensive whole, by a bold, dramatic device which, if not wholly new in fiction, is none the less a stroke of genius in its present application. It is nothing less than the introduction of one character who, through all the changes and privations of the vanquished South, continues tranquilly to live in imagination the old life of antebellum days.

It is the Blake family whose fortunes we are asked to follow in *The Deliverance*. When Mrs. Blake awoke from the desperate illness that followed the shock of her husband's death, she was spared a knowledge of the havoc the war had wrought, for she was both blind and paralysed. It seemed to her children needless cruelty to tell her of the downfall of the Confederacy, the wreck of their own fortunes, and how their father's former overseer had somehow acquired all their lands, including even the old home, leaving them only a wretched cabin in the midst of a few square rods of swamp-land. And so throughout the whole book, we have the tragically pathetic figure of this fine old Southern gentlewoman, sitting day after day in her stiff Elizabethan chair of carved oak, grotesquely out of place in the wretched cabin,—and all the time believing herself still in her old home, still mistress of her lands, her crops, her slaves, still citizen of a victorious and flourishing Confederacy. And year after year, her children, often at their wits' end to give her the luxuries she demands as of right, unite in the wholesale fabrication of a national history,—the long line of Jefferson Davis's successors in the presidential chair, the growing importance of the Confederate States in the family of nations; an elaborate tissue of ingenious lies daily woven around the invalid chair, and including in its warp and woof all the news, down to the merest local gossip, that comes to the ears of the blind old autocrat. And she, happy in her ignorance, sits in the cabin regally dispensing imaginary bounty, or decreeing punishments for the misdeeds of imaginary slaves.

These are the strong features of *The Deliverance*, and one feels that a little more concentration, a little more insistence upon them would have made it the big symbolic story that it just fails to be. What Miss Glasgow herself seems to have been chiefly interested in is the romance between young Blake and the granddaughter of his bitterest enemy, his father's former steward. It is an intimate personal drama, a peculiar case of warped conscience, in which a man's love for an innocent girl does not prevent him from planning the ruin of that girl's brother, when by doing so he can strike a deadly blow at his enemy's pride. But all this takes us out of the realm of what is big and typical and symbolic; it constantly focuses our attention upon individual interests and exceptional conditions. And over and over again, just as the vista seems to widen out, and we

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get a glimpse of a bigger, broader South, beyond the boundaries of the ubiquitous tobacco fields, the horizon relentlessly shuts in again, and focuses our thoughts once more upon the troubled conscience of a young man who by no stretch of the imagination can be regarded as a symbol of the New South.

If there is any class of novels that thoroughly deserve the name of epic, it is the class represented by Kipling's *Kim*, —the novel that, while weaving its narrative around one central figure, successfully sums up and interprets an alien civilisation. One of the latest and most astonishing attempts of this sort is *Saïd the Fisherman*, by a new and hitherto unknown English writer, Marmaduke Pickthall. It was the lucky combination of an ardent desire to enter the diplomatic service, and a constitutional inability to pass certain required examinations, that resulted in Mr. Pickthall's departure for Syria, some five years ago,—because, as he himself puts the case, he was literally not fit for anything else. There, he made a specialty of the local dialects, living the life of the people, spending his days and nights in the bazaars and coffee houses of Damascus, and absorbing a special sort of knowledge, which two years later proved sufficiently valuable to give him the entry, even though through a sort of backdoor route, to the goal of his ambitions, the British Embassy. And it is this same special knowledge which has now borne fresh fruit in *Saïd the Fisherman*.

The easiest way to define this book is to say at the outset that it is a piece of pure and unadulterated orientalism. It makes one think of some rare, strange bit of Eastern fabric, overwrought with curious and fantastic embroideries, and with the mysterious scent of the bazaars still clinging to it. There are whole pages which read as though they might have been written by one of the old, forgotten authors of the *Arabian Nights*. It is easy to believe that much of the book is a faithful transcript of the things that Mr. Pickthall saw and heard for himself in obscure corners of Syrian inns and coffee houses; and he has given it all to us with such photographic vividness, such luminous touches of interpretation, that it almost seems, when we close the volume, that we literally hold all Syria in the hollow of our hand.

But beyond the bare statement that this book is Syria, all Syria, and nothing but Syria, it is one of the hardest books in the world to sum up with brevity. It is so complicated, so rich in side issues, that a reviewer finds himself continually lured away from the central theme, continually tempted into giving it symbolic meanings far more elaborate than any the author had in mind. Saïd himself may be conveniently summed up as an Oriental type of the self-made man,—one whose methods are so primitive and radical that in countries west of Suez, where the Ten Commandments are still in vogue, his activity would speedily have been cut short by a hempen rope or an electric current. Yet when we first meet Saïd, he is a poor, ignorant fisherman, in a small coast village, honest and industrious and not over bright. But one night he is robbed of all his savings,—the work of Jins, or devils, his friend and partner assures him, and as every Syrian knows, the only way to defeat the Jins is to flee from them. It is only when Saïd is well on his way to Damascus, leaving home and wife and livelihood behind, that he begins to doubt his friend's honesty and disinterestedness. But he consoles himself with the thought that a beggar has all to gain and nothing to lose,—which, being reduced to a working principle, he takes to mean, that the rest of the world have no property rights which a beggar is bound to respect. This is a principle which seems to work well in Syria, especially when one has Saïd's phenomenal genius for lying, and his unbounded talent for jesting his way through life,—stealing in jest, murdering in jest. Every crime in the decalogue is gaily broken, and still he blazes upward like a brilliant meteor. But one day he is guilty of ingratitude toward a woman, and his zenith is past. There is a wonderful chapter in which by some queer freak of fortune, Saïd finds himself in England,—the incarnation of the Orient groping helplessly in the land of northern darkness. And finally a London fog shuts down upon him, and Saïd's light flickers and goes out.

It is hardly worth while to discuss the literary form of *The Fugitive*, by Ezra S. Brudno, the new Jewish writer, be-

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cause whatever form it has is so obviously the result of chance. But if there ever was a story which came straight from the heart, a story which literally wrote itself because it had so long been pent up that it had to find some vent, that story is *The Fugitive*. The Russian Jew has been quite prominent in fiction for the past few years; but he has always been the strictly orthodox Jew, with his side-locks, his Talmud, his strict observance of the law. Mr. Brudno gives us a new type,—the modern, liberal-minded, philosophical thinker, the Jew who finds the old ideals and the old faith slipping away from him, and who asks only for civic and religious liberty, the right to believe what he pleases and to marry without the pale, if he so elects. The most interesting thing about the book is its obviously autobiographical character. Just where fact and fiction meet only the author himself could say; but the early chapters depicting the hero's childhood in Russia, his father's execution on a trumped-up charge, his years in a Jewish orphan school, his later connection with nihilistic plots,—all this is plainly drawn from memories that are still vivid. It will be interesting to watch the reception which this book meets; for it is a long time since we have had a novel in which there sounded so plainly the note of sincerity. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*

THE LITERARY PARASITE.

WITH the boom in all written wares that has characterised the last few years, opportunity has glowed golden over new fields for those hangers-on of life who fatten at the expense of whatever success may offer, and the literary parasite has spread like a plague of locusts. Some feed upon the publisher; some upon the author. The publisher's parasites are the more numerous, the more greedy, and the more ingenious. The writer's leeches are the more flagrant in method, the hungrier, and, on the whole, the meaner.

The species may be roughly catalogued as follows:

AUTHORS' (OR WOULD-BE AUTHORS') PARASITES.

The correspondence school.
The literary adviser.
The placing bureau.
The revision bureau.
The literary agent.
The dishonest publisher.

PUBLISHERS' PARASITES.

The receptive library or school official.
The club lecturer.
The appealing reviewer.
The acquisitive author.
The book dealer with a scheme.
The trade journal advertiser.
The fake literary journal.

Of these, the scheming bookseller, the literary agent, and the club lecturer divide their predatory attentions between both parties.

Quite early in the game the geniuses at the head of the great correspondence schools which, in their various branches, teach steeple-climbing, cure stammering, and eradicate corns, by mail, saw their chance in literature. They advertised to teach novel-writing in twenty lessons, and short fiction in ten. Consider this appeal to hopeful genius, made in the advertising columns of various publications.

"Richard Harding Davis and Booth Tarkington wrote in obscurity for years, until skilled advice put them upon the right track. Why should not you reap a similar success? The imaginings of your fancy may well be as brilliant as theirs, if rightly directed. Send two-cent stamp for outline of our course in fiction writing."

It doesn't happen to be true of the authors named, but the lure catches the hopeful and unappreciated geniuses just the same, and their dollars go to swell the funds of the Correspondence School. What do they get in return? Some printed slips of advice, perhaps an outline of books to study, and corrections by some totally incompetent person. Other departments of the correspondence schools are exalted by scores of testi-

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monials—presumably written by the beneficiaries of the fiction course. This course itself doesn't exhibit testimonials; they don't come in.

Another form of the same scheme is the Literary Revision Bureau. At the head of this is some man whose name has a familiar sound. He proffers the helping hand for a consideration that is indeed small when one considers his "long experience," "wide reputation," and "recognised standing in the world of letters." You send your manuscript to his bureau accompanied by 50 cents, and in return you get an opinion on it. For $1.50 you get a "detailed criticism," and for $2.00, a full criticism and revision; all, supposably, from the man of "long experience," "wide reputation," etc. To do him justice, he is not on the plane with the correspondence schools, for he does not pretend to teach any one how to write. His efforts are devoted to teaching the pupil what not to write. In the matter of spelling and punctuation his criticisms may well be practical.

But—listen to a secret of the trade—punctuation matters little, and spelling less. Publishing houses are full of people whose punctuation is perfect and whose spelling is beyond all praise; they'll put the comma in and correct the errors, if you'll send them a manuscript that's worth while. I remember one story that came in to a leading magazine printed painfully by hand, and full of the most grotesque mistakes. It went to an inexperienced reader, who promptly marked it N. G. In the course of time the story passed up to the editor-in-chief who called the new reader in.

"Is this your N. G. mark?"

"Yes, sir. Why the man can't even spell."

"You can, can't you?" said the editor. "We are looking for good stories, not fine orthography, and this is one of them."

In time the story appeared and was widely commented on. I would like to postscript this appropriately by saying that the writer is now a successful author, but he isn't. He's an unsuccessful farmer. However, the new reader was unsuccessful, too, in his branch and is now a competent and careful stenographer.

If the Revision Bureau has some excuse for being, the Placing Bureau hasn't. It is founded on pure fake. Its specious appeal to the innocent is, in abridged form, as follows:

"Do you write fiction, or articles? Are you as yet unknown? Very likely your work is as good as that of widely known writers. But they have the name, and you have not. What chance has a manuscript of yours among the thousands that go to greet publishing houses every day? 'Never heard of that name,' says the reader, and tosses it away.

"But this Association can get your manuscripts considered. Why? Because we have introduced scores of successful authors. Our endorsement of a manuscript insures it a careful and thorough reading at the hands of any publisher. If you write, let us place your output."

This is built on a plain lie, the statement that a manuscript receives little consideration unless the name of the author is a familiar one. So little is this so, that a number of writers of experience habitually send in their contributions under varying pen-names.

The status of the literary parasite is more questionable; it may be reasonably held that he has his uses. He saves authors the trouble of sending a manuscript the rounds of the magazines until it finds its proper resting place. He makes out the lists, he writes the letters, he licks the stamps. And all he wants is his 10 or 15 per cent. This comes from the author; but in order to "make good" the agent endeavours to put the price of the article up beyond the normal. In fact, his strong appeal to the writer is "I can get more for it than you can." So he feeds upon both sides. Nearly all British authors deal through literary agents. The business in this country has not spread widely, largely because American publishers are more alert than British, and are so keenly on the lookout for new men and matter, that a good bit of work needs no agent to sell it.

By far the most picturesque of the author's parasites is the literary adviser, or Professor of Authorship. To describe one will be to give a fair idea of the whole rather small and select class. This man lives in a far Western city which has turned out a number of writers of note. He is not one of them. If I should

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mention his name I doubt whether it would be familiar to one in thousands of THE BOOKMAN'S readers. A few short stories rather clever in quality, a few unregarded essays, one forgotten book in collaboration—such is my professor's record. But he is a man of impressive personality and resonant periods. His manner is exaggeratedly professional, and his culture fairly dazzles the eye—a good stock-in-trade and one of which he makes remunerative use. He has gathered together a class in fiction, made up largely of rich young women (with a sprinkling of men, and a few beguiled newspaper folk striving for higher things) who passionately yearn to appear in the leading periodicals, and to them he lectures, ringing the infinite changes on the theme "How to Get It Accepted by the Editor." His charge for the series of lectures is no small matter. To a favoured few, who can afford it, he gives individual lessons. These private patients submit manuscripts, which he goes over in detail.

It would not be too much to say that the professor has a real genius for judicious praise—and a high order of strategy. After his pupils have had a "series" or two of his lectures some of them begin to hint at publication. May they not send this essay to the *Atlantic,* or that poem to *Scribner's,* or this story to *McClure's?* For a time he deprecates this. "Undoubtedly," he suggests, "the magazines would be glad to get such matter; but if you will wait a little longer you will do still better work."

But the time of trial must come, and with it comes the test of the professor's tact, for brutal editors are prone to reject that which he has unreservedly approved. To cajole his pupils into still another course of lectures, is now his task.

"Perhaps we have erred on the side of the beautiful," says he. "We will now take up the practical."

And so he holds them for another term.

For his rich private patients he has a still bolder ruse. One of them recently turned out what the late Whitman would have called a Yawp, full of heart-longing and lovely language. The professor went into raptures.

"What magazine may I send it to?" she asked.

"To none. My dear madam! to none. By no means. It is too subtle, too delicate, too ethereal for such a setting. To interpolate it between the covers of a magazine would be to debase its essence, to brush off its bloom."

"Then what shall I do with it?" demanded the fair genius.

"Loan it to me; and I will present it to my class as an example of the beautiful in modern literature," said the wily professor.

Thus it was read, and to this day the author believes that she will some day learn to "write down to the magazine" to quote one of her mentor's pet phrases.

The legitimate source of the publisher's income is the book-reading public. Some few publishing firms there are, however, that look to the author for their recompense. This, in itself, is perhaps not dishonest, strictly speaking, but the methods employed are, in almost all cases, dishonest. Fortunately the publishers who prey upon the author are few; they are comparatively unknown, and they commonly come to disaster. The grafting publisher first catches his author by advertising for manuscripts. Selecting some contribution he writes to the author as follows:

"Your book has been recommended by our readers and we shall be glad to publish it, with certain minor changes. While we have every faith in the ultimate success of your work, nevertheless a book by an unknown author, as you know, makes its way slowly, and we must protect ourselves against a too heavy initial loss. If, however, you will agree to purchase 350 copies, at the lowest trade rate, and will agree, as is usual, to pay the cost of proof corrections, that will be satisfactory to us."

If the author is ignorant, he accepts this offer. The books are sold to him at 80 to 85 cents apiece; and the bill for corrections is run up to a ridiculous figure, perhaps $90 or $100. Then there are minor charges for typewriting, postage, etc., and the grafting publisher has presently reaped his little profit from the author without having made a single legitimate sale of the book. There are said to be certain firms which will publish under their own imprint, manuscripts which they have not even examined, if the author will furnish the plates

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and two or three hundred bound copies—for a mere 35 per cent. commission! Of course, they won't agree to advertise at all. Once in a great while, to the vast amazement of the publisher, one of these books wins a genuine success. In that case the author may have some difficulty in obtaining royalties. But authors who go to the grafting publishers are not looking for royalties; they are pathetically willing to pay for the pleasure of having their names on a book cover.

If all the ingenuity expended in bilking publishing houses out of books or cash were devoted to the legitimate furtherance of the book trade, there would be a notable increase in business. The most frequent abuse (and though it is a petty one, it mounts up to a considerable total in a year), is the "complimentary copy" graft. Of the average book, perhaps 200 editorial copies are sent out to newspapers and magazines in regular course. If the book is much advertised there will be probably three or four hundred more newspaper requests for free copies. Most of these are based on a promise of "adequate review," which consists, often, in reprinting a publisher's note or foreword. Whether they shall be granted or not depends upon the judgment of the publisher as to the possible value of the review.

Copies are begged on various other pretexts, "Would be pleased to receive a copy with a view to dramatisation." "Will embody extract, if feasible, in my forthcoming school reader." "Donation of a book for our church fair would be appreciated." "Will read extracts from —— at our coming Decoration Day exercises if you will forward the book." Library and Board of Education people are notorious for this form of grafting. Here is a typical letter:

State of ————
Office of Superintendent
Public Instruction.
September 19, 1903.

————,
New York, N. Y.,
Gentlemen:

If consistent with your rules, I should be most grateful for a copy each of ....., ..., ..., and .....

If I can serve you in any way it will be a pleasure to do so. No books will be listed for the supplementary list until mid-summer of 1904. Books should be sent to the members of the board of examiners for inspection early next year.

Yours very respectfully,
(Miss) BIRDIE SMITH,
Clerk Sup't. Public Instruction.

In this the lure lies in the hint that Miss Birdie's influence may be useful when the lists are made up for next year. It is more than likely, however, that Birdie is grafting, not for herself, but on behalf of her superintendent.

Here is a letter showing how a professor of authorship may make a little "on the side" by collecting books.

Gentlemen:

I have organized a "Current Events" class in this city. My class comprises the representative women of the city. I shall give ten weekly talks before them, beginning Saturday, November 7th.

Besides things political, I shall make a specialty of short book reviews. The only daily paper here never does anything of this kind, so I shall have the field to myself.

Would you like to consider me in the same class as a newspaper, and send me some of your Autumn output for review?

Messrs. ——, of New York, and ——, of Chicago, have sent me an interesting selection of their new books.

Will you kindly send the books promptly. The sooner I can read them, the earlier review I can give them. Of course the "before Xmas" reviews ought to carry an especial advantage.

Yours respectfully,

———

To the publisher the implication in the reference to the other publishers is clear. "They've come up and paid for an advertisement of their books; you'd better make good or you'll be left out in the cold," is the interlinear reading. Observe, too, the technical knowledge in the final reference to "before Xmas reviews." No tyro conceived this letter, and, indeed, the name signed is that of a woman not wholly unknown in the world of fiction.

In rare cases, only, is the legitimate reviewer a beggar of books. When he is, he is a nuisance unsurpassed, for he will request personal copies for himself, his managing editor, his aged aunt, the friend of his boyhood, and the girl of his heart—and if he doesn't get them he loses his temper! In the archives of one publishing house are some of the most

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beautifully nervy requests imaginable, from reviewers on papers of repute and prominence. But they are few in number. To quote the head of the house which keeps these letters:

"The newspaper reviewer is seldom a 'grafter.' If he wants a book he almost always buys it; and the most he asks is the trade discount, which is an understood allowance."

Many of the large firms doing a jobbing or wholesale business, publish trade journals, bulletins, or catalogues, the advertising pages of which are used for a sort of mild blackmail.

"We've done $5,000 of business with you this spring," says the manager to the publisher's selling agent, "and we expect some advertising from you."

If the advertising isn't forthcoming the next orders undergo a marked shrinkage. The price per advertising page is always large in proportion to the charges of any legitimate medium; but the patient publisher pays, accepting this as part of the cost of selling books.

When the retail bookman, however, undertakes allied forms of "graft" he does not find the publisher so easy. Some returns he manages to get, however. For instance, he will offer to give some book a window display, for a special discount; or he will even write to the author for his influence assuring him that the increased sale of his book will prove the value of this kind of exploitation. The manager of a large department store recently wrote to a prominent newspaper man whose novel was about to be published, a letter of which the gist was:

"If you'll give this store a good reading notice in your columns, we'll display your book for a week." The deal didn't go through.

Final bane of the publishing houses, is the fake literary magazine, of which there has been a mushroom growth in the last two years. They enter a field already filled by the three or four standard publications, and eke out a scanty existence by dubious methods. The best of them are a thorn in the publisher's side because they adopt the methods of mendicancy.

"Here's a proof of a fine review we are giving Stewart Seton Vandyke's novel in our coming number. Can't you give us an ad. of it?"

Such is their plea. The worst of the class a publisher can buy outright. They will give him a booming review for a paid advertisement. In time, if he declines persistently to advertise, they begin to "knock" his publications. It is doubtful whether this class of journal has any effect upon book sales, but it serves to keep the publisher uneasy.

The literary parasites are not increasing, but they are holding their own. As soon as one fake fails ingenuity devises another to take its place. What with all these demands upon him either direct, or through the author, the publisher of books to-day after figuring up all standard expenses may add a good percentage for graft—and make his profit if he can.

Leslie Selleck.

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THE SOUTHERN WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

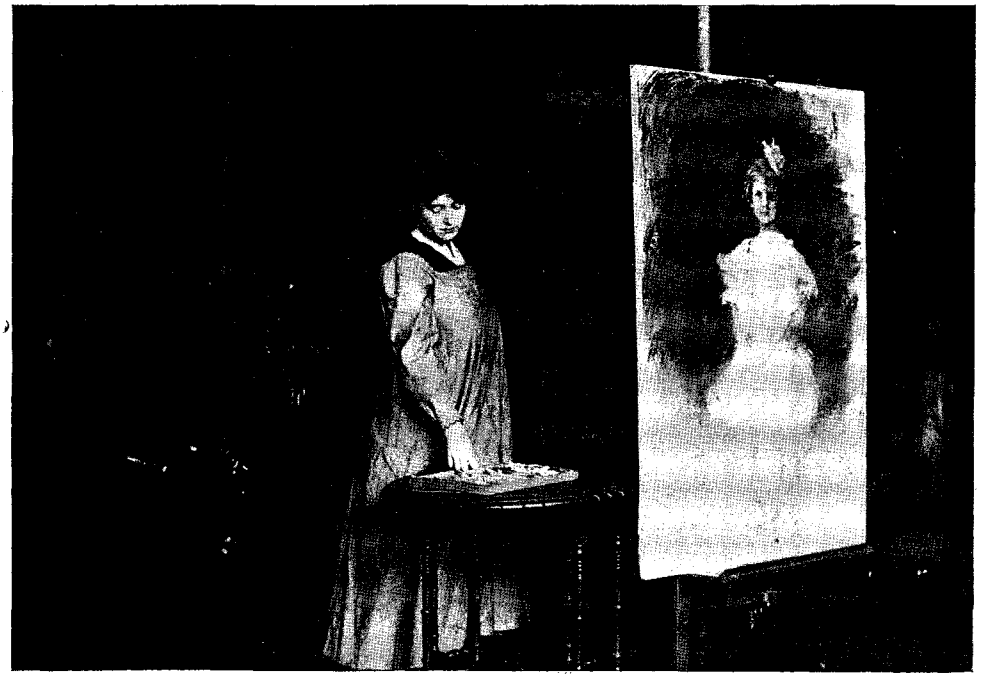
By Julia R. Tutwiler.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

INDIVIDUALITY, at first obviously lost in the mass, proves upon discriminating experience preëminent in New York, and, in the Southern woman, finds literary expression chiefly through the Short Story or the Novel. As an essayist she is so far a negligible quantity. Her intellectual gifts are distinctly those of the imagination and her literary ambitions are unified by these gifts. Marion Harland—Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune—is the only one in New York who has deliberately chosen to identify herself with writing of a different character. She and Mrs. Burton Harrison are two Virginians there who typify the social relations that are commonly held to be antipodal—society and the home.

"I believe," said Mrs. Terhune, "that I am recognised as the pioneer in having dignified domestic literature, and that this has given me my strongest hold upon the great body of American women. When I married, I knew nothing about housekeeping; I had never made a bed or dusted a room, and as for cooking—the first beefsteak I tried to cook I washed and put into the frying pan! I learned housekeeping by what the Frenchman called the 'perspiration of his eyebrow,' and while I was learning, my husband's answer to a friendly question about our household economy was, 'We have five servants and one slave, and my wife is



JULIET THOMPSON IN HER STUDIO.

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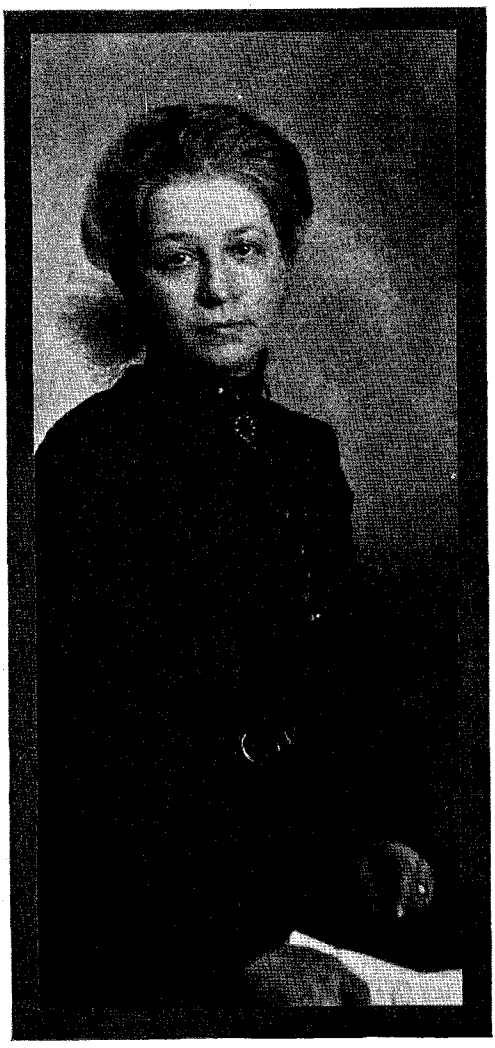
the slave.' Though I was fifteen years collecting material for *Common Sense in the Household,* this slavery was really the germ from which it evolved. Curiously enough, my family, my friends, and my publishers upon commercial grounds strongly opposed its publication—and it has sold three hundred thousand copies and is still selling, while the *National Cook Book,* in which my daughter, Mrs. Herrick, collaborated, has also been most profitable."

Mrs. Terhune's literary life really began, however, when, a girl of fourteen, she contributed anonymous articles to a Richmond paper, and a few months later another series to the *Central Presbyterian,* in which over the pseudonym Robert Remer "I laid down the law to my elders and betters. I was sixteen when I wrote my first novel, *Alone,* and a little story for *Godey's Magazine* —*Marrying for Prudential Motives*— which was republished in England, then translated into French, retranslated back into English and published in the *New York Albion*—a paper that published English stories only. Mr. Godey claimed the story and advertised for the author, and from that time for ten years I wrote a story every month for *Godey's Magazine.*" Her only story for children was written in response to a little grandchild's saying, "I like the best of all the stories about when Grandmama was new," and is a charming record of the author's childhood. In the wide and varied field of her accomplishment, Mrs. Terhune considers *His Greater Self* the most finished thing she has done. In regard to New York's influence upon the literary life, she said, "The difference between the New York I came to years ago and the New York I live in is largely the difference of atmosphere. Then the literary stars were single and detached, now the light is diffused. Ann Lynch—Mrs. Botta—had a delightful little circle, but its members could be counted upon one's fingers. There was not the stimulus of literary atmosphere that one gets now and that I believe to be largely due to the literary clubs which have given women something to think about."



CLARA WEAVER PARRISH.

Mrs. Terhune goes to the library at Sunnybank every morning at half-past eight—" 'When I am well'? I am *always* well." Here in addition to the book she may be writing, she edits the "Woman's Department" of the *North American Syndicate.* After two o'clock she belongs to her family and friends, for in spite of a success granted to few women, Marion Harland is first and above all the genius of her home and family life. Dearer to her than any amount or degree of public distinction, are the relations of wife, mother, and grandmother, and what she most prizes in her literary life is its harmony with the taste and feeling of her children. Besides the book in which she collaborated with Mrs. Herrick, her son, a New York journalist, wrote *Dr. Dale* with her, and her daugh-

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ter, Mrs. Van de Water, is now at work with her upon a book on *Everyday Etiquette.*

"If," said Mrs. Burton Harrison, "I have written of what is commonly called 'society' in New York because it lay nearest to the greater part of my life, and because I knew its genesis and many of its actors better than those of any other field, it must not be forgotten that I have also written my recollections, of the South from which I sprang, and to whose best traditions my heart has always clung loyally; although the custom of everyday has long separated me from it. New York has been a very good stepmother to my literary life, and I would not, if I could, now forsake the vivid and inspiriting atmosphere it offers to my efforts, but my earliest literary inspiration dates back to the State of my birth.

"In my childhood in Fairfax County, in Virginia, I lived in an old house overflowing with books, none of them modern, and fed upon them eagerly. The literary impress of my father's grand-uncle, Mr. Jefferson, upon our family habit was a very strong one. His selection of books for my paternal grandmother, Virginia Randolph, an author

EMILY LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

GEORGINE CAMPBELL.

of note in her day, his *dicta* about the best methods of study and expression for women, his inspiration to them to self-development and continued intellectual effort, were transmitted to me by my father at a very early age. I cannot remember, therefore, when I was not trying my wings in composition, encouraged by both parents, who wrote and studied to the last days of their lives.

"This was, I think, more or less the spirit of many Virginia households of liberal education in the Old South. There was abundant leisure, fewer distractions, a better opportunity to keep sound standards continually in view than we, alas, can boast of now. To be impelled to literary expression was a natural outgrowth of our pent-in lives."

Mrs. Harrison's first novel, *The Anglo-Maniacs,* published anonymously, was the beginning of a long list of successful novels written during a life of many social distractions and the claims of family ties and duties.

Nancy Huston Banks is still another Southern woman who, though identified with the social rather than the literary life of New York, is a hard, methodical worker. She was first known in New York as one of the most efficient members of THE BOOKMAN'S staff of writers. It was she who brought James Lane Allen's work to the attention of the editors, and in June, 1895, contributed to THE BOOKMAN a critical article on Mr. Allen

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and his work. As soon as Mrs. Banks began writing *Oldfield,* she dropped all other work, and since its publication has become distinctively a novelist. She goes abroad almost every summer, and during the Boer War decided to go to South Africa for the English *Vanity Fair.* She became a part of the social life there, knew Cecil Rhodes very well, and was probably the last American to see George W. Steevens, the war correspondent, alive.

Unless a marked distaste for music can be called an eccentricity, Mrs. Banks has none, and she *has* in a marked degree the generosity and social gifts characteristic of the best type of Kentuckian. Indeed, in the beginning, her success was due to a tact little less than marvellous. She knew how to handle editors and publishers, never failing to keep herself and her work in the background.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor is a Virginia woman who stands upon the line that defines, without separating, society from literature. During her husband's public life in Washington, she was his private secretary as well as a social leader, and the years spent in New York have preserved the medium between play and work that makes for a beautiful and vigourous old age.

ENID YANDELL.

This may be why she has produced her most important work at the age of seventy-two,—a work involving careful and labourious research and the difficult process of selection and rejection, and that in it she has preserved the buoyancy and elasticity of youthful impression, and escaped the tendency to run into words.

The genesis of *The Mother of Washington* is best told in Mrs. Pryor's own words. "The book was really begun unconsciously in connection with my work on the Mary Washington Monument at Fredericksburg. In collecting data for the purpose of helping the monument, I discovered Mary Washington's will which had never been written up, some unpublished manuscripts, and old diaries of Virginia social life and of the social life in Washington during three administrations; and at the same time became convinced that the mother of Washington had been cruelly misrepresented. My book grew out of first, a desire to know the truth, and then, the determination to vindicate a woman. I was ten years collecting the material and two winters writing and revising it."

Emily Lafayette McLaws, whose first novel, *When the Land Was Young,* brought her both reputation and money, is one of the younger Southern women in New York.

"My first story," she said, "was written while I was studying at the Boston Conservatory. I told Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth a Georgia story. 'Write it,' he said, 'and I will guarantee that I can sell it.' I wrote it half in fun, and was the happiest girl in Boston when I received a checque for eighty dollars for it.

"But I really began writing when I was a child of about thirteen. We were living on a plantation in that part of Georgia known as the 'Dark Corner,' out of reach of railroads and telegraphs, and much farther than 'twelve miles from a lemon.' There used to lie about the house copies of a Rochester agricultural paper. Reading it one day in default of something better, I noticed that Alabama, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and other States had letters from them under 'Farmers' Notes.' Georgia alone was not represented. This seemed to me unfair. I got a blank ledger, the only paper that seemed to me large

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JULIET THOMPSON.

enough for my purpose, cut out the leaves, and wrote in a 'fair, round hand' all that I could glean about agriculture from our overseer, Mr. Hardy. I remember that I fixed my own price—ten dollars—and asked that it might be sent me in money. The astonishing part of it is that I was paid the ten dollars and asked to write every week. As I signed my name 'Lafayette McLaws' I was supposed to be my uncle, and every now and then asked to write something about the war. I was terribly frightened when my letters began coming out, for I was heartily ashamed of my efforts. I wrote all that summer until I went off to boarding school, my brother alone discovering my secret—how I wept and wailed until he promised not to betray me."

Miss McLaws lives at the Winsonia under Mrs. Jefferson Davis's chaperonage. She works incessantly while she is creating, using a pencil for the rough draft and revising with a typewriter.

A still younger Southern writer in New York is Martha Waddell Austin. Her first book, *Veronica,* was brought out last spring by Doubleday and Page, and, in addition to attracting discriminating and stimulating attention here, is now coming out in an English edition.

Miss Austin's first winter in New York—two years ago—was spent on Fifty-ninth Street overlooking Central Park in an apartment that expressed the spirit of her life and work. Rich and delicate colour, simple lines, and books and etchings not for "vain show," but for the use of mind and eye, made an appropriate setting for her poetic face and the grace and finish of her novel. For here *Veronica* was written and accepted within the space of seven months by the first publishing house to which it was offered.

After some months in Cambridge and the South, Miss Austin has returned to New York as the place where she finds the greatest stimulus to creative work.

"I am just at the starting point," she said, "I feel that there is nothing to say about myself or my work."

The story of the Southern artist in New York except for difference in the form of expression is almost identical with that of the Southern writer: Persistence in the teeth of hardship and discouragement for some; for others, the goal touched without apparent effort.

"I am a Kentuckian," said Eulabee Dix, whose miniatures command prices ranging from two to four hundred dol-

MARTHA WADDELL AUSTIN.

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lars, "and I began here five years ago at the very bottom. Even as a young girl I wanted to be a miniature painter, and I have never for half a minute wanted to be anything else. Hardships?" the colour rose in her delicate cheeks, "Well, I suppose I had them, but I never stopped to consider. How can you when there's

VIRGINIA WOODS.

just one thing you want to do, and you get the opportunity to do it? Of course, life wasn't luxurious. The first year I paid two dollars and a half for my room, and the next winter I considered myself very prosperous because I could afford three dollars a week for rent. Last year I came to Carnegie, and the view alone"—her studio is on the fifteenth floor—"is worth the price of the studio to me. Stippling?" Miss Dix turned impulsively from her sitter—"Now if there is anything that rouses the spirit of 1876 in me it is that popular fallacy about stippling among miniaturists. As a rule, we do not stipple any more than the portrait painter who retouches his work here and there after the body of it is done. No, I do not stipple—I wash in my colour—I puddle and stroke—anything that will approach expression of my conception, forgetting, as every artist does, in the work how I learned to do it."

In spite of a very delicate organization and little instruction—a winter and a half in St. Louis, two months' study of the technique of miniature painting with Mr. William J. Whittemore, and a few months at the Art League cover her whole course of training—Miss Dix's success has been so rapid and brilliant that it is almost a refutation of the reasons which Miss Louise Lyons Heustis—who had two portraits in the Last Loan Portrait Exhibition—gives for the excess of authors over artists among the Southern women at work in New York.

"Why comparatively so few Southern women have succeeded as artists," she said while dispensing tea in her picturesque studio at the Lester Studios, "can be explained in half a dozen words. Few women have the physical strength to stand for eight hours at an easel, and few, very few Southern women have the means for the necessary training here and abroad. The writer trains herself; the artist can learn the technique of her profession only by long and labourious training under somebody else, and this requires money. My profession has cost me thousands of dollars and ten years of incessant study here and in Paris, and, besides," with a graceful movement of her supple, rounded figure, "I am a very strong woman."

Unlike Miss Dix, Miss Heustis' settling in New York was wholly without intention.

"I should never have had the courage deliberately to establish myself; even now the idea of it—coming here a young girl and a stranger with my future in my hands—appals me. You see, I am from Alabama, and New York is so far

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from Alabama! I never realised how far in everything that makes for art until I finished my studies in Paris and went back there to live. At the end of a winter of retrogressive idleness, I was called here to fill an order for a portrait; before it was finished I had another; this was followed by a third, and when I returned to Alabama it was for a visit. This was several years ago, and now I know that I *couldn't* live anywhere else in this country but New York. How did I begin to get work? I never really began—things just came to me. I did a lot of illustrating while I was studying with Mr. Chase—that full-length figure of a girl you are looking at over there was one of my prizes; he painted it in a day—and afterwards, oh, for *St. Nicholas*, and almost all the magazines; and a book of Ruth McEnery Stuart's, and *St. Elmo*—a long time ago, this last. But I am a portrait painter and no longer an illustrator, thank goodness! No, I can't claim the distinction of having had a struggle; I never had my living to make, and from the first my work was accepted."

Miss Heustis' studio breathes the spirit of energy, beauty, and refinement with a disregard of the conventional characteristic of the woman and the artist. It opens into another studio fitted up as a study. Here Miss Rosalie Jonas, of New Orleans, whose stories and poems in the leading magazines have received praise worth having, is beginning to write after three years' enforced idleness from overstrained eyes. From the beginning of their professional life Miss Heustis and Miss Jonas have made their home together.

Another New Orleans woman, Miss Georgine Campbell, has the double distinction of being the first Southern woman who came to New York to make portrait painting a profession, and one who has earned a competency.

"I studied when a little girl with Bernard, who spent his winters in New Orleans and the rest of the year in his beloved Paris. I was his only pupil. He took me on trial for two months and kept me until I went abroad to study—to Paris, of course. But all this was before I had any idea of painting portraits for anything but pleasure. After my father's death, it became necessary that I should support myself, and naturally I turned to what I cared for most. My first orders were from St. Louis. Then I decided to come to New York.

" 'You will be lost in the crowd,' said one of the many friends who urged me not to come. 'Do you know there are three hundred portrait painters in New York?'

" 'Then I will make three hundred and one,' I said, 'and started off with a few hundred dollars in my pocket, and three letters of introduction. The people to whom I had the letters all died within the first year, but the dollars multiplied. I lived in a hotel until I bought my home on Madison Avenue from which the increasing noise drove me here two or three years ago."

Miss Campbell lives with her mother and sister in an apartment overlooking Central Park where she has the space and quiet necessary for her work.

"I began life as an artist," said Juliet Thompson, whose portrait in pastels of Miss Lamont was in the last Loan Portrait Exhibition, "at the mature age of twelve in the Corcoran Art School in Washington. I walked in and offered myself as a student to Mr. Andrews' great amusement, for I was too young for admission. But what he considered a joke turned out to be serious earnest for both of us. From that time I studied with him and Mr. Robert Hinckley until I went to Paris, where I worked in the Julien School with Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. I exhibited in the Salon in 1899, and came to New York to live a little more than a year ago. Everybody has been so good to me! I have received nothing but kindness and encouragement—my struggle was before I came to New York."

Miss Thompson's work resembles the Old Masters in tone, and in transparency of shadow. Indeed, she has made a number of copies of the Georgian School; a particularly beautiful one is that of "The Parson's Daughter," by Romney in the National Gallery in London.

Clara Weaver Parrish's success in mural decoration and as a designer of stained glass windows has brought her distinction in a line of work in which few women win recognition. She is also known as an illustrator, and as a figure and landscape painter both in water-

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colour and oils. Mrs. Parrish is an Alabama woman, but for many years she has lived in New York.

Enid Yandell, of Kentucky, is almost the only Southern woman who has made a reputation both in this country and in Europe as a sculptor. Her work has had an honourable place in the Paris Salons as well as in the New York exhibitions. Miss Yandell studied for a number of years in Paris, where she is now spending the winter.

"My first work," said Miss Virginia Woods, silhouettist, illustrator, and portrait painter, "is associated with the University of Virginia. I was brought up near there, and when a very young girl I used to help illustrate the *Students' Annual.* What most influenced and inspired me in the beginning, were some fine old paintings collected by my grandfather when he was Minister to Spain. I have studied only in America."

Louise Quarles Bonte, of Virginia, is another miniature painter whose work is becoming known, and whose verses in a *Dixie Alphabet,* to be brought out in the spring by a well-known publishing house, are as clever as the illustrations in which she has collaborated with her husband.

There are many other Southern women in New York engaged in the various branches of art or literary work, who, having yet to make for themselves a place among the known and distinguished, regard, from a great and discouraged distance, the artists and authors mentioned here, little realising that even for them the end is not in sight. To a career in which doing the thing counts more than the pay for doing it there can be no end; the petals of the unfolding future draw their sources of health and beauty from the organic elements of the past; the anguish and the ecstasy of it are forever the same. For the inherency of growth is an impelling discontent with the achieved, a winged breasting of the waves upon whose dazzling crests flutters the divinely unattainable.

THE MUSIC SEASON IN NEW YORK.

PRODUCTION OF PARSIFAL.

THE principal event of the season in musical circles was, of course, the production of *Parsifal* at the Metropolitan Opera House on Christmas Eve.

When Heinrich Conried was selected to succeed Mr. Grau in the conduct of affairs at the opera house, he naturally cast about for something to attract attention to his opera season. He determined to give *Parsifal,* Wagner's last work, which since its initial performance at Bayreuth in 1882 has never been heard outside of the little German town consecrated to Wagner traditions. The wisdom of this move was at once proven in the public demonstration of interest the announcement aroused. But even Mr. Conried could not have anticipated the widespread excitement which the approaching event developed. It is safe to say that never in the memory of living man has an operatic *première* created such absorbing and deeply felt interest. The fates themselves stepped in and aided Mr. Conried in a more effective way than the most expert press agent could have devised. They enlisted the services of ministers, lawyers, and politicians as well as musicians. Religious, legal, ethical, and æsthetic questions were raised and widely discussed. *Parsifal* lectures became the most popular form of entertainment. The consequence is that persons with no musical or operatic interests were fired with the desire to hear the performance. In short, there was prepared for it a public of far larger proportions than a mere musical or dramatic event could hope to attract.

Mr. Conried's astuteness was the cause of this extraordinary precipitation of interest in *Parsifal.* But he deserves even greater credit for his appreciation of the fact that the ultimate success of the opera and of his entire season depended upon the approval, not of this specially created public, but of the musical community as normally constituted. Although the financial success of the project was as-

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sured some weeks before the opening performance, Mr. Conried abated no effort to make the artistic success equally certain. Never has the Metropolitan Opera House seen so many rehearsals of a new work. Not only were chorus and orchestra drilled letter perfect, but scene shifters, mechanics, and electricians, all were forced to go through rehearsals until they were absolutely familiar with their respective duties. Alfred Hertz, the conductor, had given his entire attention to this production since the opera season commenced. It is not strange, then, that the first performance proceeded without hitch or blemish.

The opera enlisted the services of Ternina as Kundry, Bürgstaller as Parsifal, Van Rooy as Amfortas, Blass as Gurnemanz, and Goritz, a newcomer, as Klingsor. The minor parts were also undertaken by prominent artists of the company, and the flower maidens were impersonated by members of the school of opera which Mr. Conried has established as an adjunct to his opera troupe. Of these singers, the three first named have sung their respective parts at Bayreuth under Frau Cosima Wagner's personal direction. Supervising the entire production though unseen, Felix Mottl, brought up under Wagner himself, was at hand, contributing to the performance the benefits of his knowledge and experience. So that *Parsifal* was given practically a Bayreuth handling.

And now as to the opera itself. It is more unified, dramatically and musically, than any other of Wagner's works. Every bit of stage business, every nuance of emotion, every facial play is accompanied by music that illustrates and accentuates. The orchestration is coloured throughout so as to emphasise this feeling of dramatic unity and coherence. But Wagner no longer possessed his youthful exuberance of invention when he wrote *Parsifal.* There are echoes of *Die Meistersinger,* the *Trilogy,* and *Tannhäuser* in the score. The *leit-motiven* are less characteristic, less convincing than in the other works, and they show practically no development. There is none of the beautiful flowering of thematic ideas which makes *Tristan,* for example, so everlastingly fragrant. The motive once announced retains the same form throughout. The final scene of the work loses infinitely for this reason. The effect is one of mere literal repetition of the scene in the first act. How different is it with the last scene of *Die Götterdämmerung,* where the leading themes, developed to their fullest significance are martialled together to the building up of a tremendous climax! How much Wagner makes of Siegfried's horn call and how little of the *Parsifal* motive which somewhat resembles it! Then the flower maidens' music. Charming as it is, it cannot compare to the Rhine-maidens' chorus in *Die Götterdämmerung* or even in *Das Rheingold.* But unquestionably there are impressive moments, such as the music leading up to the final scene in the first act; and the choral music in that scene is magnificent. Kundry's duet with Parsifal in the second act up to the moment of the kiss is as lovely as the *Siegfried* music, where the young Siegfried speaks of his mother. But Parsifal's resistance and Kundry's curse are so long drawn out that the climax—Klingsor's appearance with the spear—loses point. Wagner's great fault of prolixity is also seen in the recitals of Gurnemanz and Amfortas, which greatly retard the action, such as it is.

Apart from its music, the *Parsifal* drama cannot be taken seriously. The mighty Richard retained to the end a great deal of the child in his nature. The magician Klingsor and his incantations, the magic flower garden, the spear arrested in its flight and suspended over Parsifal's head, the moving panorama supposed to show the progress of Parsifal and Gurnemanz to the castle of the grail—these are mere child's play.

Without taking up the religious or ethical questions involved, the scene of the repentant Kundry washing Parsifal's feet and drying them with her hair, clearly intended to recall an episode in New Testament history is æsthetically bad. Wagner was not a pious or religious man and his sincerity in dragging in a thing of this kind—entirely unnecessary to the exposition of the drama—may well be questioned. So also, the exposure by Amfortas of his naked wound is offensive to good taste. One cannot take it seriously, at least in these matter of fact days of the twentieth century. But this discussion might be extended for pages. For when all is said, *Parsifal*

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is extremely interesting as the final effort of the greatest dramatic composer of the last century.

Of the work of the various artists much might be said were space available. Ternina made Kundry, an impossible creature, seem almost real. With superb dramatic touches she indicated the wildness and savagery of the woman on her first appearance, her voluptuous charm as the temptress of the second act, and her mildness and exaltation as the repentant sinner in the last. Vocally she has little to do except in the second act, and here she was most convincing in the expression of seductive tenderness, and this in spite of her physical and vocal limitations. What a pity that her voice has taken on that acid tang! Its one-time purity and freedom of emission are gone. But Ternina is a splendid artist. Bürgstaller was an excellent Parsifal, giving just the right air of innocence and simplicity in the first two acts and of sublimity and uplifting inspiration in the last. He sang with great beauty of tone, and in the scene with Kundry was quite convincing. Van Rooy invested the music of Amfortas with real poignancy, and as he did not force his voice, its beauty of tone had full chance to reveal itself. Blass as Gurnemanz sang with unlooked for flexibility of voice and manner. Herr Goritz, who made his first appearance in this country, displayed a good understanding of the part of Klingsor. His voice is powerful and his enunciation very distinct. In fact, there was not a weak spot in the cast. The flower maidens looked especially charming and sang their difficult lines confidently. The conduct of the performance reflects greatest credit on Alfred Hertz, whose masterly exposition of the score and remarkable control of his forces place him well in the front rank of operatic conductors of the day. A criticism of the performance would not be complete without mention of the elaborate and beautiful scenery. It was evident that no expense had been spared. The hall of the grail was spacious and imposing. That and the scene representing Klingsor's castle were as handsome stage settings as even this age of managerial extravagance has known.

PROGRESS OF THE OPERA SEASON.

With the performance of *Parsifal* the opera season touched its highest point. There have been numerous repetitions of familiar operas sung by familiar artists, and very few unusual incidents to require comment. This was in part compelled by the lack of opportunity for rehearsing, *Parsifal* demanding all the spare time and energies of every one about the opera house. In consequence, there is slight provocation to comment on the general run of events. Sembrich and Caruso, twin stars, have been shining brilliantly in the firmament of Italian opera. In *Pagliacci, La Bohême, Lucia* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*—a welcome revival—they have been pronouncedly successful. Sembrich's powers of attraction were a known quantity before the season started. Not so Caruso's; and it is gratifying to note the popular interest in him, growing with his every appearance.

The movements of the various principals of Mr. Conried's company has largely influenced the trend of affairs at the opera house. Caruso's engagements abroad necessitated his departure before the close of the season, hence the numerous repetitions of Italian works up to that time. Calve has but recently joined the company, and the inevitable *Carmen* has once more been brought forward. Calve is still inimitable as Bizet's gypsy, but her voice shows plainly the effect of the severe demands she has put upon it. The arrival of Mme. Ackté, prima donna of the Paris Grand Opéra, has made possible a performance of *Faust*. It is safe to say that Gounod's opera has not for many years enjoyed so long a rest. Other French operas, too, will now doubtless be produced. Felix Mottl has continued to win unbounded admiration from all who have attended the German performances. *Tristan* and *Siegfried* have been well given, and the most blasé Wagnerites have been stirred by the masterly reading of the scores. Kraus and Ternina appeared to best advantage in the former. Kraus was also a good Siegfried, although he failed to give the impression of youthful buoyancy the part demands. Gadski, who sang Brunhilde in this opera for the first time, made, as always, a splendid impression. Her voice was strikingly beautiful in the closing

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measures. Victor Kloeffer, who made his début as King Mark in *Tristan,* was eminently successful in portraying the sympathy and deep sorrow of the betrayed monarch. He has a powerful basso and sings with sincerity and artistic finish. He was less satisfactory in *Die Zauberflöte,* where he was obviously ill at ease in the music of Sarastro. Frau Naval, another newcomer, is to make his first appearance in Boildeau's *La Dame Blanche,* to be rendered in German. This should be an interesting revival. A performance of *Der Ring* has been announced by Mr. Conried to take place at the close of the regular season. But lack of space demands a curtailment of recitals of operatic doings. The season approaches its end, and in many respects reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Conried and makes one optimistic over his future activities as an impresario.

NEW ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS.

The third Philharmonic concert was given under the direction of Gustav Kogel, who had conducted the previous one; and he deepened the impression, then gained, that he is a scholarly and talented musician. The numbers were Brahms's C minor symphony, Wagner's *Faust* overture and *Les Preludes* of Liszt. He had more scope for interpretation than at the earlier concert. There was considerable elasticity in the symphony reading and real breadth in the introduction to the last movement. The orchestra played a trifle less brilliantly than before, but nevertheless accomplished a great deal. The fourth concert brought forward Henry J. Wood, conductor of the Queens Hall concerts in London and the foremost English leader. He chose as orchestral numbers Weber's *Der Freischütz* overture, Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony and Rimsky-Karsokoff's *Capriccio Espagnole.* Mr. Wood has been especially noted for his interpretations of Tschaikowsky and was largely instrumental in bringing about his present vogue in London. It was easy to understand how, after hearing the performance of the fifth symphony. Virile, imaginative, glowing and forceful, it aroused the usually staid audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Wood indulges in certain extravagances of style and he might have difficulty in sustaining by argument some of the dynamic effects he makes. But his reading is all of a piece and highly interesting. He has personality and a good command of his forces. The Weber overture was begun largo instead of adagio, but the climaxes were brilliant and effective. Miss Maud Powell, the soloist, gave great pleasure by her beautiful playing of Saint-Saens's B minor violin concerto. Miss Powell is heard all too rarely on this side of the water. Victor Herbert led the fifth concert. His talents as conductor and composer are sufficiently known to obviate the necessity of comment. Alfred Reisenauer, a pianist of large reputation abroad, made his American début at this concert and established himself at once as a musician of highest attainments. His technique is brilliant even for these days, and he plays with marvellous tonal variety and emotional effect, which is well controlled withal. He is a pupil of Liszt, and elected to play one of the latter's piano concertos. It was a stunning performance. Mr. Reisenauer later gave a piano recital in which he demonstrated even more fully the extent of his interpretative and executive powers. The three remaining Philharmonic concerts are to be presided over by Felix Weingarten, W. von Lafonoff and Richard Strauss, and the deservedly great public interest in the series will not be suffered to abate.

PERFORMANCE OF THE APOSTLES.

The first performance in America of Edward Elgar's latest work *The Apostles* took place on February 9. It is built on larger lines than the *Dream of Gerontius,* which raised such a commotion last year. As it now stands it is in two parts, and a third is to be added. The subject is the New Testament narrative of events in the life of Jesus, and gives opportunity for a musical setting of considerable variety. The thematic structure is extremely elaborate. The impression gained of the work as a whole is that an immense amount of talent has been expended to preserve alive a very small spark of genius. The vastness of the scheme, the movement and complexity of the choral music, the feeling of size are imposing. Everything is calculated

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to make an effect, and it does. But one looks in vain for the inspiration that should light up the vast edifice and make it glow with life. The final chorus and some passages earlier are interesting and even beautiful; but the listener's interest is allowed to flag too often. The performance was creditable to the Oratorio Society, but not to the soloists or to the orchestra. They were ill prepared to meet the difficulties with which the score is all too plentifully strewn.

There have been something less than the usual number of minor concerts and recitals. The opera season makes such big demands upon the time and purse of the musical community that other musicians are loathe to appeal to it for support. Doubtless, when Mr. Conried's season closes, the present dearth will be reduced by a time of plenty.

A FORECAST.

The advent of Dr. Richard Strauss promises to arouse interest second only to that evinced in *Parsifal*. An elaborate festival has been planned for him, to follow the Philharmonic appearance, and he will be listened to in the double capacity of conductor and composer. Rumour has it that he is as sensational in the former as in the latter.

Feruccio Busoni, who was some ten years ago a resident of Boston, made his first appearance here since then, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and showed himself a much greater artist. He played the difficult Heaslet concerto with consummate ease, and in the larghetto showed a poetic feeling that made one eager to hear him in the more emotional pieces of the moderns. He is booked to give recitals before returning to Europe, and may be counted upon to create a lasting impression.

DR. MACDOWELL AND MUSIC.

The resignation of Edward A. MacDowell from the Departmnet of Music of Columbia University may be appropriately mentioned in this place. Dr. MacDowell has been forced to realise that his efforts to raise the standards of musical culture at Columbia are largely wasted. The truth is, that in a university like Columbia, art culture has but little place, and for a man of Dr. MacDowell's genius and ambitions, the task he sought to accomplish was the impossible. But Columbia's loss is undoubtedly Art's gain. For now MacDowell should have the leisure necessary for him to devote to composition. He has been literally starving his creative faculty by tying himself to a chair of music at a university. The few works he has written in the past seven years have served only to whet the appetites of music lovers.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

MR. MEYNELL'S "BENJAMIN DISRAELI."*

IT will probably be long before a satisfactory life of Lord Beaconsfield will be given to the world. His character was so enigmatical, his enemies were so virulent and the political passions excited by many of his public acts were so intense and so enduring, as to make it almost an impossibility for any man whose lifetime impinged upon that of the brilliant Jew to treat him with anything resembling fairness. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's biography is the work of a political enemy. The short memoir by Froude is sketchy. The *Life* by George Brandes lacks an intimate knowledge of English social and political conditions. The best work which has so far been published is that by Mr. T. E. Kebbel; yet its author had not before him the notes, the letters, and the private papers which are necessary to make a biography authoritative. It is well known that Disraeli himself made Lord Rowton (Mr. Montague Corry) his literary executor; but death has prevented that intimate friend and former secretary of his chief from carrying out the trust committed to him.

Mr. Meynell well describes his own book as "an unconventional biography." Its conception is somewhat whimsical, and, therefore, is not inappropriate to its subject; for Disraeli liked to have things done in an original and sometimes eccentric fashion. Hence it is that Mr. Meynell, in his five hundred or more pages, gives no account of Disraeli's political career except in so far as it is referred to in casual allusions. He does not even write us a narrative based upon any chronological arrangement. Instead of this, he takes up certain specified themes connected with Disraeli and follows out each one in his own way. Thus, the first third of the volume is given to a record of Disraeli's talk; the last two-thirds, to his letters and books, and to his relations with the men of his own time. The conversational part has already been drawn upon almost to exhaustion by writers of literary notes and purveyors of epigrammatic tid-bits. The whole thing runs along without any particular continuity; and so we have it recorded that Disraeli once said: "Tobacco is the tomb of love;" and then his other observations on the subject of smoking are set down. As a matter of fact, he was a great smoker and gives a characteristic account of how he enjoyed the habit:

> "My pipe is cooled in a wet silken bag; my coffee is boiled with spices; and I finish my last chibouk with a sherbet of pomegranate."

At his home in Bradenham he had pipes nine feet in length for use and not for ornament. In fact, he tried to give a certain political importance to his love of tobacco in saying: "I ascribe my popularity in the House to the smoking room."

Having told us this much about Disraeli's smoking, Mr. Meynell goes on to give us his hero's views about weather. "There are two powers at which men should never grumble,—the weather and their wives." Disraeli was a sun-worshipper, and the famous astrakhan coat with which he is often depicted was his silent protest against British weather.

All this, of course, is the small beer of anecdote, yet there is nothing about Disraeli that is altogether devoid of interest. Hence one may quote some of his opinions about women. "There is one fatal defect in a woman," said he—"a rabbit mouth." But apparently another fatal defect in his eye was the desire which some women have to meddle with public affairs in the name of "reform." Whenever he met a woman of this type he did his best to disconcert her. The following is an instance. At one time, when he was sitting at dinner next to the Princess Mary of Cambridge, this impulsive woman, who was anxious to have the government move vigourously against Russia, harangued her compan-

**Benjamin Disraeli.* An unconventional biography by Wilfrid Meynell. With forty illustrations. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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ion on the subject, winding up with the explanation: "I can't imagine what you are waiting for!" "Potatoes, madam, at this moment," replied the Prime Minister, solemnly. On another occasion, a handsome young woman, who was full of immature ideas and ignorant enthusiasm, got access to Disraeli and talked to him for half an hour. She was very much flattered by his apparent attention and fancied that she was making a convert. When she had finished, he looked up into her face and said with a bland smile, "Oh, you darling!" The young woman immediately bolted from the room; and afterward, in speaking of the occurrence, declared that if she had had a knife she would have killed him.

Some of his remarks on his great opponent, Gladstone, have been often quoted, but are worth repeating:

"What is the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?" Somebody asked a new definition from Disraeli. The questioner, being no literalist, but a man of liberal understanding, got the reply: "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity."

To Mr. Gladstone, who had remarked across the table of the House, "We were sincere in all we did." "I never doubted your sincerity, only your ability."

This seems an echo of an old taunt he addressed to a foe in early life: "I am bound to furnish my antagonists with arguments, but not with comprehension."

Again across the table of the House of Commons to Mr. Gladstone, who had come to an involuntary pause: "Your last word—'Revolution.'"

"A man of splendid abilities, hampered by his Church liaisons." This to Mr. Espinasse, when Gladstone was still member for the University of Oxford.

"Almost a statesman. Not redeemed by a single vice."

On hearing that Mr. Gladstone was in excellent form as the guest of Lady Cowper at Wrest Park (November, 1877), Lord Beaconsfield, who was not above pun, said: "Doubtless he thinks that I, the wicked, will cease from troubling while he, the weary, is at Wrest."

In a letter (still unpublished) addressed to a friend at the time of Gladstone's retirement from the Government, Lord Beaconsfield says he rejoices that "the casting out of evil spirits is not, after all, a thing of the past."

"Gladstone treats the Queen like a public department—I treat her like a woman."

Many persons have supposed that the primrose has been associated with Lord Beaconsfield's memory through a misunderstanding. Queen Victoria sent a mass of primroses to her favourite Minister's funeral with the inscription "His favourite flower"; and many persons have since declared that by "his" the Queen meant to indicate Prince Albert. But Mr. Meynell records that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favourite, and that in 1878 he spoke of it as such to Dean Pigou. It is also noted that Disraeli pronounced the word "Beaconsfield" precisely as it is spelled; whereas many Americans and some English people have been under the impression that the proper pronunciation is "Beconsfield."

The relations of Disraeli with the Queen have often been discussed, but Mr. Meynell goes rather further than most commentators in thinking that a romantic colouring was to be detected in their friendship. He quotes Lord Esher as saying:

"Disraeli's chivalrous devotion to women is abundantly clear from his novels. What wonder, then, that to Disraeli, a romanticist in statecraft, an idealist in politics, and a Provençal in sentiment, his chivalrous regard for the sex should have taken a deeper complexion when the personage was not merely a woman, but a Queen? In trifles Disraeli never forgot the sex of the Sovereign. In great affairs he never appeared to remember it. To this extent, the charge of flattery brought against him may be true. He approached the Queen with the supreme tact of a man of the world, than which no form of flattery is more subtle."

And in 1879, Disraeli himself wrote to the Marchioness of Ely the following words of genuine feeling:

"I love the Queen—perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love; and therefore you can understand how much it worries and disquiets me when there is a cloud between us. It is very foolish on my part, but my heart, unfortunately, has not withered like my frame, and when it is affected, I am as harassed as I was fifty years ago.'

The quotations that have been given in this review will doubtless seem haphazard and disjointed to the reader. But if so, they will by the very fact give him all the better conception of Mr. Meynell's book. For it is not in any sense of

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the word a true biography. It contains a great mass of interesting *personalia* and may be most fitly classed as belonging to the world's existing stock of *mémoires pour faire servir.*

Rafford Pyke.

II.

MR. WELLMAN'S "ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION."*

AN experience of twenty-five years in court work, and a record of fifteen thousand witnesses examined would entitle any writer to a respectful hearing from the legal profession. But when that writer displays unmistakable talent as a *raconteur,* expresses himself clearly, concisely and entertainingly in good, straightforward English and discloses keen appreciation of the dramatic value of facts, he creates for himself a far wider audience than the specialist usually commands. This Mr. Wellman has accomplished with his volume of *The Art of Cross-Examination.* Primarily it may have been intended for "those having business with the Courts," but it is nevertheless a human document of no mean importance which appeals to all sorts and conditions of men from the psychologist to the pettifogger, and from it the former will learn much and the latter nothing.

The pettifogger—the "limb" of law—the "shyster" will learn nothing from this book because its tone is too high for their understanding. Indeed, it can well be imagined that some of its advice will be regarded as not only impractical, but also hypocritical. The reason for this is not far to seek.

The court-room tyro is usually a petty tyrant clothed with a brief authority, who approaches every adverse witness with the assumption that because he is adverse he must be a perjurer. Every point which such a witness makes against him is a cue for the small attorney to whisper to himself in the language of Weber & Fields "That's another insult I owe you!" and he will endeavour at the first opportunity to square accounts. His shoutings, hectorings and ignorant innuendoes are the result of intellectual impotence. When, therefore, a person of this calibre is told at the outset that courtesy, consideration and tact play an important part in the equipment of counsel, that brow-beating generally defeats itself, and that the purpose of cross-examination is to develop truth and not to envelope it—he is naturally filled with incredulity and disappointment. The attorney whose main effort is expended in an attempt to split the ears of the groundlings cannot conceive of cross-examination as an *art.* It is much easier to imitate the glare which fascinates or frightens than it is to acquire subtlety and the feelings of a gentleman. So, although Mr. Wellman gives the maxims and rules evolved by the master-minds and supplements these by conclusions derived from his own experience, he cannot hope to convince those who believe they can accomplish equally good results by main strength. As a countryman said of the gold-cure, "It'll take away your thirst, but I reckon it don't calculate to give a fellow brains."

Of course no one but he who has a decided aptitude for the art of cross-examination will ever acquire its mastery, and equally, of course, he who has acquired it, may, in the heat of the fray and under partisan pressure, prostitute it—as Mr. Choate did when he nagged and insulted Mr. Sage at the expense of his own cause. But Mr. Wellman's stand for dignity and decency—for more headwork and less "hollering" is an appeal from Phillip drunk to Phillip sober, which reflects great credit on the profession and makes for the highest interest of an honourable calling.

All that pertains to the matter and the manner of court-examinations—the delicate handling of experts—the skillful snaring of the perjurer—the dissection of the pretender, the curbing of the imaginative witness, and the vital importance of knowing when to stop questioning—is of intense interest to every student of the law, be he young or old, and it is all admirably stated with becoming modesty.

So much for the strictly legal aspect of the book.

But regarded as general reading Mr. Wellman's pages will bear favorable comparison with most of the season's

* *The Art of Cross-Examination* By Francis L. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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books whose sole mission is to amuse. There is so much humanity in the stories and examples cited by way of illustration that the layman will forget the treatise in the treat.

The psychologist especially will follow the remarks on "silent cross-examination," and indeed all the suggestion-compelling processes, with interest, for given an unwilling witness the powerful force of adverse-suggestion is ever present and its mastery at the will of an able examiner is a mental contest well worth the closest observation.

No reader will require any technical or special knowledge—nor need he have had any experience with courts or lawsuits to appreciate the well-selected extracts from the famous (and infamous) cross-examinations with which Mr. Wellman illustrates his points. The tenseness—the excitement, the hush, the expectancy—all the drama of the scenes is sufficiently indicated for any reader of imagination—and best of all, perhaps, these legal dialogues teem with humour. Take, for example, the examination of the celebrated family physician, a witness testifying on behalf of his housekeeper who had broken her ankle in a hole in the sidewalk and sued the city for $40,000 damages. The action was not defended on its merits, but it was claimed that the woman should have recovered completely from the slight injury she had originally suffered, and the inquiry naturally turned on her treatment. One embarrassing feature of the case was that an intimate personal acquaintance existed between the witness and the cross-examiner. Each question was therefore asked almost in a tone of apology.

Counsel. "We all know, doctor, that you have a large and lucrative family practice as a general practitioner; but is it not a fact that in this great city, where accidents are of such common occurrence, surgical cases are usually taken to the hospitals and cared for by experienced surgeons?"

Doctor. "Yes, sir, that is so."

Counsel. "You do not even claim to be an experienced surgeon?"

Doctor. "Oh, no, sir. I have the experience of any general practitioner."

Counsel. "What would be the surgical name for the particular form of fracture that this lady suffered?"

Doctor. "What is known as 'Potts fracture of the ankle.'"

Counsel. "That is a well-recognised form of fracture, is it not?"

Doctor. "Oh, yes."

Counsel (chancing it). "Would you mind telling the jury about when you had a fracture of this nature in your regular practice, the last before this one?"

Doctor (dodging). "I should not feel at liberty to disclose the names of my patients."

Counsel (encouraged). "I am not asking for names and secrets of patients—far from it. I am only asking for the date, doctor; but on your oath."

Doctor. "I couldn't possibly give you the date, sir."

Counsel (still feeling his way). "Was it within the year preceding this one?"

Doctor (hesitating). "I would not like to say, sir."

Counsel (appreciating the danger of pressing the inquiry further, but as a last resort). "Will you swear that you ever had a case of 'Potts fracture' within your own practice before this one? I tell you frankly, if you say you have, I shall ask you day and date, time, place, and circumstances."

Doctor (much embarrassed). "Your question is an embarrassing one. I should want time to search my memory."

Counsel. "I am only asking you for your best memory as a gentleman, and under oath."

Doctor. "If you put it in that way, I will say I cannot now remember of any case previous to the one in question, excepting as a student in the hospitals."

Counsel. "But does it not require a great deal of practice and experience to attend successfully so serious a fracture as that involving the ankle joint?"

Doctor. "Oh, yes."

Counsel. "Well, doctor, speaking frankly, won't you admit that 'Potts fractures' are daily being attended to in our hospitals by experienced men, and the use of the ankle fully restored in a few months' time?"

Doctor. "That may be, but much depends upon the age of the patient; and again, in some cases, nothing seems to make the bones unite."

Counsel (stooping under the table, and

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taking up the two lower bones of the leg attached and approaching the witness). "Will you please take these, doctor, and tell the jury whether in life they constituted the bones of a woman's leg or a man's leg?"

Doctor. "It is difficult to tell, sir."

Counsel. "What, can't you tell the skeleton of a woman's leg from a man's, doctor?"

Doctor. "Oh, yes, I should say it was a woman's leg."

Counsel (smiling and looking pleased). "So in your opinion, doctor, this was a woman's leg?" (It *was* a woman's leg.)

Doctor (observing counsel's face and thinking he had made a mistake). "Oh, I beg your pardon, it is a man's leg, of course. I had not examined it carefully."

By this time the jury were all sitting upright in their seats and evinced much amusement at the doctor's increasing embarrassment.

Counsel (still smiling). "Would you be good enough to tell the jury if it is the right leg or the left leg?"

(It is very difficult for the inexperienced to distinguish right from left.)

Doctor. "This is the right leg."

Counsel (astonished). "What do you say, doctor?"

Doctor (much confused). "Pardon me, it is the left leg."

Counsel. "Were you not right the first time, doctor. Is it not in fact the right leg?"

Doctor. "I don't think so; no, it is the left leg."

Counsel (again stooping and bringing from under the table the bones of the foot attached together, and handing it to the doctor). "Please put the skeleton of the foot into the ankle joint of the bones you already have in your hand, and then tell me whether it is the right or left leg."

Doctor (confidently). "Yes, it is the left leg, as I said before."

Counsel (uproariously). *"But, doctor, don't you see you have inserted the foot into the knee joint? Is that the way it is in life?"*

The doctor, amid roars of laughter from the jury, in which the entire court-room joined, hastily readjusted the bones and sat blushing to the roots of his hair. Counsel waited until the laughter had subsided, and then said quietly, "I think I will not trouble you further, doctor."

The verdict was for $240!

Of course it is possible to claim too much for the astuteness of counsel. Many of the telling questions propounded by cross-examiners have been suggested to them by other men and the attorney is not entitled to all the credit for the result. For instance, Sir Charles Russell's opening questions to Pigot in the Parnell case, which almost unhorsed that scoundrel in the first rush, were suggested by Patrick Egan, who discovered that Pigot spelled *hesitancy* with two e's and made other mistakes similar to those which appeared in the forged letters. However, the examiner is the mouth-piece of his assistants and much depends upon the right manner and the right moment of employing the information supplied by others. The magnificent handling of Pigot by Russell drove the panic-stricken witness out of the country, and eventually led to his confession, and the scene as it is pictured in Mr. Wellman's pages is, perhaps, the most dramatic episode of his book. Other stirring recitals are the crisis in the Harris poisoning case, where the chief medical witness for the defense was silenced by a page from his own book, and the masterful exposure of the reporter, Minnock, in the Bellevue Hospital case.

To write a book which affords good reading for the layman and at the same time is a dignified and able presentation of an important legal subject, is a noteworthy achievement which should receive due recognition in the world of letters as well as in the world of law.

Frederick Trevor Hill

III. and IV.

TWO WORKS ON AMERICAN SCULPTURE.*

NOTWITHSTANDING an obvious difference in both treatment and intent, it seems fitting to review these two books together. The appearance of both at the same time, is significant of the art-period at which we Americans have ar-

*American Masters of Sculpture—Being Brief Appreciations of some American Sculptors and of some Phases of Sculpture in America—by Charles H. Caffin.

The History of American Sculpture, by Lorado Taft. New York and London: The Macmillan Company.

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rived to-day; both books are, as it were, milestones on our way to a great and thoroughly adequate national art-expression.

And now it seems to me, most regretfully, that still a third recently published book should have been bracketed with these—a book which it were both a joy and an opportunity to review (even by so faint a touch to cling to the skirts of genius!)—I mean the *William Wetmore Story and His Friends* by that most subtle and sportive of biographers, Mr. Henry James. Since this is not a review of that delightful work, it is not given to me to speak of the unique charm of its exquisite egoism, of its whimsical light ("golden" in its way, too!), for this once, turned on actuality; of its delicate, poetic imagination penetrated with the flavour of patronage (a kind of patting the Present on the back!); but it is permitted me to speak of it as the most piquant introduction to these books before me. After a reading of the Jamesian biography, this record of American achievement, impressive under any circumstances, becomes positively thrilling. It would be so easy to approach these books by the wrong road, and we know from a prominent French art critic how everything depends upon one's road of approach. For instance, let us say that we turned to their pages fresh from poring over Mr. Brownell's authoritative volume on "French Art": we would have learned to take too much for granted, too much as a matter of course, a perfected technique, an adequate and strictly sculptural conception, the result of a noble art-tradition in France unbroken since mediæval days. On the contrary, under Mr. James's ciceronage our eyes have been fixed on the most hopeless period of American Art, on the Boston of the early fifties,—on its sterility, its dryness and puritanical insensibility to art—not to say distrust—all this emphasised by the adorable descriptions of those golden days in Rome and Florence where everything fairly oozed an artistic atmosphere. To borrow a phrase from Mr. James, we have bitten deep of the apple of Europe; with Mr. Story we have lost heart, our patriotism, our allegiance have melted away in the Italian sun, we can see in the American soil no seed that in the future could possibly be reaped as a great plastic art.

To come to a realisation of the importance of modern American sculpture is to undergo a considerable wrench, a wrench so considerable, so dramatic, that I ask myself, did Mr. James subject himself to it? If he did, I can fancy his "Dear me! dear me! Have these dear people really arived at the intuition that those other things would not do at all? That their Powers's would not do, and their Crawfords—and (dare I hint it?) their Storys?" I can fancy him rubbing his eyes, for he had been so long in the twilight, he and his delightful ghosts, that it was strange to find the noon already well upon us. And even the reader rubs his eyes, for here is the evidence of the possession of a sculptural art to be proud of, one which viewed in the light of its accomplishment in so short a period, may be fairly termed magical. Mr. Caffin's book is a book on contemporaries, but with Mr. Taft we are carried along breathless from those days over which so many pathetic ghosts hover—Mrs. Patience Wright, dear old William Rush and his wood choppers, Hezekiah Augur carving figures when he wasn't polishing apples for his little fruit stand, and Greenough trying to solve the mysteries of modelling in clay by incursions into the pages of the Edinburgh cyclopedia; past those bald, colourless days when the most hopeful ray of light were "those copies in white alabaster of Powers's Greek Slave, so undressed, yet so refined, exposed under little domed glass covers in such homes as could bring themselves to think such things right"—to quote Mr. James;—through the period when every centre-table boasted its Rogers's group (a quite sizable ray entering here through their frank Americanism, through their divorce from what Mr. Caffin has dubbed "the Canova tradition of sweetened classicism"); past the days of depressing monuments to various generals and statesmen, of precarious equilibrium, built up from an "intense study of their latest suit of clothes," forming what Mr. Taft calls "gigantic examples of the steam-fitter's art"; and at last to the present day of widened opportunities, technical preparation and worthy conception to realise them, to the superb achievement of such men as St. Gaudens and Ward, of French and Macmonnies—(and it seems impossible not to mention Proctor and Potter,

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and Bartlett, and Macniel and Borglum and a host of others!).

It is quite evident that we are weaned from the breast of Europa, that we have emerged from what Mr. Taft calls "the sombre and resourceless background of inarticulate generations." The "de-barbarisation of the conception of life," has gone materially on (I am helping myself again to the good things of Mr. James!).

And now I reproach myself with a slight injustice towards Mr. Caffin in bracketing his slighter disconnected "appreciations" with the scholarly history of Mr. Taft. They are not really to be judged in the same light, what properly belongs to one would not sit well on the other. To read *American Masters of Sculpture* is to enable one to talk very pleasantly of these masters, and doubtless to heighten very largely one's pleasure in viewing their work, but it will scarcely in itself be sufficient to permit one to stand squarely on one's likes and dislikes, to hoist boldly on high, as it were, the banner of one's artistic creed, in the sense that one may do on a careful study of the larger work. With his usual felicity, Mr. Taft has his little fling at "that uneasy, vague enjoyment on the part of the many who only know what they like"; but it is not too much to say that on reading his book, the backbone of the casual gallery visitor may be stiffened to the point of defiance. He will learn the "thou shalt nots" of sculpture, he will learn to pass by a sand-papered finish, he will look for charm of handling, for firmly moulded masses, he will ask himself if the artist thinks in terms of sculpture, if he has the plastic mind, the intuitive sense of his material.

On the whole, both books breathe the same artistic tradition, both authors believe in an indigenous art, both recognise the immense achievement of the present, both are optimistic of still greater things in the future. Some little differences of opinion there are bound to be, perhaps it will do no harm to call attention to a couple of the more amusing ones: In speaking of J. Q. A. Ward's equestrian statue of General Thomas Mr. Caffin regrets the sculptor's realistic revelation of the General's known lack of horsemanship. Mr. Taft, after calling it "the finest work of its kind in Washington, with few rivals in the country at large," exclaims, "Here is a horse nervously alive, yet subordinated in every way to the rider. . . . the horse is one of the most spirited in modern art, *yet the general upon him is complete master of the situation, not even holding a tight rein.*"

According to Mr. Caffin, Macmonnie's "Nathan Hale," "shows none of the deeper qualities of imagination," and "scarcely rises above a graceful and touching sentimentality." "There is an air about it," he concludes, "of debonair primness and too conscious rectitude."

On the other hand Mr. Taft says:

"The calm, the sincerity, the entire lack of pose wins us at once. . . he has given us one of the most artistic figures in our country." Mr. Caffin's book is interesting; in writing it, however, he does not seem quite so much at home, quite so happy, as in his companion volume, *American Masters of Painting*. Of course sculpture is not his language in the sense that it is Mr. Taft's, who, by the way, is himself one of what he calls "the long line of talking sculptors," and we may be grateful that he is, for his lectures at the Art Institute in Chicago and elsewhere have been an admirable preparation for the history. And yet he is never unduly technical, for all his knowledge and authority, he never bullies his reader. There are certain pitfalls into which a critic who is also a creator is apt to slip, but Mr. Taft has skillfully avoided them. He has his creed, his ideals, but he is too big for prejudices. His joy lies in approaching his subject from the most sympathetic viewpoint, not in scanning it to discover the weakest spot in its armour. The numerous biographic facts which of necessity abound in a book of this kind, never cumber its pages, for they are handled with rare imagination and humour; the criticisms are meted out with a fine reserve (although he strikes out from the shoulder when it is necessary, notably in the instance of an expatriate) —and the praise with a splendid yet never overdone generosity. And although he is so severe on those Americans who turn their backs on the problem of a native art (and in this way the book may be said to be an admirable antidote if one were needed to *Story and His Friends!*) yet he is most warm in his recognition of the services of those who

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have come over from Europe to work in America; his patriotism rises above that of the labour-unionist. Altogether, this volume, the first in a series of art histories, has set a pace it will be difficult to maintain.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

V.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S AGNOSTICISM*

SO far as I can judge, without making a page for page examination, this edition of Sir Leslie Stephen's extremely able essays in defense of a quiet agnosticism and on related topics differs from the first edition published ten years before only through certain not fundamental changes made in the sixth of the seven essays. This has been shortened and its title, "Poisonous Opinions," has given way to a less ambiguous and milder one—"Toleration." The short note in which the author, disdaining perhaps to furnish an "Apology" with a preface, contented himself with thanking the editors who had permitted him to reprint his articles, remains unchanged; and this fact—the matter of one's agreement or disagreement with Sir Leslie's general views being set aside—probably furnishes the only cause of complaint a fair-minded reader can have against him. And that complaint resolves itself into a mild sense of disappointment. It would have been pleasant to have Sir Leslie tell us something about the reception of his first edition—for it is hard to remember the fortunes of a book of a twelvemonth, much more of ten years ago—and it would have been specially interesting if he had told us something with regard to his own experiences of the effects of the growth of toleration or else of indifferentism with respect to matters of dogma since he began to write upon such eminently hazardous topics. It would have been still more interesting, perhaps, if he had told us whether he has found it hard to preserve the calm poise between optimism and pessimism, so characteristic of the essay entitled "The Religion of All Sensible Men," during a decade which has witnessed the recrudescence of economic notions, literary tastes, theories of government, and apologies for war which many enthusiastic persons, who were sure they possessed almost a monopoly of sense, fancied to be either obsolete or obsolescent. But although one may regret Sir Leslie's silence on these points, one can but admire his prudent wisdom, and, after all, the fact that he has reissued his book practically without alteration proves that in the midst of chaos he at least is unchanged.

A view dealing at all adequately with the substance of this subtle book would be in place only in a technical journal where I should certainly not be allowed to try to play the reviewer. A popular exposition of Sir Leslie's views is not needed, because they are too well known, nor is there much to say about his style, which is simplicity itself. I am driven, therefore, to the device—rarely distasteful to a man of my profession—of making a few remarks.

It seems to me that however much many readers may take exception more or less violent to an author's calm and frank presentation of his reasons for being an agnostic and of his views on many theological and philosophical topics of high but indefinite import, there is not the least reason for their fearing that this book may do an appreciable amount of harm. Nor is this opinion based upon the conviction, though it is my conviction, that full and frank discussion of any and all topics about which sane and decent men have varying views redounds to the good of the race. It is based rather on the fact that a book such as this is bound to be difficult reading even for a fairly trained mind and despite its author's avoidance of intricate sentences and technical phraseology. Sir Leslie's "Apology" is hard reading, because it is close reasoning, and the reader who perseveres intelligently to the end of it cannot possibly be the kind of reader

* *An Agnostic's Apology and Other Essays.* By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. Second edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1903. 12mo. pp. vi., 367.

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for whom any intelligent person should be rash enough to offer himself as a guardian. Then again, if, as Sir Leslie says, "A religion is the synthesis of a philosophy and a poetry," it is fairly clear that a number of persons capable of following the line of argument presented in this book, so far as it is philosophical, will be either repelled or disappointed by the fact that the poetical element of religion receives scarcely a word of attention. Hence the comparatively small number of readers capable of being radically affected by Sir Leslie's arguments is, I should say, at least cut in half. But there is no need of dwelling on this point.

Of the seven essays the one already mentioned on "The Religion of all Sensible Men" is probably the most generally interesting and perhaps the most valuable. It sets forth with admirable clearness the futility of all attempts to forecast the religious future or, indeed, the future civilisation of the race. The essay "What is Materialism," if it serve no other purpose, ought to shame every one that reads it from using terms primarily philosophical as missiles of objurgation and reproach, and some such purpose, besides many others, ought to be served by the carefully reasoned papers entitled "The Scepticism of Believers" and "Dreams and Realities." The close of the long essay on "Toleration" gives a most suggestive sketch, from Sir Leslie's point of view, of the evolution of Christianity during the early centuries. The almost equally long essay on "Newman's Theory of Belief," while scarcely to be recommended to any one who wishes to give repose to a jaded brain, may safely be recommended as a model not merely of acute criticism, but of resolute purpose to understand the views of the author under criticism. I can recall no more conspicuous exhibition of critical fair-mindedness in any book I have read of late years. This is not, of course, equivalent to the assertion that Sir Leslie succeeds in being just to the great Cardinal. It is his attempt to be just that is so impressive and inspiring. From this point of view it seems to me that this entire book is inspiring, however depressing it may appear, from other points of view, to readers whose outlook upon life differs radically from that of its distinguished author. *W. P. Trent.*

VI.

LIEUTENANT BILSE'S "A LITTLE GARRISON."*

THE American reader after putting down this realistic novel of German army life will at first experience a feeling of surprise and perhaps even of disappointment. Here is a book which has set all Germany by the ears, which compelled the angry attention of the Kaiser, which led to an imperial decree addressed to the twenty-three corps-commanders, and which finally caused the court-martialing, cashiering, and imprisonment of a whole group of officers, among them the author of the book. It was circulated not only throughout the German Empire, but in Austria, Italy, France, and Russia, where it excited every possible sort of comment. In a book like this one may naturally expect to find material for a genuine sensation.

Yet to the average American, as we have said above, this sensation will be missing. The story, such as it is, is written as though its author were a mere amateur of the pen. Here is none of the literary art which Paul Bonnetain displayed in his military novel, *L'Opium*, and which lent force and point to his terrible revelations of the vices of the French troops in Tonkin. Even M. Belloe's much read account of barrack-life in France is far more likely at first sight to make the foreign reader shudder and grow indignant. Many will fail to see, even after a careful reading, just why this story of Lieutenant Bilse should have proved to be a perfect bombshell to the German people.

A little consideration, however, will make the reason clear. In our country, the excesses for which German militarism is responsible have long been known. Our newspapers have described over and over again the brutalities which officers are allowed to commit in their treatment of private soldiers. We have been told of the drill-master's tyranny, and of the wanton arrogance of young captains and lieutenants. Our editorial writers have commented freely upon such atrocious cases as that of von Brüsewitz, a ram-

**A Little Garrison.* By Fritz von der Kyrburg (Lieutenant Bilse). New York. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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pant young officer who ran a defenseless civilian through the back and was pardoned by the Kaiser after a punishment that was merely nominal. It is well known, too, in this country just why the ranks of German Socialism are being swelled each year by scores of thousands of Germans who have suffered from outrageous treatment in the army, and who hate with unalterable bitterness the whole system which is making a long black record of insult and oppression.

But in Germany, these things do not find their way into the columns of newspapers. It is dangerous even to talk about them in any public place. The fearless speeches delivered in the Reichstag by Herr Bebel and his followers are not reported as they would be in a freer country. The cruelties, the debaucheries, and the still darker vices of the military caste are spoken of in whispers and behind closed doors. Every one knows that there is abundant evil, yet very few have dared to turn the light upon it. The Germans, when not roused to their historic *furor*, are a timid people, patient under heavy burdens, and with an awful sense of the greatness and even sacredness of authority, even when they feel its iron boot-heel set contemptuously upon their necks. They mutter and grumble under their breaths, but they are afraid to speak aloud or to fail in showing outward reverence to the great ones of the earth.

Fancy, then, the commotion caused among such a people by the appearance of a book like this one by Lieutenant Bilse. Here was not the product of an ignorant socialist's imagination, but an exact, painstaking narrative of army life set down by one who was himself within the sacred enclosure and who had seen with his own eyes and experienced in his own life all the things of which he wrote. At first the novel took its readers' breath away. The audacity of the writer frightened them. Then the report of it spread abroad throughout the whole Empire, and everybody, alike in the official world and in private station, was presently discussing the revelations that had been so boldly made. The author's identity was soon discovered. He was tried for a breach of the service regulations and for libelling his superior and commanding officers. A military court sentenced him to be imprisoned for six months and to dismissal from the service. But, of course, this merely added fuel to the fire of public curiosity; while the evidence given at the trial substantiated beyond question the truth of every statement which the book contained.

A Little Garrison is a book which must dishearten every German who has his country's good at heart. It is a picture of military life in a small garrison town; and nothing more sordid and squalid and depressing and at times disgusting could readily be imagined. If the whole German army is fairly represented by that small portion of it which Lieutenant Bilse studied under the microscope, then, indeed must its *morale* be slowly and surely rotting out. Officers who spend their time in gambling, in drunkenness, in licentiousness, in swindling their creditors and in demoralising their men; noncoms. who kick and beat and freeze the soldiers under them, if not bribed to treat them decently; and private soldiers who learn to loathe the uniform they wear and the flag they follow,—here is a combination which bodes ill not only for German military prestige, but for the unity and safety of the Empire. Even some of the characters whom Lieutenant Bilse himself commends seem to be almost destitute of a sense of honour. One of them, for example, a Lieutenant König, allows it to be generally supposed that he is obliged to embezzle the regimental funds; and he encourages this belief so that his fellows may think him in financial straits and may therefore refrain from pestering him for loans! Dr. Wolf von Schierbrand, the translator of the novel into English, has suppressed in his version some of the darker and fouler details relating to the flagrant immorality of officers and men; yet more than enough remains to show the swinishness of garrison life and the promiscuity of the intercourse between the wives of the married officers and their husbands' bachelor companions-in-arms. It is doubtful whether the French army on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war could have shown conditions more destructive to discipline and to professional efficiency. No wonder that Germans are now asking anxiously whether the next battle in which their armies are engaged will prove to be a Jena or a Sedan.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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VII.

MISS GLASGOW'S "THE DELIVERANCE."*

PROBABLY the first thought of many readers of Miss Glasgow's new book—a book that is certain to have many readers—will be of its similarity to certain other recent American novels; yet *The Deliverance* is worthy of consideration precisely by reason of its dissimilarity to nearly all fiction of the day. The points of contact with such books as James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law* and Frank Norris's *The Octopus* are obvious, but they are also superficial. The three are alike in the prominence given to the special phase of nature that environs the characters in each case. But the special environment chosen by each author is not more individual, so to speak—more his own—than the purpose underlying his treatment of it as material for fiction. Mr. Allen, uncompromising moralist that he is, draws his ethical lesson from the Kentucky hemp fields and builds on it an allegory in which the characters represent the play of merely abstract or, as they are called, natural, forces. Norris, carried away by an immense poetic idea, fairly humanised the wheat and made it the protagonist of his story.

Miss Glasgow need yield to no one in her love of nature, her tender and faithful treatment of its moods. The scenic investiture of *The Deliverance* is splendidly picturesque, and the story gains immensely from being thrown against the background of green, waving fields of tobacco. But field and meadow, stately manor and negro's hovel, though they are painted in with fine fidelity to detail, are in the book only as a background. In the forefront are the human beings who constitute, for this author, the prime interest and the final justification of her work. And this marks the wide difference between *The Deliverance* and the two books with which it may be loosely linked. There need be no quarrel as to superiority of methods. Undoubtedly Mr. Norris's is the most original. Miss Glasgow has been content to treat nature in the manner of the great tradition of which George Eliot and Thomas Hardy are the most conspicuous exponents. It would be hard to name another American author who is following this well-marked path so steadily and so successfully as she.

So it is from the characters in *The Deliverance* that the book's special significance springs. It will not do even to judge it merely as a typical representation of the conditions obtaining in the community in which its scene is placed, though it is probably the largest and most finished picture we have of the South since the War. It is a story of individuals, and its virtue is the degree of its success as a presentment of the truth about persons. Miss Glasgow's interest is Browning's interest in "the incidents in the development of a soul." Christopher Blake is a character who, given similar conditions, might live in almost any country under the sun as well as in Virginia. The important fact about him is that he does actually live. He is not a simple character, nor one easily understood; but he stands remarkably well the test of lifelikeness. He carries conviction. He is no mere outline or shadow of a man, but real flesh and sinew—and brain. A man of truly heroic proportions, physical and mental, he conceives and carries out a scheme of revenge against Fletcher, the man who had robbed him,—a scheme so ingeniously, diabolically wicked as to deserve the epithet inhuman; an epithet, by the way, usually applied to human creatures. Far from making him an impossible being, this contradiction in Blake's otherwise sane and healthy nature is the badge of his humanness. His dogged persistence in completing his plan after he has lost all actual desire for revenge is precisely the persistence of a big-willed man who cannot in a moment forego the mental habit of years. He is complex, contradictory, inconsistent, if you will, but never more so than life.

Christopher Blake is the central personage in the book, and his character is the most completely elaborated; but Miss Glasgow has taken no less pains to give the others their due place. There is almost no novelty in the plot, but the persons concerned in it are fresh and engaging, even while they go through the old paces of a story that tells of a heredi-

**The Deliverance.* By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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tary feud, revenge and a love that unites the two families anciently at enmity. It would be easy to make a roaring melodrama of such raw material. Miss Glasgow is saved not only by the seriousness and dignity of her purpose, but even more by her humourous perception, which is everywhere in evidence. Her negroes are not caricatures or burlesques, but real people, as faithfully pictured as any others in the book. The constant temptation to over-sentimentality that the story sets is quite successfully resisted. *The Deliverance* may not be a great novel, measured by permanent standards. It gives us nothing on which to found a new æsthetic. But it is a broad and wholesome and dignified work in a kind that belongs largely to the past—a kind too feebly represented in the touch-and-go fiction of the day.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VIII.

HENRY HARLAND'S PROSPERO.*

"'YES,' agreed the young man, though with a lilt of dubiety, and a frown of excogitation." The young man, of course, is the hero of Mr. Harland's *My Friend Prospero*. He had helped the lady from her carriage very gracefully. Everything about him was graceful from the figure "soft in its energetic lines" to the yellow beard that "in small crinkly spirals did actually curl." The lady whom he had helped out was also graceful—a large lady, but porcelain every inch of her. They met in the most charming of Italian gardens with a background of grey hills, snow peaks, purple shadows, peach blossoms, a gleaming river, and a black-cap singing in the mimosa, and they talked as if each were hoping that Austin Dobson might be taking notes. It is the dialogue of the *Cardinal's Snuff Box* loved at the time by starved plebeian reviewers as the true patrician thing. Let us lay no rude hands upon it, but describe it so far as possible in its own words, remembering that as a delicate, witty, subtle and aristocratic manner it is likely to poll a large vote:

"'F-f-f-f,' breathed Lady Blanchemain, fanning." . . .

"'Th-r-r-r,' breathed Lady Blanchemain, and for a little while appeared lost in thought." . . .

She had just found out that the hero was her nephew and heir to the earldom, everything in point of birth and breeding that heart could desire, and the time and place being so romantic she hoped for a love affair. Suddenly she descried the heroine.

"'Fie, you sly boots,' she crowed with glee."

But John was a sad tease, though a refined one, and would not own up.

"'She's quite lovely,' she declared. 'Her face is exquisite, so sensitive, so spiritual; so distinguished, so aristocratic. . . .'

"'Mm,' said John.

"'She has a figure, she holds herself well,' said Lady Blanchemain.

"'Mm,' said John."

It may have been then that he lit up with "subcutaneous laughter." It was later that he "pushed an ouf." The young lady in question had "soft-glowing eyes, soft-drooping hair under her wine-red hat," "rose-red lips," "snow white teeth," and "an ivory voice," and was nothing less than an Austrian princess, though John did not know till Lady Blanchemain, a lady of "longanimity," succeeded in finding it out. Little Annunziata, an Italian child with a crystal soul, who calls John her friend Prospero, brings him and the princess together and furthers his delicate wooing. But John is poor and draws back. He is downcast and his aunt tries to comfort him.

"'What is it your little fortune-teller at the castle calls you?' asked Lady Blanchemain, shrewdly, her dark old eyebrows up.

"'She calls me *lucus a non lucendo*,' was John's quick riposte; and the lady laughed. But in a moment she pulled a straight face."

They are often like that, quick as a flash and then so ready with laughter, harbouring no malice at the keenness of the thrust. Thus John had remarked to the Princess that it was a fine day, to which she had replied with "just the faintest, just the gentlest shade of irony and with just the slightest quizzical upward tremor of the eyebrows. 'Isn't it

* *My Friend Prospero.* By Henry Harland. New York: McClure, Phillips.

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a day rather typical of the land and season?'" But John was ready, and like lightning came his riposte. "'But surely that isn't a reason for begrudging it a word of praise?' By this he was lucky enough to provoke a laugh, a little light gay trill, sudden and brief like three notes on a flute."

In the end a handsome income is found for John, and his way to the Princess is smoothed.

From this it is clear that comment is needless. It is exquisite in intention; its motive is most refined; the wit is devoutly wished for and the daintiness earnestly planned; and for our part, if we were an expert in china or point lace, we should not care to rob any one of illusion by guessing at the price.

F. M. Colby.

IX.

MR. PHILLPOTTS' "THE GOLDEN FETICH."*

IF, as Mr. Howells says, "there is no such thing as justice in life," we want it all the more in a novel, we, the army of the unenlightened, who would not exchange a page of *Treasure Island* or the *Jungle Book* for whole libraries of psychological analyses and trumped up "problems," want to be diverted by what we read, not harrowed or bored, and we *do* like to take leave of the characters feeling that they have at least even chances for happiness and are not all plunged in a veritable Slough of Despond at the end.

A new story of adventure, *The Golden Fetich,* though not in the least wonderful, nor more subtle than its own big hero, is *real;* the blacks, for the scene is laid in Central Africa, are real "niggers," the rhinos and lions, but especially the lions, are live and real, and Bessie, the only girl in the book is a thoroughly satisfactory and delightfully real girl.

Roy Meldrum, the big hero, at the death of his father, "General Sir Rupert Meldrum, V.C., K.C.B., and sometime aide-de-camp to His Majesty," finds his fortune shrunken to a bare ten thousand pounds, but, overlooked by the auctioneers, a curious disc of gold, wrapped round by a paper, telling in English, of a great treasure of precious stones hidden in the land of the Batoncas, in Central Africa. One sentence on the wrong side of the paper, describing more minutely the place of the buried treasure, and unnoticed by Roy, is cut off by his cousin, Tracy Fain, a common-place man with extremely common-place standards, who then becomes as keen as Roy himself for an expedition into Africa. They embark on a cargo-boat, to lessen expenses, and are thrown in with some rather remarkable people: Captain Ogilvie, the master of the craft, a confirmed opium-eater, his niece, Bessie, Lord Winstone, an experienced African hunter, and an old friend of Roy's, Signor Polti, an anarchist on his way to blow up the Sultan of Zanzibar, and, best of all, the Devonshire boatswain, Dan Hook, a born humourist and no mean judge of men—"An' as for you an' his lordship, damn my weather eye if I can tell 'e which I reckon be the boldest hero betwixt 'e, beggin' pardon for the fiery word."

Their eventful voyage, at the beginning of which both Roy and his cousin fall in love with Bessie, and Roy is accepted, ends in shipwreck, and even the ill-fated hull of the *Morning Star,* with her captain and the now unnecessary passengers and members of the crew are blown into "their elements" (!) by the fall of Signor Polti's portmanteau on the deck, as he is about to leave the ship in a life-boat. Bessie insists on joining the expedition, and proves, as her lover says she will, its mascot. The interest of their march into the interior centres in an accidental lion hunt, the capture of that right royal old barbarian, King Unyah, by Dan Hook, and the celebration of "Blood Brotherhood" with Ongassé, King of the Nangattos. The dramatic battle of Bangillo finally gives back their Golden Fetich (Chinkakka) to the Batoncas in exchange for the buried treasure. As always, the white men reach the hearts of the black "only with lead," seven hundred of the Batoncas being slain in the battle. But, as Roy says, "they are too wise to mourn long for those who die. 'As well mourn for those who go to sleep before you,' said a nigger to me once; 'we shall all go to sleep very soon,'" and so Latossi is proclaimed

* *The Golden Fetich.* By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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King, under the Golden Fetich, and the next year Roy and Bessie are safely married in old England.

The best character piece in the book is Tracy Fain, the quasi-villain. Starting with the bit of knowledge about the hiding-place of the treasure which he conceals from his cousin, and disappointed in his suit for Bessie's hand, he allows himself to live with base thoughts until, at last, he is capable of going alone to dig for the treasure, without the knowledge of the rest of the party. His punishment is swift and horrible, for he is surprised, while at work, by some Batonca braves and pegged hand and foot to the ground near a black ant's nest, which the savages then tear with their spears till the enraged ants stream forth and cover every part of his body. He is saved by Winstone, who has seen the savages closing in on him and come to the rescue with a party from the camp. But his spirit, perhaps rather his conceit, is broken, not only has he sinned but he has sinned in vain, and, on the day of the battle, he flings away his life to save his cousin, atoning, surely, for the evil of his life by the way of leaving it.

Bessie du Bois.

WHAT ENGLISH BOOKS ARE KNOWN IN JAPAN?*

WILSON'S READER was the school-book that first found its way into Japan, some twenty years ago. *Union Reader* was placed in my hands for beginning with English. *Longman's* took its place in my second year, *Swinton* in the third year. *National Reader* came trotting along in turn, and quietly conquered, as it is in use still in Japan. The American publishers, a certain Burnes and Company, should be grateful to us. Yes, we bought thousands and thousands of copies. Our Japanese government didn't show a bit of judgment in the choosing of books. The books were altered whenever her advisers changed. It's quite expensive to have no idea. The government even ventured to make her own *Reader* from ancient history and some delicious anecdotes, commissioning a certain Mr. Dennings for that purpose. This Englishman had unquestionably a considerable knowledge of Japan, but little literary ability, I'm sorry to say. The new book was found unavailable. Mr. Dennings should be pleased, however, to see his translation of "The Story of Two Frogs" finding a place in some American Reader.

There was an old translation of Smiles's *Self-Help* by the famous scholar Mr. Nakamura who had been dead many years. One day a certain bookseller put *Self-Help's* original on sale. We young English students crowded around the store to get a copy. But its delight soon waned, and we turned our back on it when Irving's *Sketch Book* made its gracefully gracious appearance on the Japanese horizon. "What a charm in Irving!" was our exclamation. I thank the gods that he still heads the list of Japanese favourites to-day, if Gray with his *Elegy* or Goldsmith with *The Deserted Village* have not the first place. The dear Irish poet was introduced to Japan, perhaps one year later than Irving. There was no book like *Sketch Book* in its influence over Japanese students. Doubtless it was the novelist Koshoshi's inspiration for his *Kisei*—a simple record of the home-returning during a summer vacation. The book (*Kisei*) was sold out edition after edition. It is said it has no parallel in modern Japanese literary history. It was about the time when the translation of a few snatches from Longfellow—the first American poet ever sailed toward Japan—appeared in the magazines. *Evangeline* was used in the schools first in 1884. Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* and Kingsley's *Three Fishermen* were printed with notes immediately after. Ella Wheeler

*This paper is printed exactly as it was written by Mr. Noguchi. To have altered it so as to have made the English more conventional would have taken from it something of its spontaneity.—The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

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Wilcox was introduced about this time, long before Lowell and Dr. Holmes. Bret Harte was known before Edgar Allan Poe. Every student felt ashamed if he didn't mention Emerson in conversation: but how many had read through his essays in those days?—that is more than ten years ago.

Presently many Tokio papers began to share parts in the translation of some modern English novels—which had gone astray into Japan doubtless. Anna Katherine Green's *The Leavenworth Case* was a hit under the Japan-made title *Shinnoyami* (*Utter Darkness*). Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mine* was another winner. And on the other hand, the fellows aiming at the higher literature gathered around Mr. Shiken Morita to study Victor Hugo from an English edition. Shiken's translation of Hugo's *Things Seen* is regarded as the best even in this day. And Professor Tsubouchi, the respected Shakespearian of Japan, started to translate Hamlet. Dickens's *Christmas Carols* was placed among our school-books. Thackeray began to be mentioned, and George Eliot also. I will declare that an event—a huge success in translation as well as a literary achievement—in those days, was the publication of Mrs. Iwamoto's *Shokoshi* (*Little Prince*): it was nothing but the translation of Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The translator gained fame. Mrs. Burnett was hailed as one of the greatest writers of the world. I saw her portrait in a Japanese magazine long before those of Whittier and Hawthorne. Poor Mrs. Iwamoto died in her twenty-sixth year, leaving a certain amount of English composition which was gathered in a volume not long ago. Her *Shokoshi* appeared in its seventh edition recently.

Another success of translation was *Tanimano Himeyuri* (*The Lily in the Valley*) which was *Dora Thorne* under its original title. The translator was the Honorable Kenacho Suematsu, once a cabinet member. But it remains only as a memory.

There was a group of devotees of Dante Rossetti. They spoke passionately of Swinburne. (There may be, by the way, not more than fifteen copies of his *Atalanta in Calydon* in all Japan, as a certain cynic has estimated.) They once burned incense on the shrine of Daudet from among novelists, and then on that of Ivan Turgenieff. They were wild over Tolstoi, two or three of whose works were translated a few years ago. There was considerable talk about Sienkiewicz, who soon gave place to Maeterlinck. They vainly attempted to put one or two of his plays on the stage. They formed a Dante Society, but its existence was only for a few months. They were dumbfounded by Gorky. Two books about this Russian author have been published during the past year. Japan is also up and down, more or less, with the worldly literary tide.

The gradual invasion of modern English short stories has been apparent since three years. One publisher got out a periodical called *The Friend of English*, with short stories from American and English publications. They were an immediate success, although mostly from the pens of minor writers—authors like one John J. A'Becket, or a certain H. A. Rudall, who are little known even in their own country. Why they were chosen, I can't tell. A few things by E. Nesbit I saw in that periodical. Two years ago the Japanese public experienced the most delightful surprise when some one introduced Conan Doyle with a few chapters from *Sherlock Holmes*. Hall Caine is unknown in Japan, except as a friend to Rossetti. Mark Twain was presented first as a "promising American humourist" with his *Heaven or Hell* (under another title of *Iron-Mind and Stone-Heart*). I saw in some newspaper that his *The Killing of Julius Caesar* and *Cannibalism in the Cars* are being translated. I was told that some one was going to translate *A Double Barrelled Detective Story*, but gave it up for fear lest he be charged with "the disturbing of public morality." Hardy and Meredith are only known in name, Howells and Cable are utterly unheard of in Japan. One Japanese critic has asked again and again, "Why is Rudyard Kipling so popular?"

There is no book more popular than Andrew Carnegie's *Empire of Business*. The Japanese translation and the original are both sold tremendously. And there are not only a few people in Japan who proclaim Mr. Creelman's *On the Great Highway* a wonderful book. The translation (maybe it is not complete) is sold at the shabby price of some thirty cents.

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Only a few days ago I was reading one of the newly-arrived Japanese newspapers, and I observed a big advertisement of the translation of Lorimer's *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.* And thus it was written:

"There are two great figures in the American financial world: one is Mr. Carnegie and the other is *Mr. John Graham.* The letters instructively written by Mr. Graham which we now offer to Japanese youth, will be a sure compass for their whole lives."

Yoni Noguchi.

HIS GOOD ANGEL.

"SUPPOSE I should, indeed, consent at once, *mon ami?*"

Mrs. Thornbury smiled, her eyes half-sheathed, her hand indolently lying over the chair cushion; it was a most expressive hand in its delicacy, strength, and suppressed force, significant of her whole personality, in which the power of magnetic charm was indefinable, as was the spell of her grace. The impersonal critic would have called her a slender, supple woman with hazel eyes, dark hair, a beautiful mouth, and a tender voice. She was neither old nor young—for in her rare type age is neither factor nor detractor—truly, men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love of the common-place, rather for the love of such as this.

A gleam leaped to the eyes of the young man sitting beside her; his elbow rested on his knee, his face on his hand, as he leaned forward gazing at her.

"I wish to Heaven you would try it!"

She reached a silver bell upon a stand near by and tinkled it. A maid entered from the dressing room adjoining the Star's little boudoir.

"Marie, *gardez la porte. Allez!*"

"*Qui, Madame.*"

When the maid had closed the outer door behind her, a door on the passageway leading to the stage, she turned upon Gilbert Sherbrook a smile which would have imbued the most *gauche* action with delicacy and grace, but as he fervently kissed her hand she drew it away.

"I would speak with you alone for a few moments before I go on again, *mon ami.*"

"Tell me to-night! answer me now!" he muttered.

"You say that you would to Heaven I would marry you at once. Now, I am sure I cannot tell why I do not take you at your word," she made a negative gesture as his face flushed and he started to speak impulsively. "Wait! I say that I do not know either why I hesitate. You are lovable, *mais oui!*" a slight sigh escaped her, "handsome, *O tres beau!*" she laughed softly, "rich—*bien!* Young—ah, perhaps that is it!" Suddenly he knelt upon one knee, and touched her hand with his lips.

"Stop! After all, do not decide to-night. I am afraid—I am cowardly—but I could not bear it if you sent me away! O let us go on in this way; let things be as they are!"

She smiled slowly, caressingly.

"You say that you love me?"

"You know it!"

"Ah, but I know nothing of the sort, *mon ami!* I know that you are perhaps infatuated. I am older than you," she shrugged her shoulders, her gesture and accent ofttimes revealing more than a trace of foreign blood. "Granted that in this case it makes little difference. Now, I am really not a badly disposed woman, but I have a singularly direct nature, too direct for the average feminine mind to comprehend. I have been married; in my position it was better so. He adored me, but he was docile, and docility palls upon some of us. Alas, it would never have occurred to him to beat me! He irritated me, which interferes with art. Therefore, I should have been forced to divorce him, or kill him, had he not opportunely died—or the notoriety would have been most distasteful to me." She paused, the tips of her slim fingers meeting; a diamond on one and an emerald on another flashing at each other gleams like those from attracted yet antagonistic eyes, "it has occurred to me that I might marry again, because whereas an unattached woman of thirty-five enjoys life,

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one of sixty may be a sorry spectacle. If I were only sure that you would learn to beat me I might even sacrifice you and do it!"

"Sacrifice me! Me!" he broke out. "What do I care for the analytic side of such a question? Answer me! Will you marry me or will you not? You force me to ask you to-night!"

She drew a long breath.

"Ah! . . . That is better! You might come to it in time. Thank you, Monsieur, but so far I do not think that I shall. True, you suit me in many ways, but better than I suit you. But yes!" at his protesting word, "Love, of a kind, I could give you, but not that of which I know I am fully capable perhaps. Beauty attracts me less than will, and unfortunately, *mon ami,* you are beautiful!"

He laughed bitterly under this criticism, but she rose, and standing beside him, motioned to the mirror opposite, to the reflection of their two figures; hers sinuous, *seduisante,* subtle-eyed, lustrous, in which the spirit of fascination was as inevitable as is the perfume of a flower. He gazed into the glass, and then down with impassioned longing upon her.

"And you?" he said.

She drew him nearer the rose-lighted mirror and touched her hair.

"See! In twenty years, and, I hate dyes!" she stopped his protesting voice with a movement. *"O c'est vrai, mon ami!* I am not of the stuff which can endure the contrast of a debonair young husband! I am showing you the ugly side, but as I told you, to-day I have actually felt undecided."

The light leaped again to his eyes.

"Then let it remain so!—let us be as we are!"

"No; you told me that this is your birthday. I dislike to take life *au serieux,* but I shall show you things as they are. It means that you are wasting your life, your manhood, *mon ami,* following me about from city to city."

"Don't!" he protested; "don't, it is my life!"

She sighed a little weariedly. "Acknowledge that you have fancied yourself as much—well, 'in love' as you say, before!"

"Never!" he protested vehemently.

"Ah! . . . And what of the little girl in the northern town? She of whom you told me when we first met?"

"That was different," he interrupted hastily.

"Different, but yes," she watched him, her glance carefully veiled. "She was like a strong, pure breeze of the sea; I recall your own words when you have forgotten them! She had a clear, white skin, grey eyes of truth, and was what you call your Good Angel. Eh?" suddenly she smote her hands together and laughed softly in her throat. "Ah, *Ciel!* She is good, with that goodness which has never been tried! . . . What is metal until the flame makes it?" she added passionately; "the diamond until cut? But yes, *mon ami!*" she turned upon him one of her keen, radiant moments of decision, like the flashing of an inward light, the light of a temperament of change and exquisite grace, "but yes, she is the one for you to marry—the young woman to make your home! You loved her! Do you not know it? When you left home you wrote her almost daily, you told her every thought and aspiration; she it was who advised with you when you inherited your fortune. You see, I remember what you told me about her. Strange, is it not? Her love and instinct guided you, she was mother, sweetheart, friend, and she loved you. *Mon Dieu!* When one is young and loves that way it is no taper to be blown out by a passing breath! Then—then you met me. I did not care—I had known others; why should I——" suddenly she flung herself upon a divan, her face hidden, sobbing—"why should I care now? Why should I care now?"

Instantly he was on his knees beside her transported by hope, and pouring impassioned endearments upon her. She sprang up with a peal of delighted laughter.

"C'est tout! Was it not well done, *mon ami?* It deceived you! And for such an artist as this to think of marriage, but no, I shall not. Ah, you thought me in tears of woe—*n'est ce pas?* Me!"

He stood looking down at her, a swift change passing over his face and hardening it like the backward rolling of the wave of unwilling revulsion. His voice sounded alien to himself, but the manhood in him leaped to arms.

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"Yes, she was my good angel. She helped me more than any one ever did, and I illy repaid her faith in me. She is the best woman I ever knew and—as you say—I loved her. When you play again let it be at my expense, not at hers."

A strange light leaped to her eyes as she let them rest on him, and she murmured something beneath her breath.

"Ah! . . . 'Tis well. I go on now. To-morrow I leave, Monsieur. Adieu!"

She swept him a half playful courtesy.

"You will wire me?" he said; "if not, I shall follow anyhow!"

She pointed smilingly to the door as the maid entered.

"Go now, *mon ami.*"

He went out, the hard look fading from his face as the closing door separated them, but he did not hear the maid's exclamation.

"But no, Madame, not tears!—*O ma foi,* there is no time now and how she weeps!"

Sherbrook went directly to his hotel room. He dismissed his man, then turned on a desk light, took a magazine from the table and sat down. The fever of unrest into which he had been thrown for months was reaching a climatic point. Love may run its course even into the channel of habit, but infatuation knows no placid shallows. It makes for the rapids and when denied its course the moulten stream is cast back upon itself. He threw the book aside presently, not having seen a word, and sat with his arms upon the table and his head bent upon them, involuntarily retracing the time spent with her that evening, lingering upon her words, accentuating their value, drawing a significance from that which could give no sustenance to the imagination, seeking in vain for sweetness, feeding hope upon possibility, and desire upon flagging hope. Had she not said: "Love of a kind I could give you?" What mattered its quality? Why should women make such distinctions in the face of a master passion such as this? It was so clear and simple to him.—he only wanted her, her fascinating, alluring self, just as she was. He could not analyse or question or look ahead, he wanted her, and cared not even if the future were but a mirage of happiness.

He experienced indescribable relief in her mere presence, and torturing unrest when away from her. The periods of absence were only so much proscribed time to be passed over by any means that would hasten it; yet all resources,—driving, books, riding, billiards,—had become an enforced action of the Will only. She was going on to a new city for her next engagement, but he was accustomed to following.

Suddenly he sprang up, flinging his arms outward, with a groan. She had told him the bitter truth. It was all so hopeless, so pitiful, so unnecessary. What had it amounted to? He thrust aside the sweetness of it—a year and a half of his life flung away—to go forever unreckoned.

Unreckoned? . . .

He paced up and down, and thought rushed upon him in its merciless torrent. Wherein had her charm lain? Why on this evening of all others had she jarred upon his finer sensitivity by playing upon the thought of the purest girl he had ever known? A whimsical feeling suddenly thrust itself upon him, as tears will upon a strong woman, that he should like to hide his face upon his mother's knee, and be the boy he sometimes felt himself,—to sob it out. To strip himself bare of the past year and hold it up for her forgiveness,—to shrive him of himself. Mary would have understood,—Mary was the girl with the truthful eyes.

He went to the window and dropped its curtains behind him, standing for a moment in the darkness of their embrasure. The night was of velvety blackness, and the stars were calm and unchanging. . . . Yes, Mary would have understood. The stars had none of the alluring transition of the sea, they reminded him of her eyes. Alas, he had forfeited his older right to refer to her his boyish questions for opinion. He sighed heavily, recalling how much she had given him of unselfish sympathy, and how her judgment had formed the standard of right and wrong towards which he had instinctively turned until the blindness of the past year had enveloped him.

He came out of the darkness into the brightly lighted room and saw a letter lying on the table and opened it wondering that it had escaped him before. It was in a plain white envelope, and ad-

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dressed in a fair hand which had once been very familiar. It had apparently been forwarded from his bankers.

"MY DEAR GILBERT (it read):

"I appreciate the tendency one feels to look at things as one would have them rather than as they really are. But I have discovered that to face facts is only so much moral courage more or less, and face them we must, if we would strip clear our visions of unreality.

"The spring is coming, dear. Does it not seem as though it means alike to nature and to life, regeneration? And that we are unconsciously renewed by life's real forces which always strive upward?

"I think of you, and believe in you,

"MARY."

He stood gazing at this abrupt word wonderingly. It was one of her ready responses, which he once loved,—like the continuation of an easy conversation,—it seemed that he could hear her voice in the words. What did it mean? There was not an echo of rebuke. . . . "To look at things as one would have them rather than as they really are." How could she have known? Then he noticed that the envelope was marked by much mailing. It had no doubt been long on the way. Suddenly he pressed the cool, white sheet to his cheek and closed his eyes. Mary! The thought of her was like the white, passionless light of the steadfast stars over the turbulence of the time through which he had passed since he parted from her.

The next morning, however, the habit of longing was strong upon him, the unrest and desire to see that other face, to be near it, and putting aside the mood of the night he ordered his trunk packed, and wired to his bankers to forward his mail. Then he took the first express for the northern city where Mrs. Thornbury was filling her next engagement.

It was night when he arrived, and he drove to the theatre and secured a seat for the performance, then sent his man to a florist's as usual, for the violets with which he kept her dressing room supplied.

After the first act he sent his card back, but it was refused admission—Mrs. Thornbury's express command,—so the gatekeeper said,—no cards nor notes were to be brought her during this performance. The same met him after the play, and although he waited until the last carriage had rolled off he did not see her. Before he went to bed he wrote her a pleading request to see him, and ordered it to be taken to her hotel early in the morning; but when he awakened with daylight, after a few hours' restless sleep it was wearily. Hope was starving and life was becoming merely an unanswered question. In the hotel office the clerk handed him his mail. In it was a duplicate of the letter which had come the night before. It read:

"DEAR: I wish that you could fully realize as I do the full measure of your manhood—and I do not judge impetuously, do I?—life's finest elements are in your hand, weapons with which you may conquer anything—especially yourself. They are courage, belief, and enthusiasm. You have them to a fine degree"—a groan escaped him—"above all things do not doubt yourself. You are a strong man naturally, not a weakling, and we are only kept strong by striving towards our own possibilities. Ever,

M."

As he stood in the reading room with this letter in his hand, he felt as though the purity of a cool breeze had suddenly swept over him,—or a flood of refulgent light arousing his thought from the fevered channel into which it had too long dwelt. He went quickly to a desk and wrote to her, following the impulse of boyish faith, with which he had so often confided to her. He wrote with a confidence that had never failed to receive her gentle, tolerant sympathy, and told her of the past year, in as few words as he could, and brokenly, but with desperate abandon and insistently facing facts as he wrote. He told her of the year of life which had been flung away upon this hopeless passion for a woman, who —he set his teeth as he wrote it—did not love him, and of his disregard of the faith due to Mary herself, yet of his inability to save himself from his infatuation for this other.

He did not ask her to forgive him,—thank God he had manhood enough left not to expect a woman to suffer indignity and then extend her hand for the asking. He would not ask her to take him back, —not yet, until he was sure of himself. All he begged was that she should not let him go from the safeguard of her belief in him.

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It was perhaps a youthful letter, a man is oftenest young when deeply in earnest. Sherbrook signed it, sealed and mailed it without first daring to read it over. Then he set his face towards the longest day of his life. He was determined to conquer himself, yet back of the very determination there lay but little faith in his own strength, and as the day wore through the longing to see *her* became pain. When night came he urged himself that he would make her bid him farewell,—yet he knew that it was only the older cry of passion battling against decision.

He hurried to the theatre, his heart beating tumultuously at the knowledge of her nearness, and not letting himself think, yet knowing well that a word from her would sweep away all else from the universe of his being. He met with a similar fate as on the night before, and was refused entrance. Word was brought him, however, that Mrs. Thornbury would send Mr. Sherbrook a message in the morning. He returned to the hotel stunned and weary with disappointment, and the actual pain which can assail the heart when it has fed too long upon vain hope. That night he fell into a sleep of exhaustion, and when he awakened late in the morning it was with an intense sensation of relaxation which had been unknown to him for months.

The sun was bright and the air cool. Mary was right, the spring was coming. How well he knew its gentle signals on the hills around the old town where she lived. All seasons had meant nothing to him for so long, that something of reality seemed to awaken within him under the light which streamed between the curtains.

His man servant brought him a note, a large, monogrammed envelope, heavy with violet, and he tore it open hastily. It read:

"MON AMI:

"When you receive this I shall already be sailing for summer lands. I have placed an understudy for the last three nights this week. I acknowledge that a woman usually passes on unjustified, but, as you know, I have no toleration for the unselfish beings who follow tradition at the expense of their own characters, and I desire you to know, before I say farewell, that I was indeed playing a part when we last met. But not a part dictated by my true feeling,—alas, no! That I vulgarized to cause a recoil in your own. It was necessary. Forgive me.

"In spite of my disinclination to write the words—I confess it—I shall never see you again, and it is useless that you should follow me, for I am afraid you would never learn to beat me!

"I beg, as a last request, that you will return to the little girl with eyes of truth. . . She loves you.

"Adieu, *mon ami!* . . .

"GENEVIEVE."

She was gone. The sunlight lay in a shaft across the room. It was as though a wave of perfume, passion and thrilling yet disturbing music had passed over him. He told himself that he could follow,—nothing need prevent him from taking the next steamer, not even her command. He sprang up with youth's tide of impetuosity flooding him, and rang for coffee and a time-table. The man brought mail, which was accompanied by a note from his bankers, who wished to explain that certain letters had been much delayed owing to the vain efforts their firm had made at times to reach him in his hurried travel from place to place. Among the letters was another white one, like its former mates, only much marked and scarred by remailing. Its postmarks and dates were nearly obliterated. It held but a line:

"DEAR: When you receive this I wish you to come to me. I shall never ask it again.

"MARY."

And never had she asked so much before. All the stifled love, reverence and respect he had ever known for her surged upward as he read the words,—a love which may be a thing apart from passion's thrall. After all these months she had trusted him enough to send when she wanted him to come to her—she needed him. He thrust the violet envelope down in his pocket,—Italy could wait.

It was sunset when he raised the gate latch of an old garden in the town where he had left Mary. The sweet, impalpable breath of spring seemed to close around him, as he walked slowly between the box-lined borders up the path, and the odour of white lilacs set the world far apart, and embodied the beauty and peace of living here in this quiet spot.

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A girl in a white gown stood in the porch, and she came forward as he drew nearer, his heart throbbing under the last letter, which lay like the wings of a white dove that had striven past the bar of pride unto its sure haven.

"Mary!" leaped to his lips. Then he saw that it was not Mary, although her eyes held the same clear light.

"Mr. Sherbrook!" she exclaimed, then paused, looking gently, questioningly at him,—"I thought you would have come before,—I suppose you missed the letters,—she wrote often. She said one never knows when another may need a friend"—she stopped, arrested by the startled whiteness of his face. "O,—can it be possible—do you not know? . . . My sister died at Christmas."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

A POUND OF CURE.

I HAVE always considered Barton's experience very funny, but Mrs. Van Santvoord says it was pathetic, and I suppose she's right.

Barton will never see forty again by several years leeway, and no one has ever questioned that he is a gentleman and a good fellow, even to the extent of being a bit old-fashioned and Quixotic in both directions. Everybody admires Quixotic notions in these days, but somehow they seldom seem to work for the possessor's good. Women admire them most and have least use for them in their admirers.

Barton had always looked up to George Allen very much as a younger brother regards an older. You see Allen had been a senior in college when Barton entered as a freshman, and he took a fancy to something about the boy—his diffidence and evident breeding—and rather cultivated him, which made things much smoother and easier than they are for most freshmen. This was fortunate, bceause it was just what Barton needed, and, though Allen never did so very much, the younger man never forgot it. They were pretty intimate in after years. Barton was best man when Allen got married and I have an idea he stood godfather to the one and only Adelaide Allen in days when that young woman's beauty did not exercise quite so broad a sway as it does now.

When Allen died, Barton, then a successful lawyer, was his executor, and, naturally, Mrs. Allen's first adviser, legal and otherwise. Mrs. Allen was always quiet and domestic in her tastes, and the memory of George and the bringing up of Adelaide filled her life quite satisfactorily. The bringing up of Adelaide was pretty well calculated to fill the lives of several able-bodied women. She had beauty and ideas of her own, which is a bad combination for a conscientious mother's peace of mind.

By this time Barton had settled down into a confirmed old bachelor. I don't know why, and I don't imagine there's any reason why I should—only it wasn't from crustiness or selfishness or diffidence. He never had either of the former, and he'd outgrown most of the latter since his freshmen days.

His position in the Allen household was as frankly avuncular as any amount of blood could have made it, and though a few fool gossips had it settled that he was going to marry the widow, no one who knew him or her and anything imagined such an outcome for the briefest of moments. He was just George's chum, and she relied on him as a friend, and he dropped in semi-occasionally and sat down to dinner like one of the family and held Adelaide on his knee when she was very little and played with her when she grew bigger, and teased her by assuming an attitude of courtly devotion when she grew bigger yet and began to think she was a young lady.

Mrs. Van Santvoord used to bemoan Barton as a good thing gone wrong, if only on the score of one of his characteristics. A girl or a woman always held for him the approximate age at which he had first met her. If you think this over you will perceive its advantages from the woman's standpoint.

Adelaide was a young lady at last. Having ideas, she developed rather early out of bread-and-butterhood, and she developed on lines that were altogether

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and overwhelmingly stunning; only Barton never knew it. To him she was just "George's kid," and, though she hadn't sat on his knee for a good many years now, I hardly think he would have been surprised if she had resumed the practice. Her assumption of grown-up manners always struck him as very humourous, but he accepted it strictly as assumed.

What Adelaide thought in those days no one ever knew, except that Uncle Dick was just a perfect dear, the giver of all good things, the wisest, handsomest, best man that ever lived. What she thought later—but that can wait.

I think it began by her dropping the "Uncle" and drifting gradually into "Mr. Barton," whereat Barton was hugely amused, but never gave a hint of his amusement. He just had fun all by himself and treated her as Sir Roger de Coverley might have treated some fair Araminta. Adelaide was romantic of course, and the treatment went.

Who knows how the thing took shape! Barton talked very seriously to me when the *denouement* came, but he knew as little, if not less, than I did. You see both his idiosyncrasy and his sense of humour had combined to blind him, and whether Mistress Adelaide had kept her secret hidden leagues deep or whether her fluttering little heart had thrown out unnumbered signs of its perturbation, will remain a mystery to the end of time. Mrs. Van Santvoord discusses the question most learnedly. She says that, as Adelaide was a young woman of remarkable poise and self-sufficiency, she was undoubtedly a sphinx, and that, as she was thoroughly independent and unconventional and prone to get what she wanted, she unquestionably carried her feelings in the matter in *alto relievo*. Mighty few philosophers could beat that bit of thought. I can only admire it; but, after all, it doesn't make a particle of difference either way, for the story really begins with the discovery.

As near as I could get at it from Barton's account it was somewhat like this.

It seems he had called one afternoon. Mrs. Allen was out and Adelaide came down stairs to see him. Whether she assumed a little more of the young lady or not I don't know, but probably something of the sort provoked Barton into an exaggeration of devotion.

It was all a great big joke to him because, of course, Adelaide was only a little girl; but from her point of view—that she was a young lady—it was dead serious, and—well, I don't think she told him in so many words that she loved him, but being young and frank and a bit masterful withal, she let him see it, so that even he caught the idea.

It is needless to say that it knocked him out. He didn't appear to have a very clear notion as to just how he got away, but it seems evident that he did get away without either committing himself or hurting Adelaide's feelings. I leave it to you whether that doesn't imply considerable tact on his part. I never realised that he had it, but then he was a man of the world, and it takes an emergency to bring out qualities.

He came to me—why, I can't say, except that we'd always been very intimate and he had to go to someone. If I could only have passed him on to Mrs. Van Santvoord, it might have been worth while, but he knew her so slightly that I felt it would hardly do. Therefore, he just sat and talked along without telling me much of anything, because, in the general smash-up of all his ideas, he didn't have a very clear notion of what had happened or how it could have happened, or of the situation in general or particular.

I said little, mainly because I wasn't called upon to say much—which was lucky. He just wanted to talk, and, as he talked, his purpose seemed to gain definiteness, and all I had to do was to acquiesce, which I did with a perfectly clear conscience and a feeling that if his plan wasn't the best, I, with my limited knowledge of the circumstances, was unable to advise a better.

He said that of course the thing was perfectly absurd; that he was more than twenty-five years older than Adelaide, and that it was only a sort of romantic possession on her part which amounted to nothing, except in her own foolish little mind for the time being. Now that he looked back on the last few years, he supposed he was more or less to blame, but who could have imagined such a result! He wouldn't hurt the child's feelings for anything in the world, but, con-

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sidering his relations with her father and mother, he was bound by every motive of honour and friendship not to let her make a fool of herself. Mrs. Allen would be justified in changing her opinion of him if he took advantage of such a girl freak—even supposing he had the inclination, which he hadn't. Well then, what was he to do? To sit down and talk seriously to Adelaide hardly seemed to meet the situation. It would be both brutal and ridiculous in a degree. To laugh and say he would be a grandfather to her would be just plain brutal. Therefore he evolved the theory of keeping right along in his absurd exaggeration of sentimental devotion—only more so, and of persisting in looking upon her disclosure as an understanding of his joke and a reception of it in the same spirit; until she *must* really see that it *was* all a joke from beginning to end.

He admitted that this realisation would perhaps hurt, but he reasoned, on the score of a young girl's first imagined sentiment, that it wouldn't hurt much or long and that it would be immeasurably the most fortunate outcome for her. Had he not truly believed that, I'm sure he'd have married her, if only from a sense of honour. Of course she would never have the humiliation of knowing that he knew she had been in earnest. He left me with this purpose all carefully resolved upon and worked out.

It was fully two weeks before I saw Barton again, but I confess he was present in my mind most of the time. The more I thought of the whole affair, the more I felt that, in his hide-bound notionality, he was throwing away the greatest good fortune that had ever come his way. What did the mere years amount to anyhow? (I'm a bit along myself.) Everyone knew of cases of even greater disparity that had turned out all that could be hoped for. To be sure, the process of adjustment might be a little awkward to begin with, but then Adelaide was a stupendously clever kid—a never-ending circus, as far as amusement went—and she was pretty sure to develop in a very few years into a charming companion for any man. I began to envy Barton, to resent his inability to love her and to cogitate bitterly how the best things always came to the men who couldn't realise that they were the best.

When I had reached about that point, I met him. He didn't come to see me. In fact, I sort of fancied he tried to get out of my way; but I overtook him as we were each of us walking alone in the park and it would have been more than pointed if we had not walked on together. I can't remember how many years it was since we had not seen each other for so long a time as one week, let alone two. Therefore we walked along together.

Now, I have always made it a rule, when people tell me things, never to try to force the confidence one inch beyond its voluntary limit. Therefore I don't ask questions except when it is absolutely necessary in order to advise rationally. I merely show the friendly interest which a man naturally feels in matters bearing on a friend's welfare. Above all I never reopen the subject. That should always be at the option of him who confides: all of which is preliminary to the confession that this was the one occasion when my principles went by the board.

I had no intention whatever of referring to the matter; I thought that, of course, Barton would say something about it, and here we had walked for at least fifteen minutes, talking about business and politics and art and half a dozen subjects that were distinctly second in our minds. I am willing to admit that I was intensely curious about the one thing we didn't speak of, and I can't say that I blame myself much for my curiosity. I began to reason that it was hardly fair of Barton to lug me into such a charming little human comedy and then drop the curtain and turn me out of the house without seeing the last act, and I gradually worked myself up—doubtless you know how it's done—to do what I wanted to do, principles or no principles.

I asked how Adelaide was. That was my first break; and I tried in the most cowardly fashion to fool myself as to my offense by including Mrs. Allen in the inquiry.

Barton said they were both very well, and asked me whether I didn't think the name-tags on the trees in the park was a mighty good idea.

That made me indignant. It was evi-

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dent that a man who acted so deserved no consideration at my hands.

Therefore, when I had satisfied myself that he really had dropped the subject, I asked him point blank how things stood.

"All right, I think," said he with what I imagined was rather artificial evenness.

I was fairly launched now and inexorable.

"Your plan worked then?" I pursued.

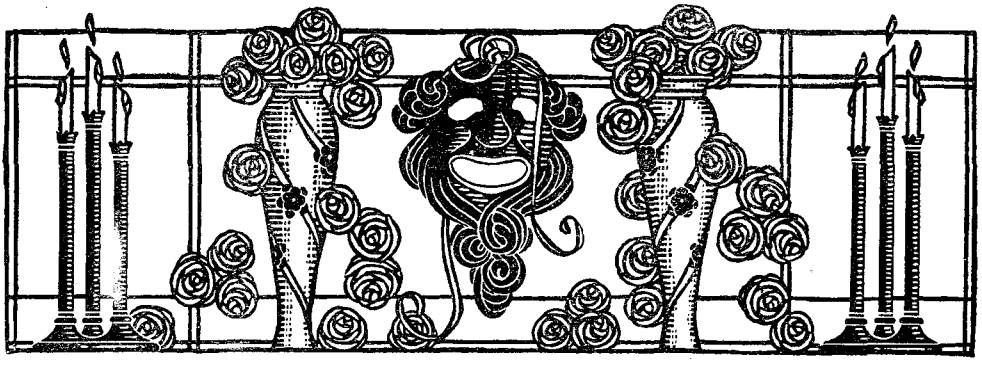
"Admirably," said Barton—and now I caught a distinct note of soreness in his voice. Accepting the inevitable, he plunged on:

"I was perfectly correct in my assumption that girls of that age have no hearts to speak of. The real heart is an artificial product of later years. Fancies—passing fancies, are all they are capable of—not affection that has any staying power. Of course, as I told you, I knew it would come out all right, but—well, to tell the truth, I *had* rather imagined that it might take longer than a week for her to evolve a new devotion for a college junior. It didn't. It strikes me human nature is deteriorating on its finer side. A man's a fool—"

He bit off his sentence and laughed, and I, having enjoyed the fruit of my transgression, reinstated my principles in their command. When we parted a few minutes later, it came to me that if the finer side of human nature *is* deteriorating, it, at least serves to bring out some very amusing inconsistencies.

Mrs. Van Santvoord tells me that I am both uncharitable and unfeeling. I don't mean to be, but, really, there are a few things, like seasickness and mumps, for which a grown man can't expect much sympathy.

Duffield Osborne.



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THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

PART V.

I kept my bed the next day more to avoid Myles than for any physical reason, though I felt very languid and not at all inclined to get up and move about. Yesterday he went away on a supposed business errand, and is to be gone till Monday, I am told. It shows a very nice consideration in him, for I have no doubt the trip was planned in order to escape the awkwardness of a meeting between us.

Here, then, is the situation. My grandmother undoubtedly believes that virtually she has married us fast and sure, and for all that I can tell, Myles himself may consider the ceremony as having a moral significance. The fact that I do not so regard it, while it counts for something now, may not help me much as time goes on. Ever since I came here the meshes of the net have been growing a little and a little closer, and by and by I may find myself unable to find my way out.

Oh, Tony, my own love, why did you allow it to be so hard for me? You might have helped me a little, given me a little more time, or told me what I *must* do. Even though I had resisted, if you had commanded me to take the course that you thought best, I should in the end have obeyed. I know what you would say to this, that it was not your wish, but the law of my own being that you left me free to obey. Yes, but Tony, don't you know that a woman who loves prefers absolute obedience to independent action? I would have yielded gladly to your will, but I could not of myself act from a single motive when so many were pressing upon me. You did not mean it so, but the cruelest thing you could have done was to leave me "free" as you called it, to exercise my own sense of what was due to myself, and the others, and to disentangle myself from the complications that I had woven about me. The one imperative demand of my being, Tony, is to be loved,—oh, the strange, incredible loneliness that those words ring out into! But I cannot write of that. I see more and more clearly your meaning in the position you have taken, and I know that at any time you would turn that dear kind, serious face to me,—yes, with all the love in it as of old, if I came and told you that I had acted from the single purpose, whatever that purpose might be.

But I can't, oh, I can't,—not yet. You are off there in the silence, leaving me to do in my own strength what looks to me as much the wrong thing as it seems to you the right. I may be struggling blindly in a horrible mistake, but what can I do? My course to have any significance must be shaped by causes in myself, and as yet I find no change in my point of view. I must not come to you empty-handed, when by a little waiting I shall be able to bring you freedom and the opportunity of your life. Yes, I know what you would say,—that the truth is better than any opportunity dishonorably obtained, and we should simply swing back to our starting-point,—my assertion that the money is now and will always seem to me rightfully mine.

Tony, I truly believe that even if my grandmother knew I should never marry Myles she would still choose that I should inherit her money rather than that it should be scattered among her "natural" heirs. But oh, I am so tired of the argument! My mind goes round and round the circle, no premise, no conclusion,—a dizzy spin. The reiterated thoughts are getting to lose all meaning, and sometimes I feel my head swim and my powers of reasoning fail, and I catch quickly at some rational, commonplace thing, like the grocery bills—they are very large just now and Myles wishes me to keep careful account of them—to steady myself and get back to the regions of absolute truth.

Our country is strangely disturbed,—our great, prosperous, ease-loving coun-

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try. The idea of a war seems incongruous enough, yet the situation is serious. And you are close to the central artery of the nation, both literally and in spirit. How do you feel about it?—in what way will you take action if it comes to an issue between our country and Spain? A vital question is at hand, and I do not know your attitude towards it. If war is declared and the cause appeals to you, there will be no question of your throwing your whole weight upon the side of the truth. Yet I am like Cuba, crushed beneath the heel of circumstances, and struggling in the same helpless way for freedom.

Oh, Tony, Tony, I know only two things, that I love you and that we are parted.

Thursday, April 28.

It is three months since I wrote you last. There have been days when I longed to speak to you, yet dreaded to see on paper the thoughts that burned so in my brain.

We have been getting our soldiers ready,—at last I have something definite to do. Larry is going, as I knew he would, and his mother is heart-broken. I sit with her a good deal, and we read and talk together. She is divided between her pride in him, and her conviction that he will be brought home to her dead,—the instinctive feelings of a mother, I suppose. That one boy is dearer than all others, therefore he must be a mark for the first evil thrust.

I have watched the papers closely for your name; the *Gazer* comes to me regularly. I feel sure that you will take some part in this righting of wrongs, I know your spirit so well. "If I were only a man!" must be the cry of every loyal, loving woman now. Oh, it is the women who bear the real brunt and burden of war. To go forth into actual conflict, to suffer privation or even pain, is little sacrifice compared with the passive waiting at home, living each day minute by minute, and painting upon each waking thought the picture of suffering for the one we love. God help all women now!

Sunday, May 8.

And bless the men who are going out to offer their lives in a holy cause. I have seen nothing of your name as yet, but I shall see it soon, for I read every word in the *Gazer*, and go you will. Sometimes I sit down at my desk, resolved to write you, but no words will come. It seems a strange thing, but the feeling is so strong that I do not try to overcome it. There is heroism in the air, and I must be breathing it in, or else I am "used" to keeping silence. At times you seem closer than ever, but again the nearness of the spirit seems a mere mockery, and I simply want *you*.

Larry's regiment has gone to camp. Our boys may never get any farther, and on the other hand, they may be at any time ordered south, and so on to the scene of actual war.

Agnes Burden and I devour the papers together, one of us reading aloud while the other works. Like many very quiet persons, she is tremendously fond of action in others, and wishes herself a man that she might take part in the excitement. I don't think it is the cause, so much as the stir and sensation that fires her, but she does look very pretty and animated as we read the daily news,—the call to arms and the quick response, the cry for troops and transports, amunition and provisions and supplies, the general clamour and confusion, and the mystery and danger that vibrates about us, all appeals to her dramatic sense. To me it comes as a calm, uplifting influence. I feel the exaltation of the hour. It seems to me a time for great deeds, not only between nations, but in every sphere where occasion calls for them. I cannot take any part in the redemption of Cuba, but perhaps—though I know not how—these intense vibrations of moral principle may waken my nature into some other form of action. Our indignation against Spain is only one little thing that has touched our sense of humanity. It is no more a vital issue in itself than the question that has lain between you and me for the last eight months, it only affects a greater number of people. Cuba must be free, and we must all be free, nations and individuals,—free from misconceptions, from wrong to ourselves, from the burden of another's will, from our own outgrown standards of good and evil, from all things that keep any one act subservient to another, so that one right should seem to necessitate another wrong, from the

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habit of the past and the fear of the future—from everything that qualifies the clear judgment of the moment that a certain thing is right, and that hampers us in the execution of our conviction.

I hardly know why I am writing this. The atmosphere about me is all ablaze

Bonnie lives over and over again the war of '61. Her brother was wounded at Olustee, and came home to live on a pension the rest of his days. We have some part of the story every morning:—"My dears, be thankful you have no one to lie awake at night and think of. War is a terrible thing. Poor Georgie lay thirty-six hours just where he fell without a drop of water, or a bit of food, or a pillow under his head. When he came out of hospital he was no more than a skeleton, as white as your collar, Madge, only he was really shockingly yellow, and his bones, why, I never knew what bones were before. He could hardly bear the weight of a down quilt, and we fed him a drop at a time off the end of the teaspoon. Of course I was very young, not nearly so old as you are now, Miss Burden" (one of Bonnie's artless fictions) "and it made a deep impression upon me. Mr. Boniface said I used to look so pathetic and so like a child standing by the bedside with the tears running down my cheeks, and the cup of beef broth in my hand. They were terrible times, and I don't think I've ever really got over the shock of seeing poor Georgie brought home in those awful clothes, all rags and blood. They call death the great leveler; I'm sure I think the same thing might be said of war. Dear Georgie came home in the car with ten privates, all of them as dirty as they could be. He said they were very kind to him, and I suppose they were in their way, poor things, but you would never believe me, girls, if I should tell you the condition. Where are you going, Madge?" for by this time I have put down my paper, unable to bear any more, and am preparing to leave the room. "I'm not going to tell you, so don't feel obliged to go. As I said, you would not believe me, and besides, it would hardly be delicate. I only wonder my hair did not turn grey that very night," this with a satisfied sidelong glance into the mirror where her brown waves and soft, bright eyes, and dainty colouring are agreeably reflected.

How strange it is to think what a small part of oneself finds expression in one's daily outward life! My whole being, every thought, every impulse, every desire, reaches out to you as a plant in the window leans towards the light, and yet to the people who see me every day I appear as one who has nothing personal at stake,—no one, as Bonnie says, to lie awake nights and worry about. How very far is little Bonnie from guessing that while she is peacefully asleep, dreaming of the picturesque tears that fell into poor Georgie's beef broth, I am lying with eyes wide open straining into the dark for some vision that shall show me where you are, whether safe on our own shore, or in the peril of the fray. If any one has the insight to read me it is Agnes, for the other day when Bonnie was humming "Tenting To-night," and I sat with my lip shut between my teeth trying to keep the tears back, I felt her grey eyes on my face in one of her furtive, searching looks. I got my composure as quickly as possible, for I shrink unspeakably from even a friendly scrutiny of my feelings. It is far easier to bear my part, whatever it must be, quite alone.

Monday, May 16.

I knew of course, that you would go, either with pen or with sword. You feel that you can be of more service as correspondent, but I do not deceive myself, knowing that either way there is equal danger. I am not *afraid* for you,—not now, yet at any time the fear may leap upon me. In the night it will come,—I am getting to dread the long, dark nights.

I have an extra copy of the *Gazer*, and that I suppose I am to regard as your farewell to me, though it is not even directed in your own hand. You are leaving me still free to act from my own motives,—God knows what I shall do with the responsibility!

Thursday, May 26.

Life on these terms will soon become insupportable. Action, action,—oh, if there were only something I could *do!* I cannot bear the situation much longer, and how I am to end it I do not know.

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My face in the glass frightens me as if it were not the reflection of my features, but my own soul looking out at me. At night I undress in the dark, for by lamplight my eyes have a menacing look not unlike those of Grandfather Pullen in the portrait down below. I have not been to see my grandmother for several days, and nobody has commented upon my neglect. I think it may be they recognise, at last, something of the nervous strain I am labouring under, without, of course, guessing at the cause. The truth of the matter is that I am haunted,—by myself. I walk through a system of mechanical movements neither planned nor executed consciously. I am only aware of them when I find myself doing them. The words I say often startle me, coming from my lips and not from my brain. Agnes is kind and solicitous, though not objectionably so; she is another girl like myself and that gives us a basis of understanding. She wishes I would let the doctor prescribe some simple tonic for me,—like all in her profession she believes in specifics.

I wonder if my heart is broken, or my spirit? No, for all days are not like this. Sometimes I feel a high courage, and the incidents of the way I am traversing seem not to matter, since I feel that I am pressing towards the end.

Sunday, June 19.

War without and unrest within. Every day the newspapers tell the story of advance and victory, of suffering and death, and every day I am moving forward one step further towards something that I cannot yet see.

There have been moments during the last five weeks,—brief ones, though intense with meaning—when the only solution of this throbbing question seemed to be that I should marry Myles. For one instant I would experience a sense of sudden relief in the very thought of a decision, of any decision that would enable this tumult within me to settle into rest. But oh! it cannot be done! Never, never! If you had not kissed me, Tony, I might perhaps ignorantly persuade myself that where duty led the way inclination might follow, but it would not, it would not. *I know;* and the memory, too sacred in its deep significance to be spoken even between ourselves, will save me from such a mistake.

Now that you have gone out into danger and possible death, your spirit seems to possess me. I wonder if it is really your spirit that is saying to me constantly, "The truth, the truth,—tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth." I feel it like a whip, and I start from sleep sometimes as if the words had stung me: "On with the truth, on with the truth, on!"

It is like a battle cry. This war that brave men are fighting sword to sword has revealed to me that I am a coward. It is no wonder you left me till I should come to my senses, Tony,—a coward. I might have told the truth and kept you. What is the money to us, that it should concern me? I think the touch of it would poison me. And if I take no action in the matter it will come to me in spite of myself. What should I do with it? Could I give it into your hands, the gain of a lie? You know I have often talked of being poor with you, and if I brought you nothing of worldly account I should put just so much the more into myself, in order that I might be all in all to you. We should not think of the things that money can buy. Your work would go on, your gifts would make their way. Foolish I, to think a little material security would add to the force of your spirit!

But would the truth, even, bring me to you now? Where are you, Tony? Speak to me out of the distance and the danger. This awful, awful silence! Send me one word, dear, to tell me that you are alive and love me. Tell me what to do, how to do it. The truth is striving within me, seeking to come forth, and I cannot any longer bear the stress and strain. After all, it is only to speak a few simple words, and then quietly to go away. Nobody will miss me. Myles can marry Agnes, and Maidie will be beautifully taken care of. Bonnie would go anywhere with me, and I should find you—somehow.

Wednesday, June 29.

The news did not shock or surprise me. A fragment of shell struck you, and your right arm was shattered,—the strong right arm that held me to your side a year ago. Father of mercies! You are suffering somewhere, and I cannot

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come to you, may not even know where you are. You will be taken out of the midst of the peril, and the worst has happened. . . . But how do I know? There are many kinds of danger lurking in that place of terror. The wounded cannot have the care they need, you will be neglected, perhaps, and there is fever and disease all about you. . . . Bonnie's stories have haunted me ever since I read the news. There is only one thing to cling to,—the mercy of God. But He is letting others suffer and die. . . .

I am trying to be calm. I have written to Mr. Norrice, who is in New York. He will go to the office and make inquiries, then keep me informed of whatever there is to tell. I must get away from here in some way, and the means which is most direct will serve me best. They will bring you back to this country as soon as possible, and I must be free to come to you if you need me,—and will have me. When I have told these people the truth perhaps you will let me come and serve you.

When I read in the *Gazer* yesterday that you were wounded, I felt all the scattered forces that make up my being rush together. I didn't turn faint, I only vibrated through and through. Every drop of blood was like an electric spark. I was not aware of any mental shock; the sensation was altogether physical, only there was no pain centre, just waves of suffering coming up one after another swiftly, with no pause between, and breaking over me.

I nerved myself and bore it. It is the only way. If one yielded to emotion in the very least it would be as if one opened the door to a thousand wolves. I even went to the table and pretended to eat, so successfully that no one suspected that my throat was as hard as a clinched fist. All night I lay awake, not thinking, only bearing the pain. To-day I feel as if I had taken an anesthetic.

I have been over to see Mrs. Carlew. Larry's regiment is on a transport somewhere between here and Cuba. She has cried till she is nearly blind, and the doctor says she must not use her eyes even to read the papers. I look at her in wonderment. How does she dare to let down the barriers to the wolf-pack? For me such giving way would mean madness.

Thursday, June 30.

Another sleepless night. My eyes burn and throb. In the glass as I was twisting up my hair this morning my face appeared white as chalk and my lips were as red as if they had been touched up with carmine. I stood looking at myself for a long time, the effect was so odd. All at once I turned to see Agnes Burden in the doorway watching me. I started and cried out, and she came quickly up and put her arms about me.

"Don't look at yourself that way, dear," she said; "it isn't good for you."

I don't know what she meant, but she led me downstairs, and we walked up and down the gravel in the shade of the maples till breakfast time.

I was moving about my room for an hour or two in the night, folding a few things and putting them in my trunk. I find it difficult to decide just what I would better take with me when I go. I shall never come back to this house, and yet, of course, I cannot now burden myself with all that belongs to me, and my preparations must be so carefully made as not to attract any attention. When I go from here, I shall slip away as quickly and quietly as possible, proceeding directly to New York, where I shall take a couple of rooms and wait for Bonnie to come to me as soon as she can get ready.

Friday, July 1.

The important thing is not so much to escape from here or to find you as to unburden myself of the truth. It is such a terrible weight upon me. Ever since I became so intensely aware of it, the pressure has been almost too great to bear. But now the end is very near. I am resolved to tell my grandmother that I cannot marry Myles. Then I will go away and they may settle the rest of the affair as they please. I shall be free.

Saturday, July 3, 2.30 A. M.

I slept heavily for two or three hours, and then woke suddenly with the conviction that there would be no more sleep for me to-night. Perhaps after daybreak I can lie down on the couch and lose myself for an hour or two, but the dark oppresses me, and I can't sleep with the lamp lighted.

I have had a letter from Mr. Norrice. He is at my service, and will make it his

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business to obtain for me all possible intelligence of you. He had seen the *Gazer* people, and Mr. Wheelman was most kind, promising him every item of news regarding you as soon as it could be obtained.

My plan is now quite definite. It consists of one central purpose,—to tell the truth; the details will follow naturally. They are more or less clear in my own mind, but if I try to set them down on paper I fear I shall become incoherent. *Your* spirit has taken possession of me, and I am not all myself. I shall act, when the time comes, calmly and deliberately, but it will not be out of my own judgment, which I believe, if I could think at all, I should find the same that it was six months ago.

The night is hot and breathless. One cannot escape from one's personality on such a night. There is no reaching out into clear spaces. The atmosphere presses close and shuts one in upon oneself. If, in finding the doors thus closed to escape, one comes face to face with a troop of menacing spirits it is a bit of a hell, Tony. But soon it will be over.

Sultry as it is, I shiver a little as I sit here in the grey dawn. The lamp is burning low. A strange weariness is creeping over me. I might sleep, I think.

Morning.

I had a short, dreamless nap. It has not refreshed me much, I think. Agnes brought me my coffee, and pressed me to eat. To please her I tried, but it required a great effort to swallow. However, the daylight is a relief, and I feel stronger. Bonnie complains that she is wilted by the heat; she came in and chattered till I begged her to leave me, telling her that my head ached, which was perfectly true, —oh, I'm telling nothing but the strict truth, literal and uncompromising, nowadays. I should be glad of Agnes Burden's company, but she is doing all the nursing this week, Miss Mackillay being away for a short rest.

How my hands tremble! It is only by writing rapidly that I can keep them steady at all. When you read these pages, Tony, you will see the wavering lines and be sorry for your little Madge, only it won't matter then, that is, if you do overlook my long perversity. As I wrote those words, dearest, a queer sen-

sation went over me like a wave. The room seemed to tip, and as I closed my eyes I saw a bright red light before them. This will not do. Certainly nothing is wrong with me, except, perhaps, my nerves, and until now I never knew I had any.

Just then Bonnie looked in and declared her conviction that I was going to be ill. I said, "I certainly shall be, Bonnie, if you keep on telling me so." So she went off in a huff. I must follow and make my peace with her. She will melt if I offer her a bit of neckwear or a lace-edged handkerchief. And I must rouse myself, or I *shall* be ill.

Evening.

I drove two hours with Myles late in the afternoon. It was like a dream, the trees and houses slipping past us, and the distant view changing like a slow-moving panorama. Myles was kind; he let me lean back in the carriage and be silent. I shall ask Agnes to give me something that will make me sleep to-night.

Monday, July 4.

The day of independence. I wish it might be the day of my freedom. I took breakfast with the family this morning, having had a few hours' sleep, thanks to Agnes, who brought me some powders. Not only my head, but my whole body feels light to-day. It is no effort to drag myself about as it was yesterday.

They are talking downstairs about good news, I don't know what it is. I am only hoping that sometime during the day there will come an opportunity for me to be alone with my grandmother,—quite alone for ten or fifteen minutes without fear of interruption. My trunk is ready, except for a few last things, and I have written a letter to Myles; it is on my dresser, under the pincushion. I can leave to-morrow morning.

Later.

It is nearly sundown. Maidie has been teasing her father to take her to Bergenville to see the fireworks, and if he consents Bonnie will go with them. That will leave Agnes and me alone with my grandmother, and I shall consider that my opportunity has arrived. I will tell Agnes she may go outside a little while for a breath of fresh air, and I will

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sit with the patient. Then I can tell her what I have to say, and I shall be free,—oh, Tony, free!

It seems to me they will never decide to go. They have been debating the question for two hours. Will there be showers? (I think so, but do not proclaim my convictions.) Or will the horses be frightened by the rockets? Bonnie, who screams at a spider, is not in the least apprehensive of a runaway accident. Maidie says she *knows* it will not rain. I think Myles will be over-persuaded, for since Maidie's illness he has indulged her to the point of weakness.

7 P. M.

They have been gone an hour. There are heavy thunderclouds in the west, and an ominous wind is beginning to sweep along the ground. I have told Agnes that I will sit in the room while she goes downstairs. She was glad to avail herself of the opportunity, and said at once that she would go as soon as she had given my grandmother her nourishment.

I have a feeling that grandma will receive what I have to say in a more sympathetic spirit than I should have expected her to do six months ago. I shall try to make her understand that a loveless marriage would be wrong in itself, and quite as undesirable for Myles as for me. She is a woman, and no woman, it seems to me, can be quite beyond the reach of an appeal like that. This is the great occasion of my life, the highest and most important. When I came to you at your call I did only what any woman would have done; this is a supreme act, and it is not I who am performing it, Tony, it is you. Only in acting through me, you have made me for the time being as great as yourself.

At any rate, I could keep back the truth no longer, whatever came of the telling. To go away in disgrace, as I suppose I shall have to do, seems not at all a terror to me. As for the money, I would not have it. So I am not afraid of anything they can do. Armed with the truth, the weak become strong. I am strong.

The clouds are growing blacker, and the room is darkening in the corners. There is a brassy tinge to the sky in the east, a wicked, baleful light is over the grass and trees, making them a vivid green. I looked into the hall just now, and Agnes had come out from the room with the cup in her hand. She nodded to me, giving me to understand that she is ready to go down. My hour is come. I think I heard a growl of thunder. The others may have taken alarm at the storm and come back at any moment. There is no time to lose. The hall is long and dark, and seems a little fearful, the tall window at the end looks taller and grimmer than ever. God, help me. Give me the calmness and courage that I need to tell the truth in the simplest and most straightforward way.

8 P. M.

I have killed my grandmother.

New York, August 2.

We have been here three weeks, Bonnie and I, and in all that time I have written not one word to you. At first I could not, I was so dull and dazed with the strain of the ordeal I had imposed upon myself, and so taxed by the effort to adjust myself to the sudden change of conditions. But I am young and therefore elastic; I am much the same Madge that you knew so long ago, sobered and saddened a little, perhaps, as was inevitable, but capable, I think, of happiness, if happiness could come.

Mr. Norrice has been more than kind. He has taken care to keep me informed of every step of your progress towards recovery, either bringing or sending me daily bulletins directly from the doctor who attends you. I could not help taking that liberty, after the suspense and anxiety of the past two months I felt that I could bear no more. You stood the amputation well, and the wound is healing rapidly,—that much I am sure of. So it is well with you, and for myself I dare to hope a little, though I cannot trust entirely. It is nearly a year since I heard from you, and during that time you have known me only as a wilful, obstinate girl without moral sense. Whatever you may have thought of me, however confidently you may have trusted to my coming at last into the single path, you do not *know,* and so in your mind I may have seemed to have yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and chosen, or taken, the path which led away from you. But oh, you might as well have stayed

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at my elbow, Tony! I should have been no less responsible in the matter.

One little star of hope I do see. There is a letter in charge of Mr. Wheelman at the *Gazer* office addressed to me, which was to be forwarded to my address in case it should have befallen that you were never to come back. Oh, Tony, it seems to me I must have that letter, and I should have tried to plead with Mr. Wheelman for it, only that Mr. Norrice is sure they would not give it up to me except under the implied conditions. I cannot see why I might not have it, but men are so unnecessarily literal that no doubt your editor would say as Mr. Norrice does, that it would be a breach of faith to deliver it as long as you are alive. Neither of them can know what it would mean to me to know what you had to say to me when you were going away perhaps never to come back.

Yet, sealed and in other hands though it is, inaccessible to me, and written two months ago, it constitutes the only substantial hope I have to flatter myself with. You did think of me and care to leave me a word of farewell. It is little enough for a loving woman, a mere thread of assurance that I had not been quite dismissed from your regard, but it is something.

I will finish my story and send it with the packet of letters for you to read and pass judgment upon. At your window above the Hudson, in the quiet place where you are resting and recovering, you can look out over the sloping roofs and green banks to the shining river, and your heart will decide. I mustn't say one word to forestall that decision. Only, Tony,—well, my story must come first.

I have not looked again at the pages already written. The whole summer up to that night four weeks ago was just a fever dream. I mustn't try to recall it. I have lived through it, and that is enough. I am out now in the open again, and whatever comes to me, it will be something that is truly my own, and that I have a right to accept. And whether I have the one happiness that I long for or not, there is still the glorious fact that I am forever free from all that burden of misconception. I have said the truth and acted upon it, and the joy of the release is almost as great as the happiness that would lie in your approval.

When I went to my grandmother's room that night, it was with a single purpose,—to tell her that I could not marry Myles, and leave her to act accordingly. Strangely enough, I thought of nothing that was involved in such a disclosure, least of all its effect upon her. All objections to the course seemed to have vanished utterly. I did not want the money. I cared as little for it as you had. I went to her as one woman would go to another with a matter that vitally concerned us both. I even forgot that she was my grandmother and a hard woman. After all, we had our sex in common, but I don't know that I even thought of that.

Agnes got up with a smile when I went in. It was already growing dark in the room, and she had lighted the small night lamp that stood on the table between the two front windows as far as possible from my grandmother's bed. She looked comfortable and pretty, I remember, in a plain white linen dress that had been washed many times and was very soft and clinging.

"Now go out on the lawn and see if you cannot find a cool spot," I said, controlling my voice, as I thought, to speak unconcernedly. "There is a breeze coming up, you may be able to run across it. I shall not be surprised to see the fireworks party back at any minute. We are going to have showers."

"So I was thinking," she answered. She did a few little things in the room before she glided out.

"Don't come back for half an hour," I said, following her to the door. "I will take a book and sit by the lamp. I hope you will find a cool place outside."

She smiled over her shoulder at me as she went towards the staircase, and I turned back to the still room with the green-shaded lamp making a small circle of light on the carpet, and the long, motionless figure stretched out like a lifeless body on the wide bed. I stood by the window a few minutes watching the wet, heavy clouds mount up in the west, their edges fringed and fluttering in the angry wind. Every now and then the trees bent before the coming storm, the slender maple branches turning over and showing the pale-green lining of their leaves.

A flash of white lightning in the heart

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of the cloud mass drove me from the window, not in fear of the storm, but with the startled consciousness that I was wasting precious time. I hesitated an instant, fancying I heard wheels on the gravel, but it was only one of the maids turning over the piazza chairs on the porch below. As I moved away, two or three drops of rain dashed heavily against the glass.

I slowly approached the bed. My grandmother was not asleep, for her one eye was open, and as I drew near it turned like a piece of mechanism and fastened itself on me. I experienced a momentary sensation of shrinking horror which I stifled by main strength almost before it reached my consciousness. To restore my courage, I spoke at once.

"Grandma," I said in a low tone, but enunciating very carefully, "I have come to ask you if I may look again at your will." I repeated the words after a moment's pause to let her grasp their meaning with her poor dulled perceptions.

To the ordinary observer that one eye would have seemed to be entirely lacking in expression. But we were used to reading it carefully, and after a few seconds I saw a certain glimmer of intelligence dawn in it, and detected a slight movement of her hand, by which I understood that she was willing I should reach under her pillow and take out the key of the safe.

I did so, and, kneeling, unfastened the padlock and swung open the door, then ran my fingers over the papers till I came to the envelope that held the will. I drew the document from the wrapper, and saw the big red seal upon it.

I pulled forward a chair and sat down by the bed holding the paper in my hand where she could see it. All thought of everything but the living issue between us two women was gone from me, there was only myself and the face that lay before me on the pillow A gust of wind had extinguished the flame of the night lamp, but a flash of lightning just then showed me her features, her mouth set grimly on one side, dragged and drooping on the other, her grizzled hair parted with exactness and smoothed under the close cap, and the one inexorable eye fixed upon me. It was the last look I had of her face, for the room was now so dark that it was only a grey object against the dim whiteness of the pillow.

I think I spoke like this:

"Grandma. when you made this will. you believed that I should some time marry Myles. I myself believed it, if, indeed, I thought so seriously of anything at that time. To you and to him it seemed desirable that we should marry, and I was passive in the matter, passive and very ignorant of myself. I gave way to the stronger wills because I didn't know what I was doing. But now I do know what it would mean to marry a man I didn't love. Grandma," I pleaded, bending forward in my earnestness, "you are a woman, and you will understand me. Please try to understand. I am not wilful, nor selfish, nor obstinate in this, and I am truly sorry to disappoint you. But last summer in New York I met a man whom I could love well enough to give my life to him without any worldly considerations to make it more desirable. We came together as if God had taken us by the hand and led us to each other. I didn't tell you at first because,—well, there were several reasons. I see now that I ought to have done so, but I feared your displeasure, and dreaded the opposition I should meet. I waited in a cowardly hesitation, but I cannot be false any longer. I must tell you the bare truth, hard as it may seem to you. Grandma, I cannot marry Myles. Therefore I have no right to inherit your money."

I thought I had heard her breath come quickly once or twice, and it seemed to me her head had moved slightly on the pillow as if she had lifted her chin to take a deeper breath, but her hand, which was the only part of her body capable of expressing her wishes or feelings, did not flutter at all, and lay inert on the counterpane.

I held up the will between us. "That is why I asked to see this," I went on. "Almost all your money was to come to me, and I thought you might wish to change that now. So if you bid me to do so I shall destroy the will. Is it your wish that it be destroyed? Please tell me what to do?"

I knelt on the floor beside the bed so that I could see the slightest movement of her hand in the growing darkness. It lay still as a piece of clay, the long, withered fingers with their prominent joints

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and square tips curled up and motionless. "Only move your hand and I shall know." I spoke very slowly and distinctly. "If you wish me to destroy the will, just move your hand. If you do not I shall understand that I am to put it back in the safe. Now is the time to tell me, grandma. Miss Burden will be here very soon. I am willing to do whatever you tell me. The money is nothing to me. I only want the man I love, if he will have me. You can understand that, can't you? Perhaps you did love my grandfather a little—when you were both young. Oh, please move your hand if you want the will destroyed. I should be so glad to do it. I don't know what you wish me to do. This is dreadful, grandma. I am giving you pain and I am suffering myself. Why can't you tell me what to do?"

In my distress I put out one hand and touched hers. It was so cold and unresponsive that I started back and got trembling upon my feet. I stood looking down at her, chilled by a fear that I could not formulate. My voice must have shaken as I said,

"I must put it back in the safe, then. But I can never touch the money. If you would only let me know that you are displeased and angry, that you want to leave me without a penny,—anything but this awful silence. I don't know what you mean, can't you see that I don't?—and what I am to do must be done quickly." The thought that perhaps she had not seized one word of the meaning I was trying to convey, rushed over me all at once, and just then I heard the horses' feet dash on to the concrete driveway in front of the stables, and the quick rumble of wheels followed. In a panic of desperation I thrust the paper into the envelope. The darkness began to suffocate me and make me dizzy. I felt that I had reached the end of my self-possession, that I must escape from the room into the air.

I don't know what I should have done, perhaps have rushed madly from her presence with the will in my hand, but at that instant a great light gleamed vivid and intense on the opposite wall, as if a ball of fire had dropped in front of the windows, and immediately there followed a crash that filled the whole house with sound, and almost stunned me. It was impossible to tell what fearful thing had happened or where it had centered itself. I heard a shriek,—my own voice, probably,—and the next I knew I was clinging to the heavy footboard of the bed and praying God to save me from whatever the thing might be.

Just then some one came swiftly into the room. It was Agnes, in her white dress. She went over and relighted the lamp, then with the quick instinct of the nurse, hurried to the bed and bent over it, putting her face close to the pillow. She took up the hand that had lain so immovable and felt the wrist; stooping again she touched the cheek and turned the face slightly toward her. I stood as if paralysed, realising that something tremendous had happened, but ignorant of what it was.

Agnes straightened herself and looked at me. She seemed to take in the details of the scene, my rigid figure, the envelope that lay upon the floor, the open safe, and the chair that I had somehow overturned,—when the crash came, I suppose.

"What is this?—some paper of hers? Does it belong in the safe? And where is the key?—oh, in the lock, yes." She thrust the document in among the others, shut the door softly but quickly, turned the key and slipped it into its place under the pillow.

"Now go," she said, taking me firmly by the shoulders; "go to your room and stay till somebody calls you. Your grandmother is dead."

As I went down the hall I could hear Bonnie crying hysterically and Maidie's shrill voice calling me from below. The bolt that split one of our biggest elms had fallen just as they were driving into the stables, and the horses had been so frightened they had almost overturned the carriage. When I had been in my room a few minutes, I heard Bonnie give a scream, and then she came flying along the passage into my room.

"Madge, Madge, are you here. I can't see. Make a light, do. Oh, what a dreadful thing! She is dead, Madge, Miss Burden says the shock of that awful crash must have caused her death at once. She is dead, Madge, don't you hear me? Margaret is dead, your grandmother. Oh, won't you ever get that lamp lighted? I don't know where I am."

It was well for me, perhaps, that I had

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such an absorbing care as Bonnie proved to be for the remainder of the night. Whimpering and disheveled, her eyes wide and full of frightened tears, her lips white and trembling and her whole body shaking like that of a person in the ague, she collapsed on my couch and became almost unconscious. It was two hours before I had her quiet on my bed. She filled the air with her self-reproaches for not having done her duty by poor Margaret in her lifetime, for having shrunk in distaste from the unpleasant sight of the poor stricken old lady when she should have been sitting by the bedside smoothing the wrinkles out of her pillow. Of course it was perfectly true that Bonnie had been as selfish as any bird or butterfly; the fact that the nurses had done everything, and done it well, did not morally exculpate her. And now the thought of that inanimate object that had once been her benefactress filled her both with remorse and superstitious fear. Grandma Pullen's spirit was no longer bound to her body; it might choose to walk the house. So she talked and cried and shuddered, starting nervously at every sound, until at last she fell asleep clinging to my hand.

But in the morning as I was tiptoeing about the room as carefully as possible in the effort not to waken her she startled me by saying abruptly from the bed,

"Do you think I might have a band of dull jet round the brim of my bonnet, Madge? It is correct for half mourning, you know, and of course I shall not wear crape. It is unbecoming and expensive, and besides, Margaret would not have worn it for me. Oh," with a sudden pang of recollection, "my pretty blue blouse with the rows of feather-stitching that I took such pains with!" She sighed deeply. "It must be dyed, of course. I wonder if it will take a good black,—doesn't it seem a pity, Madge, that exquisite shade? Death is so sad. I shall have one black taffeta waist with fine tucks, and a whole gown of nun's veiling, made with a very long sweep. Well, in a way it is a relief to think poor Margaret is gone. What time is it, dear? Will you see to my breakfast,—soft-boiled eggs and a thin slice of toast, perhaps two if they are very thin. I suppose I must eat if I possibly can, grief is so exhausting. Please put the cream in the cup yourself, dear, and pour the tea over it, the maids are so careless, they will always leave it to the last."

And that was the story of the next two weeks. I am afraid I was content to stay on the surface of things with Bonnie, and allow Myles to arrange the details—the gruesome particulars that somebody has to consider—according to his judgment. The rest I won't describe,—it was all a dream-like pageant. The shock of the thunder-clap passed easily as the cause of my grandmother's death; and the sight of the riven elm, split almost the whole length of its great trunk was sufficiently convincing to every one.

After all, you will see, Tony, the truth did not serve the purpose that I had expected it would. The will remained carefully locked in the safe where Agnes had put it until the day after the funeral, when it was read in the presence of the family. Bonnie's deep solemnity on that occasion was a credit to her. She has a thousand dollars for herself, the income of which will, by careful management, buy one costume, one hat, one pair of boots and two pairs of gloves a year. But that phrase, "All the rest I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Margaret Pullen," with its fascinating indefiniteness, must have set her limited but active imagination in a whirl. I did not look at her, but I could tell how her delicate eyebrows arched themselves and her pretty mouth pursed up with a comfortable sympathy for the poor Margaret who had been called away from all further enjoyment of her worldly possessions.

But she preserved the proprieties of the occasion beautifully. Even when we were alone she found it possible to shed a few tears before she said:

"My dear girl, did you expect it? You were as calm as an eight day clock. One would think you were in the habit of having a fortune left you every week. I suppose you will be able to live very nicely on what poor Margaret has left you, and, of course, you will marry well, too,—a girl of your attractiveness with a nice little income back of it. Shall you stay in Pullen, dear?—for a while, I mean; of course not always."

I said I had made no plans, and then I thought it might be as well to give her a slight hint of my position. So I said:

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"Bonnie, I don't intend to alter my ways of living on account of this fortune, as you call it. I shall probably give away a good part of my income. But I shall always take care of you, and as soon as possible I want to go away from here. We will talk more about it by and by, when I have had time to think a little."

I had already determined upon my course in certain matters. I went the next day to Bergenville, and spent three hours with my grandmother's lawyer, at the end of which time I had made over all she had left me,—houses, lands, mill stock and bank accounts, to Hannah Havenden, otherwise known as Maidie; and if it ever helps to save her from a loveless marriage it will be of more benefit to her than it ever could have been to me. I had not a little difficulty in persuading the lawyer to help me carry out my intentions; he seemed to think I should be likely to come rushing in the next day and beg him to undo the business. But at last I carried my point, though I think he still believes me slightly unbalanced, so he drew up the papers and in a few minutes the transaction was concluded.

There was only one thing more. I had to tell Myles that I was going away. Of course, it was not an easy thing to explain. Tony, I won't deceive you in the least,—he is not so utterly without feeling as I had believed him to be. But I can't write about that. He took a larger view of the case than I thought him capable of, and because he *didn't* blame me, I went down into the valley of humiliation, and begged him to forget my wayward selfishness and my thoughtlessness and egotism. For the first time since my grandmother died, I broke down and cried, and when I looked up, Tony, I caught the expression on his face,—there was pain in it, a proud sort of pain for which one could not offer one's pity. Well, there was no talk of friendship between us, we were deep below that. We never could talk with a common understanding, because we never thought with one, but we touched bottom that day, and both of us knew it was final. I said nothing of the disposition I had made of the money, but left word with the lawyer to tell him when the occasion came. One thing I did long to say, "Myles, I am leaving you Agnes. She is a much more desirable friend than I should have been, and in a year's time I shall expect you to write and tell me so." But I only suggested that he should keep her for a while as a companion for Maidie; the child needed a good time and a healthy reaction from the restrain of the past year. He replied that he had been considering the arrangement and hoped that Miss Burden would think favourably of it,—as I feel sure she will. So in a little time, I venture to believe, it will be well with them all.

Here ends the final chapter that relates to Pullen, and I will send the packet to you without another word. If I could come to you, Tony, in place of the right arm you have lost, if I could just be the hand to execute the will of your brain, it would be a blessed service to which I should be humbly glad to give the rest of my life. But I have no right to ask even that. I tremble when I think of the selfish, heartless, mercenary, untruthful spirit that has written itself out in uncompromising detail upon these pages. But it is there, and representing one phase of my character in its process of development, it was a part of the truth, and must go to you as such.

Tony, do not be afraid of hurting me if I seem to you to deserve the punishment of your disapproval, but in any case, dear,—oh, if I might see you once, very quietly, coming simply as an old acquaintance to assure myself of your well-being,—there would be no harm in that, would there? Yet perhaps I couldn't——

Oh, Tony, it would be the joy of living to serve you!

August 4.

I am here in the next room to where you are sleeping, one hour earlier than the time,—I couldn't wait for the appointed hour. Bonnie is with me, we left Mr. Norrice at the station to take the next train back to the city. His good-bye was like a blessing,—what should I have done without him?

Your one word, Come, reached me this morning, and *I am here.* I have looked once into the room and seen you stretched out on the couch, your one arm lying across your breast and your empty sleeve pinned up, your dear face, a little pale and thin, resting on the blue pillow. The

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forehead, the dark, crisp hair, the firm mouth and chin,—they are all the same, and presently when you waken, I shall see my own face in your eyes, as in the old days. What a strange and terrible thing is this sudden joy,—harder to bear, almost, than pain! I am suffering in my own incapacity, feeling the sense of limitation that a great happiness reveals. Tony, I am to be your right arm,—can I believe it?

You are sleeping long and quietly. It is like your beautiful calm self to take your daily nap, though you knew I was coming. But the nurse has told me what a change has come over you since yesterday morning. You are *glad,* and, Tony, I am glad, but not altogether as I thought I should be. I see life before us, not only the joy, but the possible sorrow, the struggle, and it may be, the separation, but above all I see the service, the work, the helpfulness that such a union as ours must give back in some measure to the world we live in.

Your watch lies in a case on the table beside your couch. When you wake, I think you will look first at that. The nurse gave me permission to go at once to you when I heard you stirring. It will not startle you to see me in the doorway, for to you all things are natural, and follow in their ordered sequence.

Did you sigh just then? . . . There was a movement, surely. I *feel* that you are awake. Shall I speak? . . . shall I come? . . . I hear your watch chain click against the case as you put out your hands to look at the hour. Tony——

THE END.

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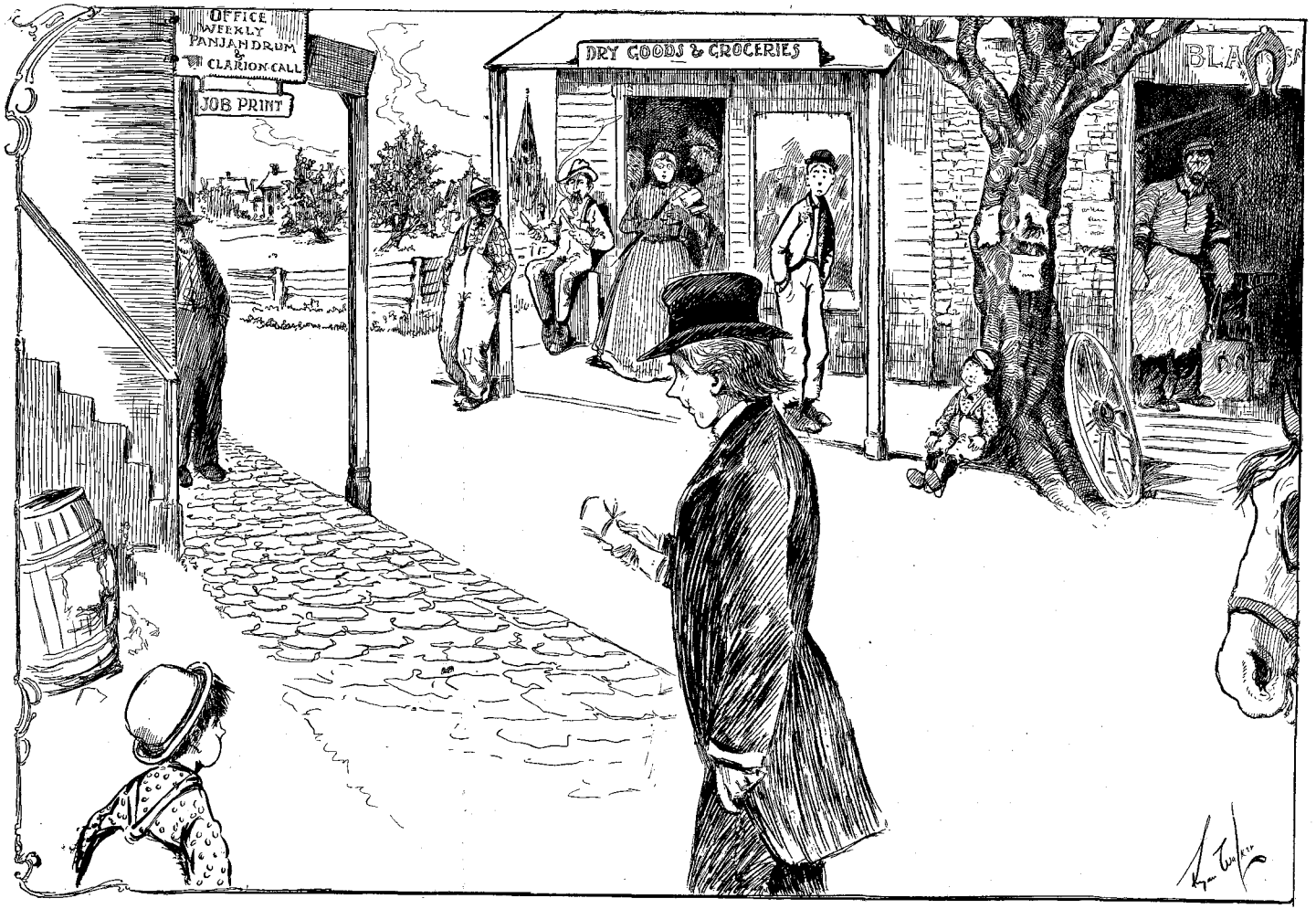

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-POET—A LEAF FROM LITERARY LIFE IN A SMALL VILLAGE.

In my youth I carried my poems to the editor of the Weekly Panjandrum and Clarion Call—I realised that the eyes of the village were upon me.

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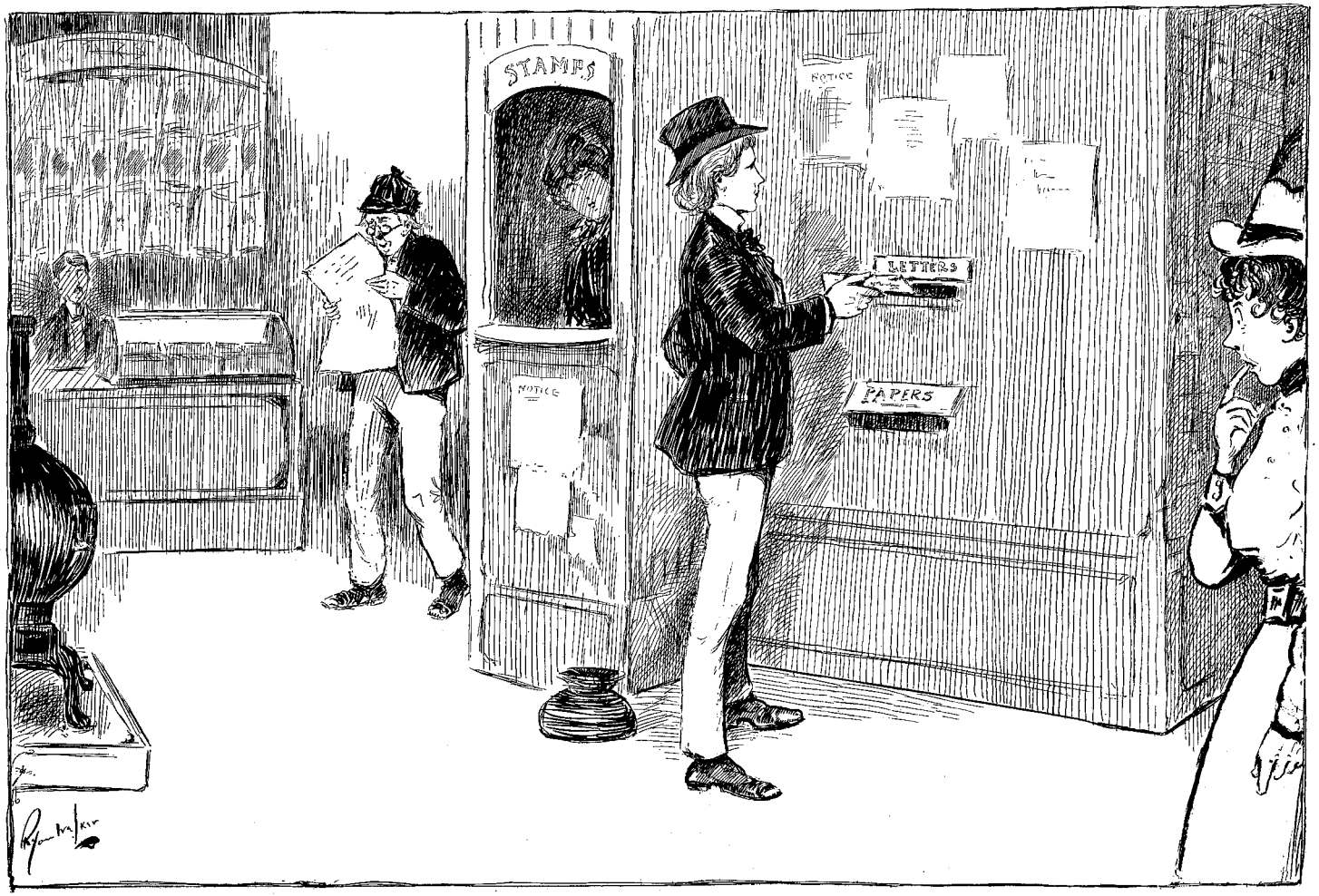

I mailed many poems to various magazines—which like bread upon the waters came back to me—with little printed slips of apology from the editors.

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With shame I confess that SHE, my Layra, the theme and inspiration of my most passionate poems, flouted me for one who had no poetry in his soul.

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HERE AND THERE.

Russia and Japan

War between Russia and Japan became inevitable in 1895, when the former power, backed up by France and Germany, arrogantly compelled the Japanese to relinquish the fruits of their victory over China. Japan had sought a foothold on the Asiatic Continent. Some outlet for her crowded population was necessary, if not for her existence, at least for her expansion to the measure of a great power. For the moment, she was compelled to give up what she had fairly won in battle. Her navy as yet was too small to cope with the massed fleets of the three European nations; and Lord Rosebery, who was then Prime Minister of England, let slip the one great opportunity which has presented itself to British statesmanship in our own times. Had an English squadron at that critical moment ranged itself beside the warships of Japan, Russia would have receded from her demand, the Manchurian question would never have arisen to vex the diplomats of Europe and America, Corea would have quietly become Japanese, and we should not to-day be reading the bulletins of battles.

But from the moment when Russia humiliated Japan at Shimonoseki, war at some time in the future became as inevitable as the conflict between Austria and Prussia in the sixties, or between France and Prussia in the seventies. Given a clash of permanent interests, with hatred on one side and contempt upon the other, and no prophet was needed to predict the issue.

And so for eight years the people of Japan directed all their energies toward just one end—a life and death grapple with the mighty Russian Empire. They maintained and disciplined a powerful army. They built battleships and cruisers. Their strategists have planned with all the patience and all the passion for detail with which von Moltke worked out his great campaign of 1870. And finally, when further waiting would have given the enemy an insuperable advantage, the Mikado made a definite demand upon the Czar, and having received only politely evasive answers, struck the blow which put an end to talk. This world again has seen that in spite of arbitration treaties and Hague tribunals, there exists no court of last appeal save that whose verdict is traced in blood and tears.

To which of the two contending States does the world's sympathy go out? It is safe to say that Russia stands alone—without one single friend among the nations of the earth. The German government for policy's sake, and looking to the future, may tinge its professed neutrality with a pro-Russian colouring; but the German people dread and hate the great Empire which is always looming up as a potential menace to German aspiration. In France, the Russophiles have dwindled to an obvious minority, since France has given much and has received little in the years of the Muscovite alliance; and the Paris government is as impassive over the Port Arthur disaster as was the St. Petersburg government over the "humiliation" at Fashoda. The rest of the world has learned to think of the Russian autocracy as the embodiment of cynical contempt for plighted faith, and as a bully among nations, browbeating, insolent and barbaric. The oppression of Finland, the extinction of Poland, the betrayal of the Armenians, and the butchery of the Jews, have been coupled with a violation of the most solemn pledges in Manchuria and the defiance of the most elementary principles of international comity. Even the United States, bound as it has been by a tradition of friendship to the Russian Empire, has turned its face away, and regards the spread of Russian power in the East as a menace to its welfare. Some have said that, morally, there is no difference between the cause of Russia and the cause for which Japan is fighting; since each empire aims at the possession of Corea, to which neither has a right. Yet there is a difference—the difference between a burly ruffian who robs to gratify his vices, and a hungry man who

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seizes on a loaf to keep himself from starving. To Russia, the loss of Corea would be merely an inconvenience; to Japan it would be almost destructive.

The issue of the war is a question more interesting than any which our generation has had presented to it. Japan's success upon the sea was confidently looked for by the best informed observers; but the coming struggle between the two armies will be a fascinating and exciting episode in history. In the long run, and with a free hand, Russia is bound to win. A white nation may always be counted on to overcome a brown or black or yellow one. The Russians are not so white as many think them, for the Tartar strain in their blood is unmistakable; yet the Caucasian element predominates; and we believe that these huge, indomitable masses of sullen, stalwart fighters would wear out the nervous but evanescent energy of the Japanese. If Russia can maintain internal peace, we think that even under the enormous financial strain of a war fought out so far from home, she will conquer in the end. Her people are apathetic and her officials are corrupt; but the grimness of the Russian character and the vastness of the Czar's resources, with their glacier-like resistlessness are capable of crushing the mimetic cleverness of Japan just as they baffled the inspired genius of Napoleon. *H. T. P.*

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Alwood Company:

The Younger Mrs. Courtney. By Mrs. Frank Broaker.

A novel of broken marriage vows, with a number of sensational climaxes. The author intends to have the book dramatised, and has written it to read like a play.

American Book Company:

Homeric Stories for Young Readers. By Frederick Aldin Hall, Litt.D.

The tales of Homer are here adapted for elementary reading and presented as a connected narrative. This is the latest volume in the series of Eclectic School Readings, and is especially intended for use in the sixth and seventh grades.

Ames and Rollinson Press:

The Iberian. Anglo-Greek Play. By Osborn R. Lamb. With Music by H. Claiborne Dixon.

In writing "The Iberian" the authors have attempted to combine in a play of one act certain of the beauties of the ancient Greek drama with those of the modern romantic play, and they have tried to adapt the same to the stage of to-day.

Appleton and Company:

Life in London. By Pierce Egan.

The National Sports of Great Britain. By Henry Alken. Fifty Engravings with Descriptions.

The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax, in Search of a Wife.

Handy Andy. By Samuel Lover.

This series is in many respects exceptional. Not only is it placing at the disposition of the reader a number of books that have been for the last few years comparatively inaccessible, but it leaves little to be desired typographically and in the matter of the illustrations. The coloured prints from Rowlandson and Gillray and Cruikshank and Alken recall a school of British art which, despite its frequent lapses into bad taste, reflected absolutely the spirit of the British nation at one of the most robust and dramatic periods of its history.

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Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory. By Oscar P. Austin.

Rocky Mountain Exploration. By Reuben G. Thwaites.

These belong to the Expansion of the Republic Series, wihch deals with the well-known expansion of territory known to American history.

The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the West. By Robert E. Anderson.

A small handbook belonging to the series entitled The Library of Useful Stories. Professor Anderson is also the author of Extinct Civilisations of the East.

Sylvia's Husband. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

A new volume in the Novelettes de Luxe Series, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland, where a merry house party runs riot in Ballyrig Castle.

The Close of the Day. By Frank H. Spearman.

A new novel by the author of Doctor Bryson and The Daughter of a Magnate. It deals with the life of an actress.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Body Beautiful. By Nannette Magruder Pratt.

Mrs. Pratt gives some common-sense ideas on health and beauty without medicine, and the book should, therefore, make a strong appeal to women. There are chapters on Foods Digestible and Indigestible, Health Baths, Sleeping, Tight Lacing, and How to Put on Flesh, while the last chapter contains a number of recipes for making hair tonics, lotions for the face, etc.

Benzinger Brothers:

The Beginnings of Christianity. By Very Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L.

The discourses contained in this book deal with some general conditions of Christian life in the first three centuries of our era. The author is Professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington.

Century Company:

Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. Bell.

Mr. Bell sprang into prominence through his Scotch dialect story, Wee MacGreegor. In this little book he has, therefore, very wisely written a story in much the same vein.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Deliverance. By Ellen Glasgow.

A new novel by Miss Glasgow, which every one pronounces the best work she has done as yet. It is a story of the tobacco country during the Reconstruction period. THE BOOKMAN reviews the book in the present number.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong. By Edith Armstrong Talbot.

A biographical study of the founder of Hampton Institute. The book is illustrated and is the work of General Armstrong's daughter.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Sevastopol and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude.

This is a new translation, especially authorised by Count Tolstoy. The book relates the author's own experiences and sensations during a noted siege of modern history.

Jenkins:

Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage. Par Chateaubriand. Edited with Notes and Vocabularies. By Victor E. François, A.M.

Although written in the first decade of the last century, this book was not published until 1826. The author's reason for this delay was that the favourable picture he had drawn of the Spanish peopeople who were then resisting Napoleon would have led to the suppression of the tale by the Emperor.

En Voyage. A collection of Conversations in French and English. By T. M. Clark.

These conversations are adapted to the use of tourists and classes. The exercises are not intended to teach French grammar; they simply give practice in using a variety of expressions of common occurrence in travelling.

Kellogg and Company:

Education Through Nature Study. By John P. Munson, Ph.D.

The material in this volume formed a course of lectures delivered by the author on Methods of Science-Teaching. Professor Munson is connected with the Washington State Normal School, and he has devoted sixteen years to the study of nature.

Practical and Artistic Basketry. By Mrs. Laura Rollins Tinsley.

An illustrated hand book on basketry

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by a former principal in the Minneapolis public schools.

Lane:

Sophisms of Free-Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined. By Sir John Barnard Byles.

A new edition with an introduction and notes by William Samuel Lilly, LL.M., and Charles Stanton Devas, M.A. The text of the eighth edition of Sir John Byles's book is reprinted, unaltered, except by correction of a few trifling errors of the press. Notes are appended to each chapter, enclosed in brackets, and signed by the editors.

Macmillan Company:

The American Prisoner. By Eden Phillpotts.

A romance of the West Country by the author of Children of the Mist and The River. Mr. Phillpotts dedicates his novel to Miss Jeannette L. Gilder.

The Dynasts. By Thomas Hardy.

This is the First Part of Mr. Hardy's Drama of the Napoleonic Wars. It is to be in three parts, with nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes. The contents of Second and Third Parts may be found at the end of this volume. A note is made to the effect that these parts are in hand, but their publication is not guaranteed.

Points at Issue and Some Other Points. By Henry A. Beers.

The subjects which Professor Beers has chosen for this little volume are: College Entrance Requirements in English, Literature and the Colleges, Literature and the Civil War, Emerson's Transcendentalism, The Modern Feeling for Nature, Æsthetic Botany, The English Lyric, Dialect on the Old Stage, and The Queen of Hearts.

The Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java. By Clive Day, Ph.D.

The aim of this volume is to give in a brief compass the significant results of the experiences of the Dutch in their most important dependency. The author is Assistant Professor of Economic History in Yale.

The New Testament in the Christian Church. Eight Lectures by Edward Caldwell Moore.

These lectures, by a Professor of Theology in Harvard University, were delivered in Boston in March and April, 1903, before the Lowell Institute. Although the material has been somewhat enlarged, the lectures are published substantially as they were delivered.

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. In Five Volumes. Volumes I. and II.

These two volumes cover the period of modern English history from the Last Whig Movement to the Close of the Palmerstonian Era. A review of the work, when it is completed, will be published in THE BOOKMAN.

The Divine Vision and Other Poems. By A. E.

A book of poems of more than the average merit.

Jeremy Taylor. By Edmund Gosse.

Mr. Gosse has written a detailed biography of Jeremy Taylor. It belongs to the English Men of Letters Series.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland.

Mr. Harland's new novel is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Nyvall Press:

Interpretative Forms of Literature. By Emily M. Bishop.

A text-book touching upon the Principles of Classification, Dramatic Narrative, Dramatic Monologue, and Reading in Public Schools. Stephen Crane's "Making an Orator" is reprinted from "Whilomville Stories," by permission of the Harper Brothers.

Putnam's Sons:

Mediæval England. By Mary Bateson.

A new volume in the Story of the Nations Series. It presents a picture of English Feudal Society in its several stages from the Norman Conquest to the middle of the Fourteenth Century.

Turkish Life in Town and Country. By Lucy M. J. Garnett.

The tenth volume in the series entitled European Neighbours. Miss Garnett tells of the picturesque life of the subjects of the Sultan, and she also describes the every-day life, customs, and standards of modern Turkey.

When it Was Dark. By Guy Thorne.

A novel of "a great conspiracy," in which a blasphemous arch conspirator adds to the horror of some of the situations.

Ritchie:

Fancies. By Henry A. Wise Word.

A book of verse appropriate to the season of spring.

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Stokes Company:

A Little Garrison. By Lieutenant Bilse.

Reviewed elsewhere.

An Adventurer in Spain. By S. R. Crockett.

A story which combines the qualities of the book of travel and the book of adventure.

Warne and Company:

From Paris to New York by Land. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S.

The primary purpose of the author of this volume in taking this long land journey was to ascertain the feasibility of constructing a railway to connect the chief cities of France and America, Paris, and New York. The book contains photographs by the author and maps of the route.

Foster's Bridge Tactics. By R. F. Foster.

The author of this book on whist and its self-instruction is also the inventor of the self-playing whist and bridge cards.

Boston.

Badger:

Sun Gleams and Gossamers. By Hilton R. Greer.

There are twenty-six poems in this little volume. The author of them is a westerner.

From Hollow Post Bag. By Henry D. Muir.

A book of verse which tells the love-correspondence of two frogs, Miss Polyandra Speckleback of Hades and Sir Leaper Bullfrog of Frog Hollow.

Love Knoweth Best. By William Garvin Hume.

A collection of poems.

Robert of Kincaid. By William Henry Tompkins.

A narrative poem dealing with the life of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, with the scene laid in Scotland during the fifteenth century.

Chryseid. By Will McCourtie.

A book of verse, containing about thirty original poems as well as translations from Jules Laforque, Sappho, Mallarmé and others.

Tannhäuser. Translated from the German of Julius Wolff. By Charles Kendall. Two volumes.

Accompanying these illustrated volumes Mr. Badger sends out a lengthy biographical sketch of Mr. Kendall, who has had a long and varied career. It was during his travels that he decided to translate Wölff's Tannhäuser into English.

Haverhill, Mass.

Chase Brothers:

Daily Cheer Year Book. Selected and Arranged by M. Allette Ayer. With Introduction by Reverend Francis E. Clark, D.D.

The selections in this Year Book are largely of a religious nature, and it is intended to help and cheer its readers. A copy has been sent to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN through the courtesy of Miss Ayer.

Boston.

Everett Press Company:

Memorials of Mary Wilder White. By Elizabeth Amelia Dwight. Edited by Mary Wilder Tileston.

These memoirs give a picture of the New England of a century ago. In her preface Mrs. Tileston says: "I feel that the story of my grandmother's life, with its brave and buoyant spirit, its warm affections and intellectual delights, and its intense religious faith, may help those who are living throught the joys and sorrows of our time." Among Mrs. Dwight's friends were Miss Mary Moody Emerson and Miss Susan Cabot Lowell.

Tokyo.

Fuzanbo and Company:

From the Eastern Sea. By Yone Noguchi.

A paper covered book published in Japan, containing a number of poems by the young Japanese poet and writer, who at the present time is living in this country.

Boston.

Lee and Shepard:

Elijah Kellogg. The Man and His Work. Edited by Wilmot Brookings Mitchell.

The story of Elijah Kellogg supplemented by selections from his writings. The book is intended "for his intimate friends and parishioners; for the boys who have delighted in his stories; for the sailors whose lives he saved from shipwreck; for the college students who learned from him a wisdom not to be

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found in books; for all, in fact, to whom the memory of his unique personality is dear."

Poet-Lore Company:

A Study of George Eliot's Romola. By Roy Sherman Stowell.

This monograph is intended for students of literature, and is the successor of The Significance of "The Ring and the Book." The publishers announce that they will be glad to quote special prices to literary clubs and societies.

Published by the Author:

The Autobiography of the I or Ego or The Metaphysics of an Interloper and Imposter. Himself in the Roll of Confessor. By Charles K. Wheeler.

Mr. Wheeler describes this work as a demonstration of the fact that persons are not self-conscious or even-conscious, but that they merely think they are.

Bryn Mawr:

A book of Bryn Mawr verses. Edited by Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901, and Amelia Elizabeth White, 1901.

Cincinnati.

Robert Clarke Company:

The Man With the Hoe. By Adam Blake.

In his introduction Mr. Blake explains that this book was written and appeared in The Ohio Farmer as a serial before Mr. Markham's poem, bearing the same title, was published. Mr. Blake's story is described as "a picture of American farm life as it is to-day."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency. By Joseph Hartwell Barrett, LL.D. Two volumes.

These volumes contain a number of portraits, unpublished letters of Lincoln, Chase, and others. Mr. Barrett aims to represent Lincoln's personal career, and the leading historical events connected with his life, as well as his best written and spoken words.

Chicago.

Donohue and Company:

The Three Schoolma'ams and Other Sketches. By William Newell Holway.

It is difficult to see the reason for the publication of these stories.

Sergel Company:

Chats on Writers and Books. By John N. Crawford. With an Introduction by Horatio W. Seymour. Two Volumes.

The late Mr. Crawford was a lawyer and a critic, and well known as a newspaper writer in Chicago. His "chats" on famous authors and their books fill two large volumes.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

The Birthe of Hercules. By Malcolm William Wallace.

In his preface, Professor Wallace explains that the Birthe of Hercules, which is preserved in a single manuscript in the British Museum, is now published for the first time. The publication of the play was made possible by the courtesy of Professor Carpenter of the University of Chicago, who, while studying in the British Museum, had a copy of the manuscript made and later gave it to Professor Wallace to edit.

London.

Digby, Long and Company:

Flowers of the Field. By Hélène Gingold.

A book of poems. Some of the London periodicals compare Miss Gingold with Marie Bashkirtseff "in her combination of youthfulness and wordliness."

Philadelphia.

Jacobs and Company:

The Homebuilders. By Karl Edwin Harriman.

There are eight stories in this volume of fiction, and they all deal with the Pole in this country. The book may be considered as a sociological study of the man who toils.

One Thousand Poems for Children. Edited by Roger Ingpen.

In this collection Mr. Ingpen has kept in mind the "claim of poetry and the demand of the children," and he has included most of the old favourites and a number of nursery rhymes, as well as some recent juvenile poetry.

Lippincott:

Joseph and the Land of Egypt. By Professor A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D.

A new volume in the pocket edition series of Bible characters and scripture handbooks.

St. Paul.

Keefe-Davidson Company:

Legal Masterpieces. Specimens of Argumentation and Exposition by Eminent Lawyers. Edited by Van Vechten Veeder. Two Volumes.

The purpose of this collection is to bring together, from the entire field of

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legal literature, specimens of the best models of the various forms of discourse and composition in which the lawyer's work is embodied.

San Francisco.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

A Southern Girl. By Stanton Winslow.

This young southern girl must have been a diffident sort of person, for in writing to her sweetheart she addresses him: "Mr. Burton, Dear Friend." Of course the action of the story takes place in the South before the war.

California and the Californians. By David Starr Jordan.

A new edition. This essay was first published in the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1898.

Wood:

The Testimony of the Suns. By George Sterling.

A book of verse, dedicated to Mr. Ambrose Bierce.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between January 10th, 1904, and February 10th, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Son to His Self-Made Father. (New Hampshire Publishing Co.) $1.25.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Master Hand. Dallas. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) $3.00 net.
5. Autobiography of Seventy Years, 2 vols. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50 net.
6. Memoirs of de Blowitz. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.00 net.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
4. Life of Gladstone. 3 vols. Morley. Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
5. Autobiography of Seventy Years, 2 vols. Hoar. (Scribner). $7.50 net.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenline. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
2. The Holladay Case. Stevenson. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. To-morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Torch. Hopkins. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. She That Hesitates. Dickson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Literary Guillotine (Lane.) $1.00 net.
4. The Bondage of Ballinger. Field. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. George Washington Jones. Stuart. (Alternus.) $1.00.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Captain's Daughter. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
6. Promoter of the Admiral. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

Lousiville, Ky.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
5. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) $3.00 net.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Montreal, Can.

1. Old Quebec. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $3.75.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
3. The Forest. White. (Merang.) $1.50.
4. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Merang.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracey. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
6. The Vagabond. Palmer. (Langton & Hall.) $1.25.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Little Chevalier. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

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2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Incomparable Bellair. Castles. (Stokes.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Heroes and Spies. Humphreys. (Neale.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lover Press.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Ultimate Moment. Lighton. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Letters of Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Butternut Jones. Tilford. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Holladay Case. Stevenson. (Holt.) $1.25.

Portland, Me.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Elijah Kellogg. Mitchell. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.20 net.

Portland, Ore.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholsen. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. American Prisoner. Phillpots. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. People of the Abyss. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.
6. As It Was in the Beginning. Miller. (Robertson.) $1.00 net.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Katharine Frensham. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Forest. White. (Outlook.) $1.50 net.

Toledo, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 1.25.
2. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Law of Life. Sholl. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Hawthorne and His Circle. Hawthorne. (Harper.) $2.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. Beekman. (Brentano.) $1.25.
3. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Washington, D. C., City Directory. (Boyd.) $6.00.

Washington, D. C.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guards. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Jewell. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50..	157
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.....	127
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.....	124
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	91
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.....	88
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	50

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